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The Seer;

OR,

COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED.

By LEIGH HUNT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LOVE ADDS A PRECIOUS SEEING TO THE EYE. — *Shakespeare.*

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
143, WASHINGTON STREET.
1864.

PREFACE.

THE following Essays have been collected, for the first time, from such of the author's periodical writings as it was thought might furnish another publication similar to the "Indicator." Most of them have been taken from the "London Journal," and the remainder from the "Liberal," the "Monthly Repository," the "Tatler," and the "Round Table." The title, of course, is to be understood in its primitive and most simple sense, and not in its portentous one, as connected with foresight and prophecy; nor would the author profess, intellectually, to see "farther into a millstone" than his betters. His motto, which thoroughly explains, will also, he trusts, vindicate, all which he aspires to show; which is, that the more we look at any thing in this beautiful and abundant world with a desire to be pleased with it, the more we shall be rewarded by the loving Spirit of the universe with discoveries that await only the desire.

It will ever be one of the most delightful recollections of the author's life, that the periodical work, from which the collection has been chiefly made, was encouraged by all parties in the spirit in which it was set

up. Nor, at the hazard of some imputation on his modesty (which he must be allowed not very terribly to care for, where so much love is going forward), can he help repeating what he wrote on this point, when his heart was first touched by it: —

"As there is nothing in the world which is not supernatural in one sense; as the very world of fashion itself rolls round with the stars, and is a part of the mystery and the variety of the shows of the universe: so nothing, in a contemptuous sense, is small, or unworthy of a grave and calm hope, which tends to popularize Christian refinement, and to mix it up with every species of social intercourse as a good realized, and not merely as an abstraction preached. What! have not Philosophy and Christianity long since met in the embrace of such loving discoveries? and do not the least and most trivial things, provided they have an earnest and cheerful good-will, partake of some right of greatness, and the privilege to be honored, — if not with admiration of their wisdom, yet with acknowledgment of the joy which is the end of wisdom, and which it is the privilege of a loving sincerity to reach by a short road? Hence we have had two objections, and two hundred encouragements; and excellent writers of all sorts, and of all other shades of belief, have hastened to say to us, 'Preach that, and prosper.' Have not the 'Times' and the 'Examiner' and the 'Atlas' and the 'Albion' and the 'True Sun,' and twenty other newspapers, hailed us for the very sunniness of our religion? Does not that old and judicious Whig, the 'Scotsman,' waive his deliberate manner in our favor, and 'cordially' wish

us success for it? Does not the Radical 'Glasgow Argus,' in an eloquent article, 'fresh and glowing' as his good-will, expressly recommend us for its pervading all we write upon, tears included? And the rich-writing Tory, Christopher North, instead of objecting to the entireness of our sunshine, and requiring a cloud in it, does he not welcome it, ay, every week, as it strikes on his breakfast-cloth, and speak of it, in a burst of bright-heartedness, as 'dazzling the snow'?"

And so, with thanks and blessings upon the warm-hearted of all parties, who love their fellow-creatures quite as much as we do, perhaps better, and who may think, for that very reason, that the edge of their contest with one another is still not to be so much softened as we suppose, here is another bit of a corner, at all events, where, as in the recesses of their own minds, all green and hopeful thoughts for the good and entertainment of men may lovingly meet.

[Given at our suburban abode, with a fire on one side of us, and a vine at the window on the other, this nineteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, and in the very green and invincible year of our life, the fifty-sixth.]

L. H.

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THE SEER;

OR,

COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED.

PLEASURE.

Poor Rich Men and Rich Poor Men. — A Word or two on the Periodical Writings of the Author.

PLEASURE is the business of this book: we own it. We love to begin it with the word: it is like commencing the day (as we are now commencing it) with sunshine in the room. Pleasure for all who can receive pleasure; consolation and encouragement for the rest, — this is our device. But then it is pleasure like that implied by our simile, — innocent, kindly; we dare to add, instructive and elevating. Nor shall the gravest aspects of it be wanting. As the sunshine floods the sky and the ocean, and yet nurses the baby buds of the roses on the wall; so we would fain open the largest and the very least sources of pleasure, — the noblest that expands above us into the heavens, and the most familiar that catches our glance in the homestead. We would break open the surfaces of habit and indifference, of objects that are supposed to contain nothing but so much brute matter

or commonplace utility, and show what treasures they conceal. Man has not yet learned to enjoy the world he lives in; no, not the hundred-thousand-millionth part of it: and we would fain help him to render it productive of still greater joy, and to delight or comfort himself in his task as he proceeds. We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic; all kinder, richer, and happier. And we have some right to assist in the endeavor: for there is scarcely a single joy or sorrow, within the experience of our fellow-creatures, which we have not tasted; and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success.

There is not a man living, perhaps, in the present state of society, — certainly not among those who have a surfeit of goods, any more than those who want a sufficiency, — that has not some pain which he would diminish, and some pleasure, or capability of it, that he would increase. We would say to him, Let him be sure he can diminish that pain and increase that pleasure. He will find out the secret by knowing more, and by knowing that there is more to love. "Pleasures lie about our feet." We would extract some for the unthinking rich man out of his very carpet (though he thinks he has already got as much as it can yield); and for the unthinking or unhoping poor one, out of his bare floor.

"Can you put a loaf on my table?" the poor man may ask. No: but we can show him how to get it in the best manner, and comfort himself while he is get-

ting it. If he can get it not at all, we do not profess to have even the right of being listened to by him. We can only do what we can, as his fellow-creatures and by other means, towards hastening the termination of so frightful an exception to the common lot.

"Can you rid me of my gout, or my disrelish of all things?" the rich man may ask. No: nor perhaps even diminish it, unless you are a very daring or a very sensible man; and if you are very rich indeed, and old, neither of these predicaments is very likely. Yet we would try. We are inextinguishable friends of endeavor.

If you had the gout, however, *and were Lord Holland*, you would smile, and say, "Talk on." You would suspend the book, or the pen, or the kindly thought you were engaged in, and indulgently wait to see what recipes or amusing fancies we could add to your stock.

Nay, if you were a kind of starving Dr. Johnson, who wrote a letter one day to the editor of the magazine to which he contributed, signing himself, "Dinnerless,"* you would listen to us even without a loaf on your table, and see how far we could bear out the reputation of the Lydians, who are said to have invented play as a resource against hunger. But Dr. Johnson knew he had his remedy in his wits. The wants of the poor in knowledge are not so easily post-

* *Impransus.* It might mean simply, that he had not dined; but there is too much reason to believe otherwise. And yet how much good and entertainment did not the very necessities of such a man help to produce us!

poned. With deep reverence and sympathy would we be understood as speaking of them. A smile, however closely it may border upon a grave thought, is not to be held a levity in us, any more than sun betwixt rain. One and the same sympathy with all things fetches it out.

But to all but the famished we should say with the noble text, "Man does not live by bread alone." "A man," says Bacon, in words not unworthy to go by the side of the others, "is but what he knoweth." "I think," said Descartes; "therefore I am." A man has no proof of his existence but in his consciousness of it, and the return of that consciousness after sleep. He is therefore, in *amount* of existence, only so much as his consciousness, his thoughts, and his feelings amount to. The more he knows, the more he exists; and the pleasanter his knowledge, the happier his existence. One man, in this sense of things, and it is a sense proved beyond a doubt (except with those merry philosophers of antiquity who doubted their very consciousness, nay, doubted doubt itself), is infinitely little compared with another man. If we could see his mind, we should see a pygmy; and it would be stuck perhaps into a pint of beer, or a scent-bottle, or a bottle of wine; as the monkey stuck Gulliver into the marrow-bone. Another man's mind would show larger, another larger still; till at length we should see minds of all shapes and sizes, from a microscopic one up to that of a giant or a demigod, or a spirit that filled the visible world. Milton's would be like that of his own archangel. "His stature reached the sky." Shakspeare's would stretch from the midst of

us into the regions of "airy nothing," and bring us new creatures of his own making. Bacon's would be lost into the next ages. Many a "great man's" would become invisible, and many a little one suddenly astonish us with the overshadowing of its greatness.

Men sometimes, by the magic of their knowledge, partake of a great many things which they do not possess: others possess much which is lost upon them. It is recorded of an *exquisite*, in one of the admirable exhibitions of Mr. Mathews, that being told, with a grave face, of a mine of silver which had been discovered in one of the London suburbs, he exclaimed, in his jargon, "A mine of *sil-vau!* Good *Gaud!* You don't tell me so! A mine of *sil-vau!* Good *Gaud!* I've often seen the little boys playing about; but I had no idea that there was a mine of *sil-vau.*"

This gentleman, whom we are to understand as repeating these words out of pure ignorance and absurdity, and not from any power to receive information, would be in possession, while he was expressing his astonishment at a thing unheard of and ridiculous, of a hundred real things round about him, of which he knew nothing. Shakspeare speaks of a man who was "incapable of his own distress;" that is to say, who had not the feelings of other men, and was insensible to what would have distressed everybody else. This *dandy* would be incapable of his own wealth, of his own furniture, of his own health, friends, books, gardens; nay, of his very hat and coat, except inasmuch as they contributed to give him one single idea; to wit, that of his *dandyism.* From all those stores, small and great,

nothing but that solitary and sorry impression would he receive.

Of all which his wealth could procure him, in the shape of a real enjoyment of poetry, painting, music, sculpture, and the million of ideas which they might produce, he would know nothing.

Of all the countries that produced his furniture, all the trades that helped to make it, all the arts that went to adorn it, all the materials of which it was composed, and the innumerable images of men, lands, faculties, substances, elements, and interesting phenomena of all sorts to which the knowledge might give rise, he would know nothing.

Of his books he would know nothing, except that they were bound, and that they *caust* a great deal.

Of his gardens he would know nothing, except that they were "tedious," and that he occasionally had a pink out of them to put in his button-hole, provided it was the fashion. Otherwise pinks are "vulgar." Nature's and God's fashion is nothing.

Of his hat and his coat it might be thought he must know something: but he would not, except as far as we have stated; unless, indeed, his faculties might possibly attain to the knowledge of a "fit" or a "set," and then he would not know it with a grace. The knowledge of a good thing, even in the least matters, is not for a person so poorly educated, — so worse than left to grow up in an ignorance unsophisticate. Of the creatures that furnished the materials of his hat and coat — the curious handicraft beaver, the spinster silkworm, the sheep in the meadows (except as mutton) — nothing would he know or care, or receive the least

pleasurable thought from. In the mind that constitutes *his* man, in the amount of *his* existence, terribly vacant are the regions, — bald places in the map, — deserts without even the excitement of a storm. Nothing lives there but himself, — a suit of clothes in a solitude, — emptiness in emptiness.

Contrast a being of this fashion (after all allowance for caricature) with one who has none of his deformities, but with a stock of ideas such as the other wants. Suppose him poor, even struggling, but not unhappy; or if not without unhappiness, yet not without relief, and unacquainted with the desperation of the other's ennui. Such a man, when he wants recreation for his thoughts, can make them flow from all the objects, or the ideas of those objects, which furnish nothing to the other. The commonest goods and chattels are pregnant to him as fairy tales, or things in a pantomime. His hat, like Fortunatus's wishing-cap, carries him into the American solitudes among the beavers, where he sits in thought, looking at them during their work, and hearing the majestic whispers in the trees, or the falls of the old trunks that are repeatedly breaking the silence in those wildernesses. His coat shall carry him, in ten minutes, through all the scenes of pastoral life and mechanical, — the quiet fields, the sheep-shearing, the feasting, the love-making, the downs of Dorsetshire, and the streets of Birmingham, where, if he meet with pain in his sympathy, he also, in his knowledge, finds reason for hope and encouragement, and for giving his manly assistance to the common good. The very toothpick of the *dandy*, should this man, or any man like him, meet with it, poor or rich, shall suggest to

him, if he pleases, a hundred agreeable thoughts of foreign lands, and elegance and amusement, — of tortoises, and books of travels, and the comb in his mistress's hair, and the elephants that carry sultans, and the real silver-mines of Potosi, with all the wonders of South-American history, and the starry cross in its sky: so that the smallest key shall pick the lock of the greatest treasures; and that which in the hands of the possessor was only a poor instrument of affectation, and the very emblem of indifference and stupidity, shall open to the knowing man a universe.

We must not pursue the subject further at present, or trust our eyes at the smallest objects around us, which, from long and loving contemplation, have enabled us to report their riches. We have been at this work now, off and on, man and boy (for we began essay-writing while in our teens), for upwards of thirty years: and excepting that we would fain have done far more, and that experience and suffering have long restored to us the natural kindliness of boyhood, and put an end to a belief in the right or utility of severer views of any thing or person, we feel the same as we have done throughout; and we have the same hope, the same love, the same faith in the beauty and goodness of Nature and all her prospects, in space and in time; we could almost add, if a sprinkle of white hairs in our black would allow us, the same youth: for, whatever may be thought of a consciousness to that effect, the feeling is so real, and trouble of no ordinary kind has so remarkably spared the elasticity of our spirits, that we are often startled to think how old we have become, compared with the little of age that is in our disposi-

tion; and we mention this to bespeak the reader's faith in what we shall write hereafter, if he is not acquainted with us already. If he is, he will no more doubt us than the children do at our fireside. We have had so much sorrow, and yet are capable of so much joy, and receive pleasure from so many familiar objects, that we sometimes think we should have had an unfair portion of happiness, if our life had not been one of more than ordinary trial.

The reader will not be troubled in future with personal intimations of this kind; but in commencing a new work of the present nature, and having been persuaded to put our name at the top of it (for which we beg his kindest constructions, as a point conceded by a sense of what was best for others), it will be thought, we trust, not unfitting in us to have alluded to them. We believe we may call ourselves the father of the present penny and three-halfpenny literature, — designations once distressing to "ears polite," but now no longer so, since they are producing so many valuable results, fortunes included. The first number of the new popular review, the "Printing Machine," — in an article for the kindness and cordiality of which we take this our best opportunity of expressing our gratitude, and can only wish we could turn these sentences into so many grips of the hand to show our sense of it, — did us the honor of noticing the "Indicator" as the first successful attempt (in one respect) to revive something like the periodical literature of former days. We followed this with the "Companion," lately republished in connection with the "Indicator;" and a few years ago, in a fit of anxiety at not being able to meet some obli-

gations, and fearing we were going to be cut off from life itself without leaving answers to still graver wants, we set up a half-reviewing, half-theatrical periodical, under the name of the "Tatler" (a liberty taken by love), in the hope of being able to realize some sudden as well as lasting profits! So little, with all our zeal for the public welfare, had we found out what was so well discerned by Mr. Knight and others, when they responded to the intellectual wants of the *many*. However, we pleased some readers, whom it is a kind of prosperity even to rank as such; we conciliated the good-will of others, by showing that an ardent politician might still be a man of no ill-temper, nor without good-will to all; and now, once more setting up a periodical work, entirely without politics, but better calculated, we trust, than our former ones, to meet the wishes of many as well as few, we are, in hearty good earnest, the public's very sincere and cordial friend and servant.

ON A PEBBLE.

LOOKING about us during a walk to see what subject we could write upon in this our second number, that should be familiar to everybody, and afford as striking a specimen as we could give of the entertainment to be found in the commonest objects, our eyes lighted upon a stone. It was a common pebble, a flint; such as a little boy kicks before him as he goes, by way of making haste with a message, and saving his new shoes.

"A stone!" cries a reader, "a flint! — the very symbol of a miser! What can be got out of that?"

The question is well put; but a little reflection on the part of our interrogator would soon rescue the poor stone from the comparison. Strike him at any rate, and you will get something out of him; warm his heart, and out come the genial sparks that shall gladden your hearth, and put hot dishes on your table. This is not miser's work. A French poet has described the process, well known to the maid-servant (till lucifers came up), when she stooped, with flashing face, over the tinder-box on a cold morning, and rejoiced to see

the first laugh of the fire. A sexton, in the poem we allude to, is striking a light in a church: —

"Boirude, qui voit que le péril approche,
Les arrête, et tirant un fusil de sa poche,
Des veines d'un caillou, qu'il frappe au même instant,
Il fait jaillir un feu qui pétille en sortant;
Et bientôt au brasier d'une mèche enflammée,
Montre, à l'aide du souffre, une cire allumée."

BOILEAU.

"The prudent sexton, studious to reveal
Dark holes, here takes from out his pouch a steel,
Then strikes upon a flint. In many a spark
Forth leaps the sprightly fire against the dark:
The tinder feels the little lightning hit,
The match provokes it, and a candle's lit."

We shall not stop to pursue this fiery point into all its consequences; to show what a world of beauty or of formidable power is contained in that single property of our friend flint; what fires, what lights, what conflagrations, what myriads of *clicks* of triggers, — awful sounds before battle, when, instead of letting his flint do its proper good-natured work of cooking his supper, and warming his wife and himself over their cottage-fire, the poor fellow is made to kill and be killed by other poor fellows, whose brains are strewed about the place for want of knowing better.

But to return to the natural, quiet condition of our friend, and what he can do for us in a peaceful way, and so as to please meditation. What think you of him as the musician of the brooks? as the unpretending player on those watery pipes and flageolets during the hot noon or the silence of the night? Without the pebble, the brook would want its prettiest murmur;

and then, in reminding you of these murmurs, he reminds you of the poets.

> "A noise as of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."
>
> COLERIDGE.

Yes, the brook *singeth;* but it would not sing so well, it would not have that tone and ring in its music, without the stone.

> "Then 'gan the shepherd gather into one
> His straggling goats, and drove them to a ford,
> Whose cœrule stream, rumbling in pebble-stone,*
> Crept under moss as green as any gourd."
>
> SPENSER'S *Gnat.*

Spenser's "Gnat," observe: he wrote a whole poem upon a gnat, and a most beautiful one too, founded upon another poem on the same subject written by the great Roman poet Virgil, not because these great poets wanted or were unequal to great subjects, such as all the world think great, but because they thought no care, and no fetching-out of beauty and wonder, ill bestowed upon the smallest marvellous object of God's workmanship. The gnat, in their poems, is the creature that he really is, full of elegance and vivacity, airy, trumpeted, and plumed, and dancing in the sunbeams, — not the contempt of some thoughtless understanding, which sees in it nothing but an insect coming

* "Rumbling in pebble-stone" is a pretty enlargement of Virgil's *susurrantis* ("whispering"). *Green as any gourd* is also an improvement as well as an addition. The expression is as fresh as the color.

to vex its skin. The eye of the poet, or other informed man, is at once telescope and microscope, — able to traverse the great heavens, and to do justice to the least thing they have created. But to our brook and pebbles. See how one pleasant thing reminds people of another! A pebble reminded us of the brooks; and the brooks, of the poets; and the poets reminded us of the beauty and comprehensiveness of their words, whether belonging to the subject in hand or not. No true poet makes use of a word for nothing. "*Cærule* stream," says Spenser; but why *cærule*, which comes from the Latin, and seems a pedantic word, especially as it signifies *blue*, which he might have had in English? The reason is, not only that it means *sky-blue*, and therefore shows us how blue the sky was at the time, and the cause why the brook was of such a color (for, if he had wanted a word to express nothing but that circumstance, he might have said *sky-blue* at once, however quaint it might have sounded to modern ears: he would have cared nothing for that; it was his business to do justice to nature, and leave modern ears, as they grew poetical, to find it out); but the word *cærule* was also a beautiful word, beautiful for the sound, and expressive of a certain liquid yet neat softness, somewhat resembling the mixture of soft hissing, rumbling, and inward music of the brook. We beg the reader's indulgence for thus stopping him by the way to dwell on the beauty of a word: but poets' words are miniature creations, as curious, after their degree, as the insects and the brooks themselves; and, when companions find themselves in pleasant spots, it is natural to wander both in feet and talk.

So much for the agreeable sounds of which the sight of a common stone may remind us (for we have not chosen to go so far back as the poetry of Orpheus, who is said to have made the materials of stone walls answer to his lyre, and dance themselves into shape without troubling the mason). We shall come to grander echoes by and by. Let us see, meanwhile, how pleasant the sight itself may be rendered. Mr. Wordsworth shall do it for us in his exquisite little poem on the fair maiden who died by the river Dove. Our volume is not at hand; but we remember the passage we more particularly allude to. It is where he compares his modest, artless, and sequestered beauty with —

> "A violet by a mossy stone,
> Half hidden from the eye;
> Fair as the star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky."

Is not that beautiful? Can any thing express a lovelier loneliness than the violet half hidden by the mossy stone, — the delicate blue-eyed flower against the country green? And then the loving imagination of this fine poet, exalting the object of his earthly worship to her divine birthplace and future abode, suddenly raises his eyes to the firmament, and sees her there, the solitary star of his heaven.

But Stone does not want even moss to render him interesting. Here is another stone, and another solitary evening star, as beautifully introduced as the others, but for a different purpose. It is in the opening words of Mr. Keats's poem of "Hyperion," where he

describes the dethroned monarch of the gods sitting in his exile : —

> "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of Morn,
> Far from the fiery Noon and Eve's one star,
> Sate gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone."

Quiet as a stone! Nothing certainly can be more quiet than that. Not a syllable or a sigh will a stone utter, though you watch and bear him company for a whole week on the most desolate moor in Cumberland. Thus silent, thus unmoved, thus insensible to whatever circumstances might be taking place, or spectators might think of him, was the soul-stunned old patriarch of the gods. We may picture to ourselves a large or a small stone, as we please, — Stone-henge, or a pebble. The simplicity and grandeur of truth do not care which. The silence is the thing, — its intensity, its unalterableness.

Our friend Pebble is here in grand company, and you may think him (though we hope not) unduly bettered by it. But see what Shakspeare will do for him in his hardest shape, and in no finer company than a peasant's : —

> "Weariness
> Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
> Finds the down pillow hard."

Sleeping on hard stone would have been words strong enough for a common poet; or perhaps he would have said "resting" or "profoundly reposing," or that he could have made his "bed of the bare floor;" and the last saying would not have been the worst:

but Shakspeare must have the very strongest words and really profoundest expressions, and he finds them in the homeliest and most primitive. He does not mince the matter, but goes to the root of both sleep and stone, — can *snore* upon the *flint*. We see the fellow hard at it, *bent* upon it; deeply drinking of the forgetful draught.

To conclude our quotations from the poets, we will give another line or two from Shakspeare, not inapplicable to our proposed speculations in general, and still less so to the one in hand.

Green, a minor poet, author of the "Spleen," — an effusion full of wit and good sense, — gives pleasant advice to the sick who want exercise, and who are frightened with hypochondria: —

"Fling but a stone, the giant dies."

And this reminds us of a pleasant story connected with the flinging of stones, in one of the Italian novels. Two waggish painters persuade a simple brother of theirs, that there is a plant which renders the finder of it invisible; and they all set out to look for it. They pretend suddenly to miss him, as if he had gone away; and to his great joy, while throwing stones about in his absence, give him great knocks in the ribs, and horrible bruises; he hugging himself all the while at these manifest proofs of his success, and the little suspicion which they have of it. It is amusing to picture him to one's fancy, growing happier as the blows grow worse, rubbing his sore knuckles with delight, and hardly able to ejaculate a triumphant "Hah!" at some excessive thump in the back.

But, setting aside the wonders of the poets and the novelists, Pebble, in his own person and by his own family alliances, includes wonders far beyond the most wonderful things they have imagined. Wrongly is Flint compared with the miser. You cannot, to be sure, skin him: but you can melt him; ay, make him absolutely flow into a liquid, — flow, too, for use and beauty, and become light unto your eyes, goblets to your table, and a mirror to your beloved. Bring two friends of his about him, called Potash and Soda, and Flint runs into melting tenderness, and is no longer Flint: he is Glass. You look through him; you drink out of him; he furnishes you beautiful and transparent shutters against the rain and cold; you shave by him; protect pictures with him, and watches, and books; are assisted by him in a thousand curious philosophies; are helped over the sea by him; and he makes your cathedral windows divine, and enables your mistress to wear your portrait in her bosom.

But we must hasten to close our article, and bring his most precious riches down in a shower surpassing the rainbow. *Stone* is the humble relation, nay, the stock and parent, of *Precious Stone!* Ruby, Emerald, and Sapphire are of his family! — of the family of the Flints; and Flint is more in them than any thing else! That the habitations and secret bosoms of the precious *metals* are stone, is also true; but it is little compared with this. Precious stone, for the most part, is stone itself, is flint, with some wonderful circumstance of addition, nobody knows what; but, without the flint, the preciousness would not be. Here is wealth and

honor for the poor Pebble! Look at him, and think what splendors issue from his loins: —

> "Fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
> As one of them, indifferently rated,
> Might serve, in peril of calamity,
> To ransom great kings from captivity."
>
> MARLOWE.

"Sparkling diamonds" are not properly in our list of pebbles; for diamond, the most brilliant mystery of all, is a *charcoal!*

What now remains for *stone*, thus filling the coffers of wealth, glorifying the crowns of sultans, and adding beams to beauty itself? One thing greater than all. The oldest and stoniest of stone is granite, and granite (as far as we know) is the chief material of the earth itself, — the bones of the world, the substance of our *star*.

Honored, therefore, be thou, thou small pebble lying in the lane; and, whenever any one looks at thee, may he think of the beautiful and noble world he lives in, and all of which it is capable!

SPRING.

THIS morning, as we sat at breakfast, thinking of our present subject, with our eyes fixed on a set of the British Poets, which stand us in stead of a prospect, there came by the window, from a child's voice, a cry of "Wallflowers!" There had just been a shower; sunshine had followed it; and the rain, the sun, the boy's voice, and the flowers came all so prettily together upon the subject we were thinking of, that, in taking one of his roots, we could not help fancying we had received a present from Nature herself, with a penny for the bearer. There were thirty lumps of buds on this penny root: their beauty was yet to come; but the promise was there, — the new life, the spring; and the raindrops were on them, as if the sweet goddess had dipped her hand in some fountain, and sprinkled them for us by way of message; as who should say, "April and I are coming."

What a beautiful word is *Spring!* At least, one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian might find it harsh, and object to the *Sp* and the terminating consonant: but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word

was an excellent good word, crammed as full of beauty as a bud; and that *S* had the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new, — spring, spring-time, a spring-green, a spring of water; to spring; springal, a word for a young man, in old (that is, ever new) English poetry, which with many other words has gone out, because the youthfulness of our hearts has gone out, — to come back with better times, and the nine-hundredth number of the work before us.

If our Italian, being very unlike an Italian, ill-natured, and not open to pleasant conviction, should still object to our word, we would grow uncourteous in turn, and swear it was a better word than his *Primavera*, — which is what he calls Spring, — Prima-vera; that is to say, the *first Vera*, or Ver of the Latins, the *Veer* (βηρ Ionice) or *Ear* of the Greeks; and what that means, nobody very well knows. But why *Primavera*? and what is *Seconda*, or second Vera? The word is too long and lazy, as well as obscure, compared with our brisk, little, potent, obvious, and leaping *Spring*, full of all fountains, buds, birds, sweet-briers, and sunbeams.

"Leaping, like wanton kids in pleasant spring," —

says the poet, speaking of the "wood-born people" that flocked about fair Serena. How much better the word *spring* suits here with the word *leaping*, than if it had been *prima-vera!* How much more sudden and starting, like the boundings of the kids! *Prima-*

vera is a beautiful word; let us not gainsay it: but it is more suitable to the maturity than to the very *springing* of *spring*, as its first syllable would pretend. So long and comparatively languid a word ought to belong to that side of the season which is next to summer. *Ver*, the Latin word, is better, — or rather Greek word; for, as we have shown before, it comes from the Greek, like almost every good thing in Latin. It is a pity one does not know what it means: for the Greeks had "good meanings" (as Sir Hugh Evans would say); and their *Ver*, *Feer*, or *Ear*, we may be sure, meant something pleasant, — possibly the rising of the sap, or something connected with the new air, or with love; for etymologists, with their happy facilities, might bring it from the roots of such words. Ben Jonson has made a beautiful name of its adjective (*Earinos*, vernal) for the heroine of his "Sad Shepherd:" —

> "Earine,
> Who had her very being and her name
> With the first knots or buddings of the Spring;
> Born with the primrose and the violet,
> Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,
> And Venus led the Graces out to dance;
> And all the flowers and sweets in Nature's lap
> Leaped out."

The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colors of the world are set off by the mighty background of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season arises from the consciousness, that the world is young again; that the spring has come

round; that we shall not all cease, and be no world. Nature has begun again, and not begun for nothing. One fancies somehow that she could not have the heart to put a stop to us in April or May. She may pluck away a poor little life here and there; nay, many blossoms of youth: but not all, not the whole garden of life. She prunes, but does not destroy. If she did; if she were in the mind to have done with us, — to look upon us as an experiment not worth going on with; as a set of ungenial and obstinate compounds which refused to co-operate in her sweet designs, and could not be made to answer in the working; depend upon it, she would take pity on our incapability and bad humors, and conveniently quash us in some dismal, sullen winter's day, just at the natural dying of the year, most likely in November; for Christmas is a sort of spring itself, a winter-flowering. We care nothing for arguments about storms, earthquakes, or other apparently unseasonable interruptions of our pleasures: we imitate, in that respect, the magnanimous indifference, or what appears such, of the Great Mother herself, knowing that she means us the best in the *gross;* and also that we may all get our remedies for these evils in time, if we co-operate as before said. People in South America, for instance, may learn from experience, and *build* so as to make a comparative nothing of those rockings of the ground. It is of the *gross* itself that we speak; and sure we are, that, with an eye to *that*, Nature does not feel as Pope ventures to say she does, or see "with equal eye" —

> "Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
> And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

He may have flattered himself that he should think it a fine thing for his little poetship to sit upon a star, and look grand in his own eyes, from an eye so very dispassionate; but Nature, who is the author of passion and joy and sorrow, does not look upon animate and inanimate, depend upon it, with the same want of sympathy. "A world" full of loves and hopes and endeavors, and of her own life and loveliness, is a far greater thing in her eyes, rest assured, than a "bubble;" and *à fortiori*, many worlds, or a "system," far greater than the "atom" talked of with so much complacency by this divine little whipper-snapper. *Ergo*, the moment the kind mother gives promise of a renewed year with these her green and budding signals, be certain she is not going to falsify them; and that, being sure of April, we are sure as far as November. As to our existence any further, that, we conceive, depends somewhat upon how we behave ourselves; and therefore we would exhort everybody to do their best for the earth, and all that is upon it, in order that it and they may be thought worth continuance.

What! shall we be put into a beautiful garden, and turn up our noses at it, and call it a "vale of tears," and all sorts of bad names (helping thereby to make it so), and yet confidently reckon that Nature will never shut it up, and have done with it, or set about forming a better stock of inhabitants? Recollect, we beseech you, dear "Lord Worldly Wiseman," and you, "Sir Having," and my lady "Greedy," that there is reason for supposing that man was not always an inhabitant of this very fashionable world, and somewhat larger globe; and that perhaps the chief occupant

before him was only of an inferior species to ourselves (odd as you may think it), who could not be brought to only know what a beautiful place he lived in, and so had another chance given him in a different shape. Good heavens! if there were none but *mere* ladies and gentlemen, and city-men and soldiers, upon earth, and no poets, readers, and milk-maids to remind us that there was such a thing as Nature, we really should begin to tremble for Almack's and Change Alley about the 20th of next October!

COLOR.

IN this beloved, beautiful, but sometimes foggy, and too often not very brilliant, country of ours, we are not fond enough of *colors*, — not fond enough of a beauty of which Nature herself is evidently *very fond*, and with which, like all the rest of her beauties, it is the business of civilized man to adorn and improve his own well-being. The summer season is a good time for becoming acquainted with them; for it is then we see them best, and may acquire a relish for them against the insipidity of winter. We remember a dyer in Genoa, who used to hang out his silks upon a high wall opposite his shop, where they shone with such lustre under the blue sky (we particularly remember some yellow ones), that it was a treat to pass that way. You hailed them at a distance, like —

"Another sun
Risen at noonday;" —

or as if Nature herself had been making some draperies out of buttercups, and had just presented the world with the phenomenon. It is the blue sky and clear air of their native land which have made the Italian painters so famous for coloring; and Rubens and Watteau, like wise men, saw the good of transferring

the beauty to the less fortunate climate of Flanders. One of the first things that attracted our notice in Italy was a red cap on the head of a boatman. In England, where nobody else wears such a cap, we should have thought of a butcher: in Italy, the sky set it off to such advantage, that it reminded us of a scarlet bud.

The Puritans, who did us a great deal of good, helped to do this harm for us. They degraded material beauty and gladness, as if essentially hostile to what was spiritually estimable; whereas the desirable thing is to show the compatibility of both, and vindicate the hues of the creation. Thus the finest colors in men's dresses have at last almost come to be confined to livery servants and soldiers. A soldier's wife, or a market-woman, is the only female that ventures to wear a scarlet cloak; and we have a favorite epithet of vituperation, *gaudy*, which we bestow upon all colors that do not suit our melancholy. It is sheer want of heart and animal spirits. We were not always so. Puritanism and wars and debts, and the Dutch succession, and false ideas of utility, have all conspired to take gladness out of our eyesight, as well as jollity out of our pockets. We shall recover a better taste, and we trust exhibit it to better advantage than before; but we must begin by having faith in as many good things as possible, and not think ill of any one of Heaven's means of making us cheerful, because in itself it is cheerful. "If a merry meeting is to be wished," says the man in Shakspeare, "may God prohibit it!" So, the more obviously cheerful and desirable any thing is, the more we seem to beg the question in its disfavor. Reds and yellows and bright blues are "gau-

dy:" we must have nothing but browns and blacks, and drab-color or stone. Earth is not of this opinion, nor the heavens either. Gardens do not think so, nor the fields, nor the skies, nor the mountains, nor dawn, nor sunset, nor light itself, which is made of colors, and holds them always ready in its crystal quiver, to shoot forth and divide into loveliness. The beautiful attracts the beautiful. Colors find homes of color. To red go the red rays, and to purple the purple. The rainbow reads its beauteous lecture in the clouds, showing the sweet division of the hues; and the mechanical "philosopher," as he calls himself, smiles with an air of superiority, and thinks he knows all about it, because the division is made.

The little child, like the real philosopher, *knows more;* for his "heart leaps up," and he acknowledges a glad mystery. He feels the immensity of what he does *not* know; and, though the purely mechanical-minded man admits that such immensity exists with regard to himself, he does not feel it as the child or the wiser man does, and therefore he does not truly perceive, — does not thoroughly take it into his consciousness. He talks and acts as if he had come to the extent of his knowledge; and he has so. But beyond the dry line of knowledge lies beauty, and all which is beautiful in hope, and exalting in imagination.

We feel as if there were a moral as well as material beauty in color, — an inherent gladness, — an intention on the part of Nature to share with us a pleasure felt by herself. Colors are the smiles of Nature. When they are extremely smiling, and break forth into other

beauty besides, they are her laughs; as in the flowers. The "laughing flowers," says the poet; and it is the business of the poet to feel truths beyond the proof of the mechanician. Nature at all events, humanly speaking, is manifestly very fond of color; *for she has made nothing without it.* Her skies are blue; her fields green; her waters vary with her skies; her animals, minerals, vegetables, are all colored. She paints a great many of them in apparently superfluous hues, as if to show the dullest eye how she loves color. The pride of the peacock, or some stately exhibition of a quality very like pride, is a singular matter of fact, evidently connected with it. Youthful beauty in the human being is partly made up of it. One of the three great arts with which Providence has adorned and humanized the mind — Painting — is founded upon the love and imitation of it. And the magnificence of empire can find nothing more precious, either to possess or be proud of wearing, than —

> "Fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
> As one of them, indifferently rated,
> May serve in peril of calamity
> To ransom great kings from captivity." *

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* We had just quoted these lines before; but the reader will doubtless pardon the repetition.

WINDOWS.

WE have had a special regard for a window ever since we sat in an old-fashioned one with a low seat to it in our childhood, and read a book. And, for a like reason, we never see a doorway in a sequestered corner, with a similar accommodation for the infant student, without nestling to it in imagination, and taking out of our pocket the "Arabian Nights," or "Philip Quarll." The same recollection makes us prefer that kind of window to all others, and count our daily familiarity with it as by no means among the disservices rendered us by fortune. The very fact of its existence shows a liberality in the dimensions of old-fashioned walls. There is "cut and come again" in them. Had modern houses been made of cheeses, and La Fontaine's mouse found himself in one of them, he would have despised those *rinds* of buildings, — thin and fragile as if a miser had pared them away.

Those modern windows are all of a piece, inside and out. They may make a show of having some thickness of wall at the sides: but it is only a hollow pretence for the convenience of the shutters; and, even when the opportunity of forming a recess is thus offered them, it is not taken. It is seldom they con-

tain a seat even in the parlor: and the drawing-room windows in such houses cannot comfortably have any, because, for the benefit of one's feet in this cold climate, they are cut down to the floor; a veranda being probably overhead to intercept any superfluity of sunshine. "If a merry meeting is to be wished," says the man in Shakspeare, "may God prohibit it!" If there is any sunshine to be had, stave it off, especially if you have been grumbling for its absence all the rest of the year.

"Would you have us sit then, and be *baked*, Mr. Seer?"

Dear madam, you ask the question with so pleasant a voice, and such a pretty good-natured exaggeration, that you are evidently one of those who may do, or not do, just what you please. We shall not find fault with you, if you close every shutter in the room, let the sun be never so smiling. Besides, we give up the hottest days in July and August. But grant us, at any rate, that to have verandas *always*, as we see them in some houses, is hardly more reasonable than having windows down to the floor *at any time;* and that the horror of a sunshine, by no means too abundant in this region, has more to do with the fear of discolored curtains and carpets than it ought to have, especially among the rich. What signifies the flying of a few colors, easily replaced, compared with the giving a proper welcome to the great colorer himself, — the sun, that makes all things beautiful? There are few sights in your town-house more cheerful than a sudden burst of sun into the room, smiting the floor into so many windows, and making the roses on the very

carpet look as if they felt it. Let them fade in good season as the others do; and make up for the expense, dear fashionable people, by staying a little more at home, keeping better hours, and saving the roses on your cheeks.

Verandas have one good effect: they are an ornament to the house outside, and serve to hide the shabby cut of the windows. Still more is to be said for them where they and the balcony include flowers. Yet windows down to the floor we hold to be a nuisance always, — unnecessary, uncomfortable, absurd; to say nothing of perils of broken panes and scolded children. They let draughts of air in across the floor, where nobody wants them; they admit superfluous light, — from earthwards instead of from heaven; they render a seat in the window impossible or disagreeable; they hinder the fire from sufficiently warming the room in winter-time; and they make windows partake too much of out-of-doors, showing the inhabitants at full-length as they walk about, and contradicting the sense of snugness and seclusion. Lastly, when they have no veil or other ornament outside, they look gawky and out of proportion. But the outside cut of windows in this country is almost universally an eyesore. We have denounced them before, and shall denounce them again, in the hopes that house-builders may be brought to show some proofs of being the "architects" they call themselves, and dare to go to an expense of nine and sixpence for a little wood or plaster to make a border with. Look at the windows down the streets, at the west end of the town, and they are almost all mere cuts in the wall,

just such as they make for barracks and work-houses. The windows of an Irish cabin are as good, as far as architecture is concerned. The port-holes of a man-of-war have as much merit. There is no pediment nor border; seldom even one visible variety of any sort; not a colored brick. And it is the same with the streets that contain shops, except, in some instances, those of the latest construction; which, if not in the best taste otherwise, are built with a little more generosity, and that is a good step towards taste. When we meet with windows of a better sort, the effect is like quitting the sight of a stupid miser for that of a liberal genius. Such are the windows in some of the nobler squares; and you may see them occasionally over shops in the Strand and Piccadilly. Observe for instance the windows of Messrs. Greensill and Co., the lamp-oil manufacturers in the Strand, compared with those of the neighbors; and see what a superiority is given to them by the mere fact of their having borders, and something like architectural design. We will venture to say, it is serviceable even in a business point of view: for such houses look wealthier; and it is notorious, that the reputation of money brings money. Where there is no elegance of this kind (and of course also where there is), a box of flowers along the windows gives a liberal look to a house, still more creditable to the occupants, from the certainty we have of its being their own work. See, in Piccadilly, the houses of Messrs. Rickards, the spirit-merchants, near Regent Street; and Messrs. Meyer and Co., the wax-chandlers, near the Park end. We never pass the latter without being grateful for the beautiful

show of nasturtiums, — a plant which it is an elegance itself to have so much regard for. There is also something very agreeable in the good-natured kind of intercourse thus kept up between the inmates of a house and those who pass it. The former appeal to one's good opinion in the best manner by complimenting us with a share of their elegances; and the latter are happy to acknowledge the appeal, for their own sakes as well as that of the flowers. Imagine (what perhaps will one day be the case) whole streets adorned in this manner, right and left; and multitudes proceeding on their tasks through avenues of lilies and geraniums. Why should they not? Nature has given us the means, and they are innocent, animating, and contribute to our piety towards her. We do not half enough avail ourselves of the cheap riches wherewith she adorns the earth. We also get the most trivial mistakes in our head, and think them refinements, and are afraid of being "vulgar"! A few seeds, for instance, and a little trouble, would clothe our houses every summer, as high as we chose, with draperies of green and scarlet; and, after admiring the beauty, we might eat the produce. But then this produce is *a bean;* and, because beans are found at poor tables, we despise them! Nobody despises a vine in front of a house; for vines are polite, and the grapes seldom good enough to be of any use. Well: use, we grant, is not the only thing; but surely we have no right to think ourselves unbigoted to it, when it teaches us to despise beauty. In Italy, where the drink is not common, people have a great respect for *beer*, and would perhaps rather see a drapery of hops at the

front of a house than vine-leaves. Hops are like vines; yet who thinks of adorning his house with them in England? No: they remind us of the ale-house instead of Nature and her beauties; and therefore they are "vulgar." But is it not we who are vulgar in thinking of the ale-house, when Nature and her beauties are the greater idea?

It is objected to vegetation against walls and windows, that it harbors insects; and good housewives declare they shall be "overrun." If this be the fact, care should be taken against the consequences; and, should the care prove unavailing, every thing must be sacrificed to cleanliness. But is the charge well founded? and, if well founded in respect to some sorts of vegetation, is it equally so with all? we mean, with regard to the inability to keep out the insects. There is a prejudice against ivy on houses, on the score of its harboring wet, and making the houses damp; yet this opinion has been discovered to be so groundless, that the very contrary is the fact. Ivy is found to be a remedy for damp walls. It wards off the rain, and secures to them a remarkable state of dryness; as any one may see for himself by turning a bush of it aside, and observing the singular drought and dustiness prevailing between the brick or mortar and the back of the leaves.

Plate-glass has a beautiful look in windows; but it is too costly to become general. We remember, when the late Mrs. Orby Hunter lived in Grosvenor Place, it was quite a treat to pass by her parlor window, which was an arch, full of large panes of plate-glass, with a box of brilliant flowers underneath it,

and jessamine and other creepers making a bower of the wall. Perhaps the house has the same aspect still; but we thought the female name on the door was particularly suited to it, and had a just ostentation.

Painted glass is still finer: but we have never seen it used in the front-windows of a house, except in narrow strips or over doorways; which is a pity, for its loveliness is extreme. A good portion of the upper part of a window or windows might be allotted to it, with great effect, in houses where there is light to spare; and it might be turned to elegant and otherwise useful account by means of devices, and even regular pictures. A beautiful art, little known, might thus be restored. But we must have a separate article on painted windows, which are a kind of passion of ours. They make us loath to speak of them, without stopping, and receiving on our admiring eyes the beauty of their blessing. For such is the feeling they always give us. They seem, beyond any other inanimate object, except the finest pictures by the great masters (which can hardly be called such), to unite something celestial with the most gorgeous charm of the senses. There are more reasons than one for this feeling; but we must not be tempted to enter upon them here. The window must have us to itself, as in the rich quiet of a cathedral aisle.

We will conclude this *outside* consideration of windows (for we must have another and longer one for the inside) by dropping from a very heavenly to a very earthly picture, though it be one still suspended in the air. It is that of the gallant footman, in one of Steele's comedies, making love to the maid-servant, while they

are both occupied in cleaning the windows of their master's house. He does not make love as his honest-hearted brother Dodsley would have done (who from a footman became a man of letters); still less in the style of his illustrious brother Rousseau (for he, too, was once a footman); though there is one passage in the incident, which the ultra-sensitive lackey of the "Confessions" (who afterwards shook the earth with the very strength of his weakness) would have turned to fine sentimental account. The language also is a little too good even for a fine gentleman's gentleman: but the "exquisite" airs the fellow gives himself are not so much beyond the reach of brisk footman-imitation as not to have an essence of truth in them, pleasantly showing the natural likeness between fops of all conditions; and they are as happily responded to by those of the lady. The combination of the unsophisticate picture at the close of the extract, with the languishing comment made upon it, is extremely ludicrous.

Enter TOM, *meeting* PHILLIS.

Tom. Well, Phillis! What! with a face as if you had never seen me before? What a work have I to do now! She has seen some new visitant at their house whose airs she has catched, and is resolved to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance through before she'll answer this plain question; *videlicit*, Have you delivered my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way: I'll be in my airs as well as she (*aside*). Well, madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not

in the general be any other than what I am: I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant (*looking steadfastly at her*).

Phil. Did ever anybody doubt, Master Thomas, that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am indeed. The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune; and I am glad of my poverty. Perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said! But I'll have a great deal more before I say one word (*aside*).

Tom. I should perhaps have been stupidly above her, had I not been her equal; and, by not being her equal, never had an opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant from hire: I am my mistress's servant from choice, would she but approve my passion.

Phil. I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish, if you really suffer any.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! can you doubt after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but, since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you have suffered, or are ready to suffer, for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful jade! when I am in haste about my master's letter! But I must go

through it (*aside*). Ah! too well I remember when, and on what occasion, and how, I was first surprised. It was on the First of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's service: I was then a little hobble-de-hoy, and you a little tight girl, a favorite handmaid of the housekeeper. At that time, we neither one of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean: the person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly accident. What made you, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you: you could not guess what surprised me. You took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close, and breathed upon the glass; and, when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form: when I again drew near, you spit and rubbed, *and smiled at my undoing.*

WINDOWS, CONSIDERED FROM INSIDE.

THE other day, a butterfly came into our room, and began beating himself against the upper panes of a window half open, thinking to get back. It is a nice point; relieving your butterfly; he is a creature so delicate! If you handle him without ceremony, you bring away on your fingers something which you take to be down, but which is plumes of feathers; and as there are no fairies at hand, two atoms high, to make pens of the quills, and write "articles" on the invisible, there would be a loss. Mr. Bentham's ghost would visit us, shaking his venerable locks at such unnecessary-pain-producing and reasonable-pleasure-preventing heedlessness. Then, if you brush him downwards, you stand a chance of hurting his antennæ, or feelers, and of not knowing what mischief you may do to his eyes, or his sense of touch, or his instruments of dialogue; for some philosophers hold that insects talk with their feelers, as dumb people do with their fingers. However, some suffering must be hazarded in order to prevent worse, even to the least and most delicate of Heaven's creatures, who would not know pleasure if they did not know pain; and perhaps, the merrier and happier they

are in general, the greater the lumps of pain they can bear. Besides, all must have their share, or how would the burden of the great blockish necessity be equally distributed? and, finally, what business had little Papilio to come into a place unfit for him, and get bothering himself with glass? Oh, faith! — your butterfly must learn experience, as well as your Bonaparte.

There was he, beating, fluttering, flouncing, — wondering that he could not get through so clear a matter (for so glass appears to be to insects, as well as to men), and tearing his silken little soul out with ineffectual energy. What plumage he must have left upon the pane! what feathers and colors, strewed about, as if some fine lady had gone mad against a ball-room door for not being let in!

But we had a higher simile for him than that. "Truly," thought we, "little friend, thou art like some of the great German transcendentalists, who, in thinking to reach at heaven by an impossible way (such at least it seemeth at present), run the hazard of cracking their brains, and spoiling their wings for ever; whereas, if thou and they would but stoop a little lower, and begin with earth first, there, before thee, lieth open heaven as well as earth; and thou mayest mount high as thou wilt, after thy own happy fashion, thinking less, and enjoying all things."

And hereupon we contrived to get him downwards; and forth, out into the air, sprang he, — first against the lime-trees, and then over them into the blue ether, — as if he had resolved to put our advice into practice.

We have before spoken of the fret and fury into which the common fly seems to put himself against a window. Bees appear to take it more patiently, out of a greater knowledge; and slip about with a strange air of hopelessness. They seem to "give it up." These things, as Mr. Pepys said of the humanities at court, "it is pretty to observe." Glass itself is a phenomenon that might alone serve a reflecting observer with meditation for a whole morning, — so substantial, and yet so air-like; so close and compact to keep away the cold, yet so transparent and facile to let in light, the gentlest of all things; so palpably *something*, and yet to the eye and the perceptions a kind of *nothing!* It seems absolutely to deceive insects in this respect; which is remarkable, considering how closely they handle it, and what microscopic eyes we suppose them to have. We should doubt (as we used to do) whether we did not mistake their ideas on the subject, if we had not so often seen their repeated dashings of themselves against the panes, their stoppings (as if to take breath), and then their recommencement of the same violence. It is difficult to suppose that they do this for mere pleasure; for it looks as if they must hurt themselves. Observe in particular the tremendous thumps given himself by that great hulking fellow of a fly, that Ajax of the Diptera, the blue-bottle. Yet in autumn, in their old age, flies congregate in windows as elsewhere, and will take the matter so quietly as sometimes to stand still for hours together. We suppose they love the warmth, or the light; and that either they have found out the secret as to the rest, or —

"Years have brought the philosophic mind."

Why should Fly plague himself any longer with household matters which he cannot alter? He has tried hard in his time; and now he resigns himself like a wise insect, and will taste whatsoever tranquil pleasures remain for him, without beating his brains or losing his temper any longer. In natural livers, pleasure survives pain. Even the artificial, who keep up their troubles so long by pride, self-will, and the want of stimulants, contrive to get more pleasure than is supposed out of pain itself, especially by means of thinking themselves ill used and of grumbling. If the heart (for want of better training) does not much keep up its action with them, the spleen does; and so there is action of some sort: and, whenever there is action, there is life; and life is found to have something valuable in it for its own sake, apart from ordinary considerations either of pain or pleasure. But your fly and your philosopher are for pleasure too, to the last, if it be harmless. Give old Musca a grain of sugar, and see how he will put down his proboscis to it, and dot and pound, and suck it in, and be as happy as an old West-India gentleman pondering on his sugar-cane, and extracting a pleasure out of some dulcet recollection!

Gamblers, for want of a sensation, have been known to start up from their wine, and lay a bet upon two raindrops coming down a pane of glass. How poor are those gentry, even when they win, compared with observers whose resources need never fail them! To the latter, if they please, the raindrop itself is a world, — a world of beauty and mystery and aboriginal idea, bringing before them a thousand images of proportion

and reflection, and the elements, and light and color, and roundness and delicacy and fluency, and beneficence, and the refreshed flowers, and the growing corn, and dewdrops on the bushes, and the tears that fall from gentle eyes, and the ocean, and the rainbow, and the origin of all things. In water, we behold one of the old primeval mysteries of which the world was made. Thus the commonest raindrop on a pane of glass becomes a visitor from the solitudes of time.

A window, to those who have read a little in Nature's school, thus becomes a book or a picture, on which her genius may be studied, handicraft though the canvas be, and little as the glazier may have thought of it. Not that we are to predicate ignorance of your glazier now-a-days, any more than of other classes that compose the various readers of penny and three-half-penny philosophy, — cheap visitor, like the sunbeams, of houses of all sorts. The glazier could probably give many a richer man information respecting his glass, and his diamond, and his putty (no anti-climax in these analytical days), and let him into a secret or two, besides, respecting the amusement to be derived from it. (We have just got up from our work to inform ourselves of the nature and properties of the said mystery, putty; and should blush for the confession, if the blush would not imply that a similar ignorance were less common with us than it is.)

But a window is a frame for other pictures besides its own; sometimes for moving ones, as in the instance of a cloud going along, or a bird, or a flash of lightning; sometimes for the distant landscape, sometimes

the nearer one, or the trees that are close to it with their lights and shades; often for the passing multitude. A picture, a harmony, is observable, even in the drapery of the curtains that invest it; much more in the sunny vine-leaves or roses that may be visible on the borders, or that are trailed against it, and which render many a poor casement so pleasant. The other day, in a very humble cottage-window in the suburbs, we saw that beautiful plant, the nasturtium, trained over it on several strings; which must have furnished the inmates with a screen as they sate at their work or at their tea inside, and at the same time permitted them to see through into the road; thus constituting a far better blind than is to be found in many great houses. Sights like these give a favorable impression of the dispositions and habits of the people within, — show how superior they are to their sophistications, if rich; and how possessed of natural refinement, if among the poorer classes. Oh! the human mind is a fine graceful thing everywhere, if the music of Nature does but seize its attention, and throw it into its natural attitude. But so little has the "schoolmaster" yet got hold of this point, or made way with it, and so occupied are men with digging gold out of the ground, and neglecting the other treasures which they toss about in profusion during the operation (as if the clay were better than the flowers which it produced), that few make the most of the means and appliances for enjoyment that lie round about them, even in their very walls and rooms. Look at the windows down a street, and, generally speaking, they are all barren. The inmates might see through roses and geraniums,

if they would; but they do not think of it, or not with loving knowledge enough to take the trouble. Those who have the advantage of living in the country or the suburbs are led in many instances to do better, though their necessity for agreeable sights is not so great. But the presence of Nature tempts them to imitate her. There are few windows anywhere which might not be used to better advantage than they are, if we have a little money, or can procure even a few seeds. We have read an art of blowing the fire. There is an art even in the shutting and opening of windows. People might close them more against dull objects, and open them more to pleasant ones and to the air. For a few pence they might have beautiful colors and odors, and a pleasing task, emulous of the showers of April, beneficent as May: for they who cultivate flowers in their windows (as we have hinted before) are led instinctively to cultivate them for others as well as themselves; nay, in one respect, they do it more so; for you may observe, that, wherever there is this "fenestral horticulture" (as Evelyn would have called your window-gardening), the flowers are turned with their faces towards the street.

But "there is an art in the shutting and opening of windows." Yes, for the sake of air (which ought to be had night as well as day, in reasonable measure, and with precautions), and for the sake of excluding or admitting what is to be seen out of doors. Suppose, for example, a house is partly opposite some pleasant, and partly some unpleasant, object: the one, a tree or garden; the other, a gin-shop or a squalid lane. The sight of the first should be admitted as constantly as

possible, and with open window. That of the other, if you are rich enough, can be shut out with a painted blind, that shall substitute a beautiful landscape for the nuisance; or a blind of another sort will serve the purpose; or, if even a blind cannot be afforded, the shutters may be partly closed. Shutters should always be divided in two, horizontally as well as otherwise, for purposes of this kind. It is sometimes pleasant to close the lower portion, if only to preserve a greater sense of quiet and seclusion, and to read or write the more to yourself; light from above having both a softer and stronger effect than when admitted from all quarters. We have seen shutters, by judicious management in this way, in the house of a poor man who had a taste for nature, contribute to the comfort and even elegance of a room in a surprising manner, and (by the opening of the lower portions and the closure of the upper) at once shut out all the sun that was not wanted, and convert a row of stunted trees into an appearance of interminable foliage, as thick as if it had been in a forest.

"But the *fact* was otherwise," cries some fastidious personage, more nice than wise: "you knew there was *no forest*, and therefore could not have been deceived."

"Well, my dear sir, but deception is not necessary to every one's pleasure; and *fact* is not merely what you take it for. The fact of there being no forest might have been the only fact with yourself, and so have prevented the enjoyment: but, to a livelier fancy, there would have been the fact of the imagination of the forest (for every thing is a fact which *does* any thing

for us);* and there would also have been the fact of having cultivated the imagination, and the fact of our willingness to be pleased, and the fact of the books we have read, and, above all, the fact of the positive satisfaction. If a man be pleased, it is in vain you tell him he has no cause to be pleased. The cause is proved by the consequence. Whether the cause be rightly or wrongly cultivated, is another matter. The good of it is assumed in the present instance; and it would take more facts than are in the possession of a "mere matter-of-fact man" to disprove it. Matter of fact, and spirit of fact, must both be appreciated, in order to do justice to the riches of Nature. We are made of mind as well as body, — of imagination as well as senses. The same mysterious faculty which sees what is before the eyes, sees also what is suggested to the memory. Matter of fact is only the more palpable world, around which a thousand spirits of fact are playing, like angels in a picture. Not to see both is to be a poor unattended creature, who walks about in the world, conscious of nothing but himself, or at best of what the horse-jockey and the coach-maker has done for him. If his banker fails, he is ruined! Not so those, who, in

* *Facio*, *factum* (Latin), — "to do," "done." What is done in imagination makes a greater or less impression according to the power to receive it: but it is unquestionably done, if it impresses us at all; and thus becomes, after its kind, a fact. A stupid fellow, utterly without imagination, requires tickling to make him laugh: a livelier one laughs at a comedy, or at the bare apprehension of a thing laughable. In both instances, there is a real impression, though from very different causes, — one from "matter of fact" (if you please), the other from spirit of fact; but in either case the thing is *done*, the fact takes place. The moving cause exists somehow, or how could we be moved?

addition to the resources of their industry, have stock in all the *banks* of Nature and Art (pardon us this pun for the sake of what grows on it), and whose consolations cannot wholly fail them, as long as they have a flower to look upon, and a blood not entirely vitiated.

A window high up in a building, and commanding a fine prospect, is a sort of looking-out of the air, and gives a sense of power, and of superiority to earth. The higher also you go, the healthier. We speak of such windows as Milton fancied, when he wished that his lamp should be seen at midnight in "some high lonely tower;" a passage justly admired for the good-nature as well as loftiness of the wish; thus desiring that wayfarers should be the better for his studies, and enjoy the evidence of their fellow-creature's vigils. But elevations of this kind are not readily to be had. As to health, we believe that a very little lift above the ground-floor, and so on as you ascend, grows healthier in proportion. *Malaria* (bad air), in the countries where a plague of that kind is prevalent, is understood to be confined to a certain distance from the earth; and we really believe, that even in the healthiest quarters, where no positive harm is done by nearness to it, the air is better as the houses ascend, and a seat in a window becomes valuable in proportion. By and by, perhaps, studies and other favorite sitting-rooms will be built accordingly, and more retrospective reverence be shown to the "garrets" that used to be so famous in the annals of authorship. The poor poet in Pope, who lay —

> "High in Drury lane,
> Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane," —

was better off there than if he had occupied the ground-floor. For our parts, in order that we may save the dignity of our three-halfpenny meditations, and at the same time give evidence of practising what we preach, we shall finish by stating, that we have written this article in a floor neither high enough to be so poetical, nor low enough for too earthly a prose, — in a little study made healthy by an open window, and partly screened from over-lookers by a bit of the shutter; while our lookout presents us with a world of green leaves, and a red cottage-top, a Gothic tower of a church in the distance, and a glorious apple-tree close at hand, laden with its yellow balls, —

"Studded with apples, a beautiful show."

Some kindness of this sort, Fortune has never failed to preserve to us, as if in return for the love we bear to her rolling globe; and, now that the sincerity of our good-will has become known, none seem inclined to grudge it us, or to dispute the account to which we may turn it, for others as well as ourselves.

We had something more to say of seats in windows, and a good deal of windows at inns, and of sitting and looking out of windows; but we have other articles to write this week, of more length than usual, and must reserve it for a future number.

A FLOWER FOR YOUR WINDOW.

Names of Flowers. — Mystery of their Beauty.

IN the window beside which we are writing this article, there is a geranium shining with its scarlet tops in the sun, the red of it being the more red for a background of lime-trees which are at the same time breathing and panting like airy plenitudes of joy, and developing their shifting depths of light and shade of russet brown and sunny inward gold.

It seems to say, "Paint me!" So here it is.

Every now and then, some anxious fly comes near it. We hear the sound of a bee, though we see none; and, upon looking closer at the flowers, we observe that some of the petals are transparent with the light, while others are left in shade; the leaves are equally adorned, after their opaquer fashion, with those effects of the sky, showing their dark-brown rims; and on one of them a red petal has fallen, where it lies on the brighter half of the shallow green cup, making its own red redder, and the green greener. We perceive, in imagination, the scent of those good-natured leaves, which allow you to carry off their perfume on your fingers; for good-natured they are, in that respect,

above almost all plants, and fittest for the hospitalities of your rooms. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it something analogous to clothing and comfort.

Why does not everybody (who can afford it) have a geranium in his window, or some other flower? It is very cheap; its cheapness is next to nothing, if you raise it from seed or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And, if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing, even for your neglecting it; for, though it is all beauty, it has no vanity: and such being the case, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it?

But pray, if you choose a geranium, or possess but a few of them, let us persuade you to choose the scarlet kind, the "old original" geranium, and not a variety of it, — not one of the numerous diversities of red and white, blue and white, ivy-leaved, &c. Those are all beautiful, and very fit to vary a large collection; but to prefer them to the originals of the race is to run the hazard of preferring the curious to the beautiful, and costliness to sound taste. It may be taken as a good general rule, that the most popular plants are the best; for otherwise they would not have become such. And what the painters call "pure colors" are preferable to mixed ones, for reasons which Nature herself has given when she painted the sky of one color, and the fields of another, and divided the rainbow itself into a

few distinct hues, and made the red rose the queen of flowers. Variations of flowers are like variations in music, often beautiful as such, but almost always inferior to the theme on which they are founded, — the original air. And the rule holds good in beds of flowers, if they be not very large, or in any other small assemblage of them. Nay, the largest bed will look well, if of one beautiful color; while the most beautiful varieties may be inharmoniously mixed up. Contrast is a good thing: but we should first get a good sense of the thing to be contrasted; and we shall find this preferable to the contrast, if we are not rich enough to have both in due measure. We do not, in general, love and honor any one single color enough; and we are instinctively struck with a conviction to this effect when we see it abundantly set forth. The other day, we saw a little garden-wall completely covered with nasturtiums, and felt how much more beautiful it was than if any thing had been mixed with it. For the leaves, and the light and shade, offer variety enough: the rest is all richness and simplicity united, which is the triumph of an intense perception. Embower a cottage thickly and completely with nothing but roses, and nobody would desire the interference of another plant.

Every thing is handsome about the geranium, not excepting its name; which cannot be said of all flowers, though we get to love ugly words when associated with pleasing ideas. The word "geranium" is soft and elegant: the meaning is poor; for it comes from a Greek word signifying a crane, the fruit having a form resembling that of a crane's head or bill. Crane's bill

is the English name of geranium; though the learned appellation has superseded the vernacular. But what a reason for naming the *flower!* as if the fruit were any thing in comparison, or any one cared about it. Such distinctions, it is true, are useful to botanists; but, as plenty of learned names are sure to be reserved for the free-masonry of the science, it would be better for the world at large to invent joyous and beautiful names for these images of joy and beauty. In some instances, we have them; such as heart's-ease, honeysuckle, marigold, mignonette (little darling), daisy (day's-eye), &c. And many flowers are so lovely, and have associated names otherwise unmeaning so pleasantly with one's memory, that no new ones would sound so well, or seem even to have such proper significations. In pronouncing the words lilies, roses, pinks, tulips, jonquils, we see the things themselves, and seem to taste all their beauty and sweetness. "Pink" is a harsh petty word in itself; and yet assuredly it does not seem so; for in the word we have the flower. It would be difficult to persuade ourselves that the word "rose" is not very beautiful. "Pea" is a poor Chinese-like monosyllable; and "brier" is rough and fierce, as it ought to be: but, when we think of "sweet-pea" and "sweet-brier," the words appear quite worthy of their epithets. The poor monosyllable becomes rich in sweetness and appropriation; the rough dissyllable also; and the sweeter for its contrast. But what can be said in behalf of liverwort, bloodwort, dragon's-head, devil's-bit, and devil-in-a-bush? There was a charming line in some verses in last week's "London Journal," written by a lady:—

"I've marred your blisses,
Those sweete kisses
That the young breeze so loved yesterdaye!
I've seen ye sighing,
Now ye're dying:
How could I take your prettie lives away?"

But you could not say this to dragon's-head and devil's-bit: —

"O dragon's-head, devil's-bit, bloodwort! say,
How could I take your pretty lives away?"

This would be like Dryden's version of the pig-squeaking in Chaucer: —

"Poor swine! as if their pretty hearts would break."

The names of flowers in general among the polite are neither pretty in themselves, nor give us information. The country people are apt to do them more justice. Goldy-locks, ladies'-fingers, bright-eye, rose-a-rubie, shepherd's-clock, shepherd's-purse, sauce-alone, scarlet-runners, sops-in-wine, sweet-william, &c., give us some ideas either useful or pleasant. But from the peasantry also come many uncongenial names, as bad as those of the botanists. Some of the latter are handsome as well as learned, have meanings easily found out by a little reading or scholarship, and are taking their place accordingly in popular nomenclatures; as amaranth, adonis, arbutus, asphodel, &c.: but many others are as ugly as they are far-fetched; such as colchicum, tagetes, yucca, ixia, mesembryanthemum; and as to the Adansonias, Browallias, Koempferias, John Tomkinsias, or whatever the personal names may be that are bestowed

at the botanical font by their proud discoverers or godfathers, we have a respect for botanists and their pursuits, and wish them all sorts of "little immortalities" except these; unless they could unite them with something illustrative of the flower as well as themselves. A few, certainly, we should not like to displace; Browallia for one, which was given to a Peruvian flower by Linnæus, in honor of a friend of his of the name of Browall: but the name should have included some idea of the thing named. The Browallia is remarkable for its brilliancy. "We cannot," says Mr. Curtis, "do it justice by any colors we have." * Now, why not have called it Browall's Beauty? or Browall's Inimitable? The other day we were *admiring* an enormously beautiful apple, and were told it was called "Kirk's *Admirable*," after the gardener who raised it. We felt the propriety of this name directly. It was altogether to the purpose. There was use and beauty together, — the name of the raiser, and the excellence of the fruit raised. It is a pity that all fruits and flowers, and animals too, except those with good names, could not be passed in review before somebody with a genius for christening, as the creatures did before Adam in Paradise, and so have new names given them worthy of their creation.

Suppose flowers themselves were new. Suppose they had just come into the world, a sweet reward for some new goodness; and that we had not yet seen them quite developed; that they were in the act of growing; had just issued with their green stalks out

* We learn this from the "Flora Domestica," an elegant and poetry-loving book, specially intended for cultivators of flowers at home.

of the ground, and engaged the attention of the curious. Imagine what we should feel when we saw the first lateral stem bearing off from the main one, or putting forth a leaf. How we should watch the leaf gradually unfolding its little graceful hand; then another, then another; then the main stalk rising, and producing more; then one of them giving indications of an astonishing novelty, a bud! then this mysterious, lovely bud gradually unfolding like the leaf, amazing us, enchanting us, almost alarming us with delight, as if we knew not what enchantment were to ensue; till at length, in all its fairy beauty, and odorous voluptuousness, and mysterious elaboration of tender and living sculpture, shone forth —

"The bright consummate flower!"

Yet this phenomenon, to a mind of any thought and lovingness, is what may be said to take place every day; for the commonest objects are only wonders at which habit has made us cease to wonder, and the marvellousness of which we may renew at pleasure by *taking thought*. Last spring, walking near some cultivated grounds, and seeing a multitude of green stalks peeping forth, we amused ourselves with likening them to the plumes or other head-gear of fairies, and wondering what faces might ensue: and, from this exercise of the fancy, we fell to considering how true, and not merely fanciful, those speculations were; what a perpetual reproduction of the marvellous was carried on by Nature; how utterly ignorant we were of the causes of the least and most disesteemed of the commonest vegetables; and what a quantity of life and

beauty and mystery and use and enjoyment was to be found in them, composed out of all sorts of elements, and shaped as if by the hands of fairies. What workmanship, with no apparent workman! What consummate elegance, though the result was to be nothing (as we call it) but a radish or an onion, and these were to be consumed, or thrown away by millions! A rough tree grows up, and at the tips of his rugged and dark fingers he puts forth — round, smooth, shining, and hanging delicately — the golden apple, or the cheek-like beauty of the peach. The other day, we were in a garden where Indian corn was growing; and some of the cobs were plucked to show us. First one leaf or sheath was picked off, then another, then another, then a fourth, and so on, as if a fruit-seller was unpacking fruit out of papers; and at last we came, inside, to the grains of the corn, packed up into cucumber-shapes of pale gold, and each of them pressed and flattened against each other, as if some human hand had been doing it in the caverns of the earth. BUT WHAT HAND!

The same that made the poor yet rich hand (for is it not his workmanship also?) that is tracing these marvelling lines, and which if it does not tremble to write them, it is because Love sustains, and because the heart also is a flower which has a right to be tranquil in the garden of the All-wise.

A WORD ON EARLY RISING.

AS we are writing this article before breakfast, at an earlier hour than usual, we are inclined to become grand and intolerant on the strength of our virtue, and to look around us, and say, "Why is not everybody up? How *can* people lie in bed at an hour like this, — 'the cool, the fragrant'?"

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?"

Thus exclaimed good-natured, enjoying Thomson, and lay in bed till twelve; after which he strolled into his garden at Richmond, and ate peaches off a tree, with his hands in his waistcoat-pockets! Browsing! A perfect specimen of a poetical elephant or rhinoceros! Thomson, however, left an immortal book behind him, which excused his trespasses. What excuse shall mortality bring for hastening its end by lying in bed, and anticipating the grave? for, of all apparently innocent habits, lying in bed is perhaps the worst; while, on the other hand, amidst all the different habits through which people have attained to a long life, it is said that in this one respect, and this only, they have all *agreed*, — no very long-lived man has been a late riser! Judge Holt is said to have been curious respecting longevity, and to have questioned every very old man that came before him, as to his modes of living; and

in the matter of early rising there was no variation: every one of them got up betimes. One lived chiefly upon meat, another upon vegetables; one drank no fermented liquors, another did drink them; a fifth took care not to expose himself to the weather, another took no such care: but every one of them was an early riser. All made their appearance at Nature's earliest levee; and she was pleased that they hailed her as soon as she waked, and that they valued her fresh air, and valued her skies, and her birds, and her balmy quiet: or, if they thought little of this, she was pleased that they took the first step in life, every day, calculated to make them happiest and most healthy; and so she laid her hands upon their heads, and pronounced them good old boys, and enabled them to run about at wonderful ages, while their poor senior juniors were tumbling in down and gout.

A most pleasant hour it is certainly, — when you are once up. The birds are singing in the trees; every thing else is noiseless, except the air, which comes sweeping every now and then through the sunshine, hindering the coming day from being hot. We feel it on our face as we write. At a distance, far off, a dog occasionally barks; and some huge fly is loud upon the window-pane. It is sweet to drink in at one's ears these innocent sounds, and this very sense of silence, and to say to one's self, "We are up, we are up, and are doing well: the beautiful creation is not unseen and unheard for want of *us*." Oh! it's a prodigious moment when the vanity and the virtue can go together. We shall not say how early we write this article, lest we should appear immodest, and excite

envy and despair. Neither shall we mention how often we thus get up, or the hour at which we generally rise, — leaving our readers to hope the best of us; in return for which, we will try to be as little exalted this morning as the sense of advantage over our neighbors will permit, and *not* despise them, — a great stretch for an uncommon sense of merit. There, for instance, is C., — hard at it, we would swear; as fast asleep as a church. Of what value are his books now, and his subtleties, and his speculations? as dead, poor man! as if they never existed. What proof is there of an immortal soul in that face with its eyes shut, and its mouth open, and not a word to say for itself, any more than the dog's? And W. there, — what signifies his love for his children and his garden, neither of which he is now alive to, though the child-like birds are calling him, hopping amidst their songs; and his breakfast would have twice the relish? And the L.'s with *their* garden and their music? — the orchard has all the music to itself: they will not arise to join it, though Nature manifestly intends concerts to be of a morning as well as evening, and the animal spirits are the first that are up in the universe.

Then the streets and squares. Very much do we fear, that, for want of a proper education in these thoughts, the milkman, instead of despising all these shut-up windows, and the sleeping incapables inside, envies them for the riches that keep injuring their diaphragms and digestions, and that will render their breakfast not half so good as his. "Call you these gentle-folks?" said a new maid-servant, in a family of our acquaintance: "why, they get up early in the

morning! Only make *me* a lady, and see if I wouldn't lie abed."

Seriously speaking, we believe that there is not a wholesomer thing than early rising, or one which, if persevered in for a very little while, would make a greater difference in the sensations of those who suffer from most causes of ill-health, particularly the besetting disease of these sedentary times, — indigestion. We believe it would supersede the supposed necessity of a great deal of nauseous and pernicious medicine, — that pretended friend, and ultimately certain foe, of all impatient stomachs. Its utility in other respects everybody acknowledges, though few profit by it as they might. Nothing renders a man so completely master of the day before him; so gets rid of arrears, anticipates the necessity of haste, and insures leisure. Sir Walter Scott is said to have written all his greatest works before breakfast: he thus also procured time for being one of the most social of friends, and kind and attentive of correspondents. One sometimes regrets that experience passes into the shape of proverbs, since those who make use of them are apt to have no other knowledge, and thus procure for them a worldly character of the lowest order. Franklin did them no good, in this respect, by crowding them together in "Poor Richard's Almanack;" and Cervantes intimated the commonplace abuse into which they were turning, by putting them into the mouth of Sancho Panza. Swift completed the ruin of some of them, in this country, by mingling them with the slip-slop of his "Polite Conversation," — a Tory libel on the talk of the upper ranks, to which nothing comparable is to be

found in the Whig or Radical objections of modern times. Yet, for the most part, proverbs are equally true and generous; and there is as much profit for others as for a man's self in believing that "early to bed and early to rise will make a man healthy and wealthy and wise:" for the voluntary early riser is seldom one who is insensible to the beauty as well as the uses of the spring of day; and in becoming healthy and wise, as well as rich, he becomes good-humored and considerate, and is disposed to make a handsome use of the wealth he acquires. Mere saving and sparing (which is the ugliest way to wealth) permits a man to lie in bed as long as most other people, especially in winter, when he saves fire by it; but a gallant acquisition should be as stirring in this respect as it is in others, and thus render its riches a comfort to it, instead of a means of unhealthy care and a preparation for disappointment. How many rich men do we not see jaundiced and worn, not with necessary care, but superfluous; and secretly cursing their riches, as if it were the fault of the money itself, and not of the bad management of their health? These poor, unhappy, rich people come at length to hug their money out of a sort of spleen and envy at the luckier and less miserable poverty that wants it, and thus lead the lives of dogs in the manger, and are almost tempted to hang themselves; whereas, if they could purify the current of their blood a little, which, perhaps, they might do by early rising alone, without a penny for physic, they might find themselves growing more patient, more cheerful, more liberal, and be astonished and delighted at receiving the praises of the commu-

nity for their public spirit and their patronage of noble institutions. Oh! if we could but get half London up at an earlier hour, how they, and our colleges and universities and royal academies, &c., would all take a start together, and how the quack advertisements in the newspapers would diminish!

But we must not pretend, meanwhile, to be more virtuous ourselves than frail teachers are apt to be. The truth is, that lying in bed is so injurious to our particular state of health, that we are early risers in self-defence; and we were not always such: so that we are qualified to speak to both sides of the question. And as to our present article, it is owing to a relapse! and we fear is a very dull one in consequence; for we are obliged to begin it earlier than usual, in consequence of being late. We shall conclude it with the sprightliest testimony we can call to mind in favor of early rising; which is that of James the First, the royal poet of Scotland, a worthy disciple of Chaucer, who, when he was kept in unjust captivity during his youth by Henry the Fourth, fell in love with his future excellent queen, in consequence of seeing her through his prison-windows walking in a garden at break of day, as Palamon and Arcite did Emilia; which caused him to exclaim, in words that might be often quoted by others out of gratitude to the same hour, though on a different occasion, —

> "My custom was to rise
> Early as day. Oh happy exercise,
> By thee I came to joy out of torment!"

See the "King's Quair," the poem he wrote about it. We quote from memory, but we believe with correctness.

BREAKFAST IN SUMMER.

"BREAKFAST in summer!" cries a reader, in some narrow street in a city: "that means, I suppose, a breakfast out of doors, among trees; or, at least, in some fine breakfast-room, looking upon a lawn or into a conservatory. I have no such breakfast-room: the article is not written for me. However, let us see what it says; let us see whether, according to our friend's recipe, —

> "One can hold
> A silver-fork, and breast of pheasant on't,
> By thinking of sheer tea, and bread and butter."

Nay, let us do him justice too. Fancy is a good thing, though pheasant may be better. Come, let us see what he says; let us look at his Barmecide breakfast, — at all the good things I am to eat and drink without tasting them."

Editor. Reader, thou art one of the right sort. Thy fancy is large, though thy street be narrow. In one thing only do we find thee deficient. Thy faith is not perfect.

Reader. How! Am I not prepared to enjoy what I cannot have? And do I not know the Barmecide? Am I not a reader of the "Arabian Nights," — a willing visitor of that facetious personage who set the imaginary feast before the poor hungry devil Shaca-

bac, and made him drunk with invisible wine, till, in the retributive intoxication of the humor, mine host got his ears boxed?

Editor. Halloo! what is that you are saying? Oh! you "intend nothing personal." Well, it is luckily added; for, look you, — we should otherwise have "heaped coals of fire on your head." The want of faith we complain of is not the want of faith in books and fancies, but in us and our intentions towards thyself; for how camest thou to suppose that we intended omitting thy breakfast, — thy unsophisticated cup of bohea, and most respectable bread and butter? Why, it is of and to such breakfasts that we write most. The others, unless their refinement be of the true, universal sort, might fancy they could do without us; whereas those that really can do so are not unwilling to give us reception, for sympathy's sake, if for nothing else. To enjoy is to reciprocate. We have the honor (in this our paper person) of appearing at some of the most refined breakfast-tables in the kingdom; some of these being at the same time the richest, and some the poorest, that epicure could seek or eschew, — that is to say, unintellectual epicure; and, when such a man is found at either, we venture to affirm that he misses the best things to be found near him. It does not become us to name names; but we may illustrate the matter by saying, that, had it been written forty years back, we have good reason to think that the intentions of this our set of essays would have procured it no contemptuous welcome at the breakfast-table of Fox with his lords about him, or Burns with his "bonnie Jeanie" at his side. Porcelain, or potter's clay, silver

or pewter, potted meats, oatmeal or bacon, are all one to us, provided there is a good appetite, *and a desire to make the best of what is before us.* Without that, who would breakfast with the richest of fools? and with it, who, that knows the relish of wit and good humor, would not sit down to the humblest fare with inspired poverty?

Now, *the art of making the best of what is before us* (not in forgetfulness of social advancement, but in encouragement of it, and in aid of the requisite activity or patience, as the case may require) is one of the main objects of this publication; and, as the commoner breakfast seems to require it most, it is to such tables the present paper is chiefly addressed, — always supposing that the breakfaster is of an intelligent sort; and not without a hope of suggesting a pleasant fancy or so to the richest tables that may want it. And there are too many such! — perhaps because the table has too many "good things" on it already, — too much potted gout and twelve-shilling irritability.

Few people, rich or poor, make the most of what they possess. In their anxiety to increase the amount of the means for future enjoyment, they are too apt to lose sight of the capability of them for present. Above all, they overlook the thousand helps to enjoyment which lie round about them, free to everybody, and obtainable by the very willingness to be pleased, assisted by that fancy and imagination which Nature has bestowed, more or less, upon all human beings. Some miscalled Utilitarians, incapable of their own master's doctrine, may affect to undervalue fancy and imagination, as though they were not constituent properties of

the human mind, and as if they themselves, the mistakers, did not enjoy even what they do by their very assistance! Why, they have fancies for this or that teacup, this or that coat, this or that pretty face! They get handsome wives, when they can, as well as other people, and when plain ones would be quite as "useful"! How is that? They pretend to admire the *green* fields, the *blue* sky, and would be ashamed to be insensible to the merits of the flowers. How can they take upon them to say where the precise line should be drawn, and at what point it is we are to cease turning these perceptions of pleasure and elegance to account?

The first requisite towards enjoying a breakfast, or any thing else, is the willingness to be pleased; and the greatest proof and security of this willingness is the willingness to please others. "Better" (says a venerable text) "is a dinner of herbs, where peace is, than a stalled ox with contention." Many a breakfast, that has every other means of enjoyment, is turned to bitterness by unwilling discordant looks, perhaps to the great misery of some persons present, who would give and receive happiness if at any other table. Now, breakfast is a foretaste of the whole day. Spoil that, and we probably spoil all. Begin it well, and if we are not very silly or ill-taught persons indeed, and at the mercy of every petty impulse of anger and offence, we in all probability make the rest of the day worthy of it. These petty impulses are apt to produce great miseries; and the most provoking part of the business is, that for want of better teaching, or of a little forethought or imagination, they are sometimes in-

dulged in by people of good hearts, who would be ready to tear their hair for anguish if they saw you wounded or in a fit, and yet will make your days a heap of wretchedness by the eternal repetition of these absurdities.

It being premised, then, that persons must come to breakfast without faces sour enough to turn the milk (and we begin to think that our cautions on this head are unnecessary to such readers as are likely to patronize us), we have to inform the most unpretending breakfaster, — the man the least capable of potted meats, partridges, or preserves, — that, in the commonest tea-equipage and fare which is set upon his board, he possesses a treasure of pleasant thoughts; and that if he can command but the addition of a flower, or a green bough, or a book, he may add to them a visible grace and luxury, such as the richest wits in the nation would respect.

"True taste," says one of these very persons (Mr. Rogers, in his notes to a poem), "is an excellent economist. She delights in producing great effects by small means." This maxim holds good, we see, even amidst the costliest elegances: how much more is it precious to those whose means are of necessity small, while their hearts are large? Suppose the reader is forced to be an economist, and to have nothing on his breakfast-table but plain tea and bread and butter. Well: he is not forced also to be sordid or wretched, or without fancy, love, or intelligence. Neither are his teacups forced to be ill-shaped, nor his bread and butter ill-cut, nor his table-cloth dirty; and shapeliness and cleanliness are in themselves elegances, and

of no mean order. The spirit of all other elegance is in them, — that of selectness, — of the superiority to what is unfit and superfluous. Besides, a breakfast of this kind is the preference, or good old custom, of thousands who could afford a richer one. It may be called the staple breakfast of England; and he who cannot make an excellent meal of it would be in no very good way with the luxuries of a George the Fourth, still less with the robust meats of a huntsman. Delicate appetites may reasonably be stimulated a little, till regularity and exercise put them in better order; and nothing is to be said against the innocencies of honeys and marmalades. But strong meats of a morning are only for those who take strong exercise, or who have made up their minds to defy the chances of gout and corpulence, or the undermining pre-digestion of pill-taking.

If the man of taste is able to choose his mode of breakfasting in summer-time, he will of course invest it with all the natural luxuries within his reach. He will have it in a room looking upon grass and trees, hung with paintings, and furnished with books. He will sit with a beautiful portrait beside him; and the air shall breathe freshly into his room; the sun shall color the foliage at his window, and shine betwixt their checkering shadows upon the table; and the bee shall come to partake the honey he has made for him.

But suppose that a man capable of relishing all these good things does not possess one of them; at least, can command none that require riches. Nay, suppose him destitute of every thing but the plainest fare, in the plainest room, and in the least accommodating part

of the city. What does he do? Or what, upon reflection, may he be led to do? Why, his taste will have recourse to its own natural and acquired riches, and make the utmost it can out of the materials before it. It will show itself superior to that of thousands of ignorant rich men, and make its good-will and its knowledge open sources of entertainment to him unknown to treasures which they want the wit to unlock. Be willing to be pleased, and the power will come. Be a reader, getting all the information you can; and every fresh information will paint some commonplace article for you with brightness. Such a man as we have described will soon learn not to look upon the commonest table or chair without deriving pleasure from its shape or shapability; nor on the cheapest and most ordinary teacup, without increasing that gratification with fifty amusing recollections of books and plants and colors, and strange birds, and the quaint domesticities of the Chinese.

For instance, if he breakfasts in a room of the kind just mentioned (which is putting the case as strongly as we can, and implies all the greater comforts that can be drawn from situations of a better kind), he will select the snuggest or least cheerless part of the room to set his table in. If he can catch a glimpse of a tree from any part of a window (and a great many more such glimpses are to be had in the city than people would suppose), he will plant his chair, if possible, within view of it; or, if no tree is to be had, perhaps the morning sun comes into his room, and he will contrive that his table shall have a slice of that. He will not be unamused even with the Jack-o'-lantern

which strikes up to the ceiling, and dances with the stirring of his tea, glancing and twinkling like some chuckling elfin eye, or reminding him of some wit making his brilliant reflections, and casting a light upon commonplaces. The sun is ever beautiful and noble, and brings a cheerfulness out of heaven itself into the humblest apartment, if we have but the spirit to welcome it.

But if we have neither tree nor sun, and nobody with us to make amends, suppose it winter-time, and that we have a fire. This is sun and company too, and such an associate as will either talk with us, if we choose to hear it; or leave us alone, and give us comfort unheard. It is now summer-time, however; and we had better reserve our talk of fires for cold weather. Our present object is rather to point out some new modes of making the best of imaginary wants, than to dilate upon luxuries recognized by all.

Suppose then, that neither a fire, the great friend in-doors, nor sunshine, the great friend out-of-doors, be found with us in our breakfast-room; that we could neither receive pleasure from the one, if we had it, nor can command a room into which the other makes its way: what ornament is there — what supply of light or beauty could we discover, at once exquisite and cheap — that should furnish our humble board with a grace precious in the eyes of the most intelligent among the rich? Flowers. Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay if you can get it; or but two or three, or a single flower, — a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy. Bring a few daisies and buttercups from your last field-walk, and keep them alive in

a little water; ay, preserve but a bunch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant as well as cheap of Nature's productions, and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honor. Put but a rose or a lily or a violet on your table, and *you and Lord Bacon* have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table, — morning, we believe, noon, and night; that is to say, at all his meals: for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon. And why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now, here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please; never changing with silks and velvets and silver forks, nor dependent upon the caprice of some fine gentleman or lady, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. The fashion of the garments of heaven and earth endures for ever, and you may adorn your table with specimens of their drapery, — with flowers out of the fields, and golden beams out of the blue ether.

Flowers on a morning table are specially suitable to the time. They look like the happy wakening of the creation: they bring the perfumes of the breath of Nature into your room; they seem the representations and embodiments of the very smiles of your home, the graces of its good-morrow; proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves, or those about us; some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets; or in our-

selves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament, — a branch from the next tree, or the next herb-market, or some twigs that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often, nay always, beautiful, particularly in spring, when their green is tenderest. The first new boughs in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty; and indeed —

"Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none."

(There is a verse for the reader; and not a bad one, considering its truth.) We often have vines (such as they are, — better than none) growing upon the walls of our city houses, — or clematis, or jessamine; perhaps ivy on a bit of an old garden-wall, or a tree in a court. We should pluck a sprig of it, and plant it on our breakfast-table. It would show that the cheap elegances of earth, the universal gifts of the beauty of nature, are not thrown away upon us. They shadow prettily over the clean table-cloth or the pastoral milk, like a piece of nature brought in-doors. The tender bodies of the young vernal shoots above mentioned, put into water, might be almost fancied clustering together with a sort of virgin delicacy, like young nymphs, mute-struck, in a fountain. Nay, any leaves, not quite faded, look well, as a substitute for the want of flowers, — those of the common elm; or the plane; or the rough oak, especially when it has become gentle with its acorn tassels; or the lime, which is tasselled in

a more flowery manner, and has a breath as beautiful. Ivy, which is seldom or never brought in-doors, greatly deserves to be better treated, especially the young shoots of it, which point in a most elegant manner over the margin of a glass or decanter, seeming to have been newly scissored forth by some fairy hand, or by its own invisible quaint spirit, as if conscious of the tendency within it. Even the green tips of the fir-trees, which seem to have been brushed by the golden pencil of the sun, when he resumes his painting, bring a sort of light and vernal joy into a room, in default of brighter visitors. But it is not necessary to a loving and reflecting spirit to have any thing so good as those. A bit of elm-tree or poplar would do, in the absence of any thing rarer. For our parts, as far as ourself alone is concerned, it seems to us that we could not be mastered by the blackest storm of existence, in the worst pass that our pilgrimage could bring us to, as long as we had shelter over our heads, a table with bread and a cup of tea upon it, and a single one of these green smiles upon the board, to show us that good-natured Nature was alive.

Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be "trifling"? Oh! let him not so condescend to the ignorance of the proud or envious. If this were trifling, then was Bacon a trifler, then was the great Condé a trifler, and the old Republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton's Adam himself, nay, heaven itself; for heaven made these harmless elegances, and blessed them with the universal good-will of the wise and innocent.

trifle is not to make use of small pleasures for the help and refreshment of our duties, but to be incapable of that real estimation of either, which enables us the better to appreciate and assist both. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heavens with thunderbolts, produces the lilies of the valley, and the gentle dewdrops that keep them fair.

To return, then, to our flowers and our breakfast-table: were time and place so cruel as not to grant us even a twig, still there is a last resource, and a rich one too, — not quite so cheap as the other, but obtainable now-a-days by a few pence, and which may be said to grow also on the public walls, — a book. We read, in old stories, of enchanters who drew gardens out of snow; and of tents no bigger than a nut-shell, which opened out over a whole army. Of a like nature is the magic of a book, — a casket, from which you may draw out, at will, bowers to sit under, and affectionate beauties to sit by, and have trees, flowers, and an exquisite friend, all at one spell. We see it now before us, standing among the cups, edge-ways, plain-looking, perhaps poor and battered, perhaps bought of some dull huckster in a lane for a few pence. On its back we read, in old worn-out letters of enchantment, the word "Milton;" and, upon opening it, lo! we are breakfasting forthwith, —

> "Betwixt two aged oaks,
> On herbs and other country messes
> Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,"

in a place which they call "Allegro." Or the word on the back of the casket is "Pope;" and instantly a

beauty in a "negligé" makes breakfast for us, and we have twenty sylphs instead of butterflies, tickling the air round about us, and comparing colors with the flowers, or pouncing upon the crumbs that threaten to fall upon her stomacher. Or "Thomson" is the magic name; and a friend still sweeter sits beside us, with her eyes on ours, and tells us with a pressure on the hand, and soft, low words, that our cup awaits us. Or we cry aloud, "Theocritus!" plunging into the sweetest depths of the country; and, lo! we breakfast, down in a thick valley of leaves and brooks and the brown summer-time, upon creams and honey-combs, the guest of bearded Pan and the Nymphs; while at a distance, on his mountain-top, poor overgrown Polyphemus, tamed and made mild with the terrible sweet face of love, which has frightened him with a sense of new thoughts, and of changes which cannot be, sits overshadowing half of the vineyards below him, and, with his brow in tears, blows his harsh reeds over the sea.

Such has been many a breakfast of our own, dear readers, with poverty on one side of us, and these riches on the other. Such must be many of yours; and, as far as the riches are concerned, such may be all. But how is this? We have left out the milk, and the bread, and the tea itself! We must have another breakfast with the reader, in order to do them justice.

BREAKFAST CONTINUED.

Tea-drinking.

A BREAKFAST-TABLE in the morning, clean and white with its table-cloth, colored with the cups and saucers, and glittering with the teapot, — is it not a cheerful object, reader? and are you not always glad to see it?

We know not any inanimate sight more pleasant, unless it be a very fine painting, or a whole abode snugly pitched; and, even then, one of the best things to fancy in it is the morning meal.

The yellow or mellow-colored butter (which softens the effect of the other hues), the milk, the bread, the sugar, — all have a simple, temperate look, very relishing, however, to a hungry man. Perhaps the morning is sunny: at any rate, the day is a new one, and the hour its freshest. We have been invigorated by sleep. The sound of the shaken canister prepares us for the fragrant beverage that is coming: in a few minutes it is poured out; we quaff the odorous refreshment, perhaps chatting with dear kindred, or loving and laughing with the "morning faces" of children; or, if alone, reading one of the volumes mentioned in our last, and taking tea, book, and bread and butter, all at once,

— no "inelegant" pleasure, as Sir Walter Scott saith of the eating of tarts.*

Dear reader, male or female (very dear, if the latter), do you know how to make good tea? — because, if you do not (and we have known many otherwise accomplished persons fail in that desideratum), here is a recipe for you, furnished by a mistress of the art: —

In the first place, the teapot is found by experience to be best when it is made of metal. But, whether metal or ware, take care that it be thoroughly clean, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a leaf of the stale tea left from the last meal. The tests of boiling are various with different people: but there can be no uncertainty, if the steam come out of the lid of the kettle; and it is best, therefore, to be sure of that evidence. No good tea can be depended upon from an urn, because an urn cannot be kept boiling; and water should never be put upon the tea but in a thoroughly and *immediately* boiling state. If it has done boiling, it should be made to boil again. Boiling, proportion, and attention are the three magic words of tea-making. The water should also be soft, — hard water being sure to spoil the best tea: and it is advisable to prepare the teapot against a chill, by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you

* In his "Life of Dryden;" original edition, p. 86: "Even for some time after his connection with the theatre, we learn, from a contemporary, that his dress was plain at least, if not mean; and his pleasures moderate, though not inelegant. 'I remember,' says a correspondent of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1745, 'plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich-drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry Gardens, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig.'"

begin; emptying it out, of course, when you do so. These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot three teaspoonfuls, and as much water as will cover the quantity. Let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes; and then, *first* putting the sugar and milk into the cup, pour out the tea; making sure to put in another cup of boiling water *directly*.

Of tea made for a party, a spoonful for each, and one over, must be used; taking care *never to drain the tea-pot*, and always to add the requisite quantity of boiling water as just mentioned.

The most exquisite tea is not perhaps the wholesomest. The more green there is in it, certainly the less wholesome it is; though green adds to the palatableness. And drinking tea very hot is a pernicious custom. Green tea and hot tea make up the two causes which produce perhaps all the injurious results attributed to tea-drinking. Their united effects, in particular, are sometimes formidable to the "nerves," and to persons liable to be kept awake at night. Excellent tea may be made, by judicious management, of black tea alone; and this is unquestionably the most wholesome. Yet a little green is hardly to be omitted.

Now, have a cup of tea thus well made, and you will find it a very different thing from the insipid dilution which some call tea, watery at the edges, and transparent half-way down; or the sirup into which some convert their tea, who are no tea-drinkers, but should take treacle for their breakfast; or the mere strength

of tea, without any due qualification from other materials, — a thing no better than melted tea-leaves, or than those which it is said were actually served up at dinner, like greens, when tea was first got hold of by people in remote country parts, who had not heard of the way of using it, — a dish of acrid bitterness. In tea, properly so called, you should slightly taste the sugar, be sensible of a balmy softness in the milk, and enjoy at once a solidity, a delicacy, a relish, and a fragrance in the tea. Thus compounded, it is at once a refreshment and an elegance, and, we believe, the most innocent of cordials; for we think we can say from experience, that, when tea does harm, it is either from the unmitigated strength just mentioned, or from its being taken too hot, — a common and most pernicious custom. The inside of a man, dear people, is not a kitchen copper.

But good tea, many of you may say, is dear. Tea of all sorts is a great deal too dear; but we have known very costly tea turn out poor in the drinking, and comparatively poor tea become precious. Out of very bad tea it is perhaps impossible to make a good cup; but skill and patience are famous for converting ordinary materials into something valuable. And it should be added, that it is better to have one cup of good tea than half a dozen of bad. Nevertheless, we are not for despising the worst of all, if the drinker finds any kind of refreshment in it, and can procure no better. The very *names* of *tea* and *tea-time* are worth something.

And this brings us to an association of ideas, which, however common with us at the breakfast-table, and doubtless with hundreds of other people, we never ex-

perience without finding them amusing. We allude to China and the Chinese. The very word *tea*, so petty, so infantine, so winking-eyed, so expressive somehow or other of something inexpressibly minute and satisfied with a little (*tee !*), resembles the idea one has (perhaps a very mistaken one) of that extraordinary people, of whom Europeans know little or nothing, except that they sell us this preparation, bow back again our ambassadors, have a language consisting only of a few hundred words, gave us *China*-ware and the strange pictures on our teacups, made a certain progress in civilization long before we did, mysteriously stopped at it, and would go no further, and if numbers, and the customs of "venerable ancestors," are to carry the day, are at once the most populous and the most respectable nation on the face of the earth. As a population, they certainly are a most enormous and wonderful body; but, as individuals, their ceremonies, their trifling edicts, their jealousy of foreigners, and their teacup representations of themselves (which are the only ones popularly known), impress us irresistibly with a fancy, that they are a people all toddling, little-eyed, little-footed, little-bearded, little-minded, quaint, overweening, pig-tailed, bald-headed, cone-capped, or pagoda-hatted, having childish houses and temples with bells at every corner and story, and shuffling about in blue landscapes, over "nine-inch bridges," with little mysteries of bell-hung whips in their hands,—a boat, or a house, or a tree made of a pattern, being over their heads or underneath them (as the case may happen), and a bird as large as the boat, always having a circular white space to fly in. Such are the Chinese of the teacups and the gro-

cers' windows, and partly of their own novels too, in which every thing seems as little as their eyes, — little odes, little wine-parties, and a series of little satisfactions. However, it must be owned, that from these novels one gradually acquires a notion that there is a great deal more good sense and even good poetry among them than one had fancied from the accounts of embassies and the autobiographical paintings on the china-ware; and this is the most probable supposition. An ancient and great nation, as civilized as they, is not likely to be so much behind-hand with us in the art of living as our self-complacency leads us to imagine. If their contempt of us amounts to the barbarous, perhaps there is a greater share of barbarism than we suspect in our scorn of them.

At all events, it becomes us to be grateful for their tea. What a curious thing it was, that all of a sudden the remotest nation of the East, otherwise unknown, and foreign to all our habits, should convey to us a domestic custom, which changed the face of our morning refreshments; and that, instead of ale and meat or wine, all the polite part of England should be drinking a Chinese infusion, and setting up earthern-ware in their houses, painted with preposterous scenery! We shall not speak contemptuously, for our parts, of any such changes in the history of a nation's habits, any more than of the changes of the wind, which now comes from the west, and now from the east, doubtless for some good purpose. It may be noted, that the introduction of tea-drinking followed the diffusion of books among us, and the growth of more sedentary modes of life. The breakfasters upon cold beef and "cool tankards"

were an active, horse-riding generation. Tea-drinking times are more in-door, given to reading, and are riders in carriages, or manufacturers at the loom or the steam-engine. It may be taken as an axiom, — the more sedentary, the more tea-drinking. The conjunction is not the best in the world; but it is natural, till something better be found. Tea-drinking is better than dram-drinking; a practice which, if our memory does not deceive us, was creeping in among the politest and even the fairest circles during the transition from ales to teas. When the late Mr. Hazlitt, by an effort worthy of him, suddenly left off the stiff glasses of brandy and water by which he had been tempted to prop up his disappointments, or rather to loosen his tongue at the pleasant hour of supper, he took to tea-drinking; and, it must be owned, was latterly tempted to make himself as much amends as he could for his loss of excitement, in the quantity he allowed himself: but it left his mind free to exercise its powers; it "kept," as Waller beautifully says of it, —

"The palace of the soul serene;"

not, to be sure, the quantity, but the tea itself, compared with the other drink. The prince of tea-drinkers was Dr. Johnson, one of the most sedentary of men, and the most unhealthy. It is to be feared his quantity suited him still worse; though the cups, of which we hear such multitudinous stories about him, were very small in his time. It was he that wrote, or rather *effused*, the humorous request for tea, in ridicule of the style of the old ballads (things, be it said without irreverence, which he did not understand so well as

"his cups"). The verses were extempore, and addressed to Mrs. Thrale: —

"And now, I pray thee, Hetty dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

But hear, alas! this mournful truth, —
Nor hear it with a frown, —
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down."

Now, this is among the pleasures of reading and reflecting men over their breakfast, or on any other occasion. The sight of what is a tiresome nothing to others shall suggest to them a hundred agreeable recollections and speculations. There is a teacup, for example. "Well, what is a teacup?" a simpleton might cry: "it holds my tea, — that's all." Yes, that's all to you and your poverty-stricken brain: we hope you are rich and prosperous, to make up for it as well as you can. But, to the right tea-drinker, the cup, we see, contains not only recollections of eminent brethren of the bohea, but the whole Chinese nation, with all its history, Lord Macartney included; nay, for that matter, Ariosto and his beautiful story of Angelica and Medoro; for Angelica was a Chinese: and then collaterally come in the Chinese neighbors and conquerors from Tartary, with Chaucer's —

"Story of Cambuscan bold,"

and the travels of Marco Polo and others, and the Jesuit missionaries, and the Japanese with our friend Golownin, and the Loo Choo people, and Confucius,

whom Voltaire (to show his learning) delights to call by his proper native appellation of Kong-foo-tsee (reminding us of Congo tea): and then we have the Chinese Tales, and Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," and Goldsmith brings you back to Johnson again, and the tea-drinkings of old times: and then we have the "Rape of the Lock" before us, with Belinda at breakfast, and Lady Wortley Montague's tea-table eclogue, and the domestic pictures in the "Tatler" and "Spectator," with the passions existing in those times for chinaware; and Horace Walpole, who was an old woman in that respect; and, in short, a thousand other memories, grave and gay, poetical and prosaical, all ready to wait upon anybody who chooses to read books, like spirits at the command of the book-readers of old, who, for the advantages they had over the rest of the world, got the title of Magicians.

Yea, pleasant and rich is thy sight, little teacup (large, though, at breakfast), round, smooth, and colored; composed of delicate earth, — like the earth, producing flowers and birds and men; and containing within thee thy Lilliputian ocean, which we, after sending our fancy sailing over it, past islands of foam called "sixpences," and mysterious bubbles from below, will, giant-like, ingulf: —

But hold! — there's a fly in.

Now, why could not this inconsiderate monster of the air be content with the whole space of the heavens round about him, but he must needs plunge into this scalding pool? Did he scent the sugar? or was it a fascination of terror from the heat? "Hadst thou my three kingdoms to range in," said James the First to a

fly, "and yet must needs get into my eye?" It was a good-natured speech, and a natural. It shows that the monarch did his best to get the fly out again; at least, we hope so: and therefore we follow the royal example in extricating the little winged wretch, who has struggled hard with his unavailing pinions, and become drenched and lax with the soaking.

He is on the dry clean cloth. Is he dead? No: the tea was not so hot as we supposed it. See! he gives a heave of himself forward; then endeavors to drag a leg up, then another; then stops, and sinks down, saturated and overborne with wateriness; and assuredly, from the inmost soul of him, he sighs (if flies sigh; which we think they must do sometimes, after attempting in vain, for half an hour, to get through a pane of glass). However, his sigh is as much mixed with joy as fright and astonishment and a horrible hot bath can let it be; and the heat has not been too much for him. A similar case would have been worse for one of us with our fleshy bodies. For, see! after dragging himself along the dry cloth, he is fairly on his legs: he smoothes himself, like a cat, first one side, then the other, only with his legs instead of his tongue; then rubs the legs together, partly to disengage them of their burthen, and partly as if he congratulated himself on his escape; and now, finally, opening his wings (beautiful privilege! for all wings, except the bat's, seem beautiful, and a privilege, and fit for envy), he is off again into the air, as if nothing had happened.

He may forget it, being an inconsiderate and giddy fly; but it is to us, be it remembered by our conscience,

that he owes all which he is hereafter to enjoy. His suctions of sugar, his flights, his dances on the window, his children, yea, the whole House of Fly, as far as it depends on him their ancestor, will be owing to us. We have been his providence, his guardian angel, the invisible being that rescued him without his knowing it. What shall we add, reader? Wilt thou laugh, or look placid and content; humble, and yet in some sort proud withal, and not consider it as an unbecoming meeting of ideas in these our most mixed and reflective papers, — if we argue from rescued flies to rescued human beings, and take occasion to hope, that, in the midst of the struggling endeavors of such of us as have to wrestle with fault or misfortune, invisible pity may look down with a helping eye upon ourselves; and that what it is humane to do in the man, it is divine to do in that which made humanity.

BREAKFAST CONCLUDED.

Tea and Coffee, Milk, Bread, &c.

WE have said nothing of coffee and chocolate at breakfast, though a good example has been set us in that respect in the pleasant pages of Mr. D'Israeli. We confined ourselves to tea, because it is the staple drink. A cheap coffee, however, or imitation of it, has taken place of tea with many; and the poor have now their "coffee-houses," as the rich used to have. We say "used," because coffee-drinking in such places among the rich is fast going out in consequence of the later hours of dinner and the attractions of the club-houses. Coffee, like tea, used to form a refreshment by itself, some hours after dinner. It is now taken as a digester, right upon that meal or the wine; and sometimes does not even close it; for the digester itself is digested by a liqueur of some sort, called a *chasse-café* (coffee-chaser). We do not, however, pretend to be learned in these matters. If we find ourselves at a rich table, it is but as a stranger in the land to all but its humanities. A custom may change next year, and find us as ignorant of it as the footman is otherwise.*

* We advert to the knowledge of this personage, out of no undue feeling either towards himself, or those whom he serves. Both classes comprise natures of all sorts like others. But fashion, in itself, is a poor business, everlastingly shifting its customs because it has nothing but

As we claim the familiar intimacy of the reader in this our most private public miscellany, and have had it cordially responded to by fair and brown, (who will not cry out as a critic did against Montaigne for saying he liked sherry, "Who the devil cares whether he liked sherry or not?") we shall venture to observe in comment upon the thousand *inaudible* remarks on this question which we *hear* on all sides of us, that, for our parts, we like coffee better than tea, for the taste, but tea "for a constancy;" and one after the other makes a "pretty" variety (as Dr. Johnson, or Mr. Pepys, would phrase it). To be perfect in point of relish (we do not say of wholesomeness), coffee should be strong and hot, with little sugar and milk. In the East, they drink it without either; which, we should think, must be intolerable to any palates that do not begin with it in childhood, or are not in want of as severe stimulants as those of sailors; (though, by the way, we understand that tobacco-chewing is coming into fashion!) It has been drunk after this mode in some parts of Europe; but the public have nowhere (we believe) adopted it. The favorite way of taking it as a meal, abroad, is with a great superfluity of milk,—very properly called, in France, *café-au-lait*, coffee *to the* milk. One of the pleasures we receive in drinking coffee is, that, being the universal drink in the East, it reminds of that region of the "Arabian Nights;" as smoking does, for the same reason:

change to go upon; and with all our respect for good people who wear its liveries, whether master or footman, we own we have no sort of veneration for the *phases* of neckcloths and coats, and the vicissitudes of the modes of dining.

though neither of these refreshments, which are now identified with Oriental manners, is to be found in that enchanting work. They had not been discovered when it was written. The drink was sherbet, and its accompaniments cakes and fruit. One can hardly fancy what a Turk or a Persian could have done without coffee and a pipe, any more than the English ladies and gentlemen, before the civil wars, without tea for breakfast. As for chocolate, its richness, if made good, renders it rather a food than a drink. Linnæus seems to have been fond of it; for it was he, we believe, who gave it its generic name of Theobroma, or food of the gods. It is said to be extremely nourishing,* but heavy for weak stomachs. Cocoa (cacao) is a lighter kind of it, made of the shell instead of the nut. They make German flutes of the wood of the chocolate-tree. An Italian wit, who flourished when tea, coffee, and chocolate had not long been introduced into his country, treats them all three with great contempt, and no less humor: —

"Non fia già, che il Cioccolatte
V'adoprassi, ovvero il Tè:
Medicine così fatte
Non saran giammai per me.
Beverei prima il veleno,

* "An acquaintance, on whose veracity we can rely," says Mr. Phillips, in his History of Fruits, "informed us, that, during the retreat of Napoleon's army from the North, he fortunately had a small quantity of little chocolate cakes, in his pocket, which preserved the life of himself and a friend for several days, when they could procure no other food whatever, and many of their brother officers perished for want." — *Pomarium Britannicum, or Historical and Botanical Account of Fruits known in Great Britain.* Third edition, p. 67; Colburn.

Che un bicchier che fosse pieno
Del amaro e reo Caffe.
Colà tra gli Arabi
E tra i Giannizzeri
Liquor sì ostico,
Sì nero e torbido,
Gli schiavi ingollino.
Giù nel Tartaro,
Giù nell' Erebo,
L'empie Belidi l'inventarono.
E Tesifone, e l'altre Furie,
A Proserpina il ministrarono.
E se in Asia il Musulmanno
Se lo cionca a precipizio,
Mostra aver poco giudizio."

REDI: *Bacco in Toscana.*

"Talk of chocolate! talk of tea!
Medicines made, ye gods, as they are,
Are no medicines made for me!
I would sooner take to poison
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it 'mongst their cruel works:
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Tartarus,
Down in Erebus,
'Twas the detestable Fifty * invented it:
The Furies then took it,
To grind and to cook it;
And to Proserpina all three presented it.
If the Mussulman in Asia
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
I differ with the man extremely."

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* The daughters of Danaus, who killed their husbands.

These vituperations, however, are put into the mouth of the god of wine; who may justly have resented the introduction of—

"The cups
Which cheer, but not inebriate."

Chocolate is a common refreshment in Italy, in a solid shape. The pastry-cooks sell sweetmeats of it, wrapped up in little papers with printed mottos, containing some couplet of humor or gallantry. They have made their appearance of late years in England, owing, we believe, to the patronage of George the Fourth, who is said to have given an order to a Paris manufacturer, to the value of five hundred pounds.

Off, ye inferior goods, ye comparative sophistications, perhaps fleeting fashions, and let us bethink ourselves of the everlasting virtues of beautiful milk and bread!

"Milk," says a venerable text, "is fit for children." It is too often unfit for men, not because their stomachs are stronger than those of children, but because they are weaker. Causes of various sorts, sorrow, too much thinking, dissipation, shall render a man unable to digest the good wholesome milk-bowl that delighted him when a child. He must content himself with his experience, and with turning it to the best account, especially for others. A child over a milk-bowl is a pleasant object. He seems to belong to every thing that is young and innocent,—the morning, the fields, the dairies. And no fear of indigestion has he, nor of a spoiled complexion. He does not sit up till twelve at night; nor is a beauty tight-lacing herself;

nor does he suspend his stomach in breathlessness with writing "articles," and thinking of good and evil.

Pleasant object also, nevertheless, is the milk-jug to the grown man, whether sick or well, provided he have "an eye." White milk in a white jug, or cream in a cream-colored, presents one of these sympathies of color, which are sometimes of higher taste than any contrast, however delicate. Drummond of Hawthornden has hit it with a relishing pencil: —

> "In petticoat of green,
> With hair about her eine,*
> Phillis, beneath an oak,
> Sat milking her fair flock:
> 'Mongst that sweet strained moisture (rare delight)
> Her hand seemed milk, in milk it was so white." †

Anacreon beautifully compares a finely tinted cheek to milk with roses in it. There is a richness of coloring, as well as of substance, in the happy scriptural designation of an abundant country, — "a land overflowing with milk and honey." Milk and honey suit admirably on the breakfast-table. Their colors, their simplicity, their country associations, all harmonize. We have a dairy and a bee-hive before us, — the breath of cows, and the buzzing over the garden.

By the way, there is a very pretty design, in Cooke's edition of Parnell's Poems, of a girl milking a cow, by Kirk, a young Scotch artist of great promise, who died prematurely, which has wandered to the teacups, and is to be found on some of the cheapest of them.

* *Eine, een,* — Scotch and old English for *eyes.*

† See Cunningham's edition of Drummond, lately published, p. 249.

We happened to meet with it in Italy, and felt all our old landscapes before us, — the meadows, the trees, and the village church; all which the artist has put into the background. The face is not quite so good on the teacup as in the engraving. In that, it is eminently beautiful; at least, in the work now before us. We cannot answer for reprints. It is one of those faces of sweetness and natural refinement which are to be met with in the humblest as well as highest classes, where the parentage has been genial, and the bringing-up not discordant. The passage illustrated is the pretty exordium of the poet's eclogue entitled "Health:" —

> "Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
> And print long footsteps in the glittering grass:
> The cows, neglectful of their pasture, stand,
> By turns obsequious to the milker's hand."

Is it not better to occupy the fancy with such recollections as these over a common breakfast, than to be lamenting that we have not an uncommon one? which perhaps also would do us a mischief, and, for the gain of a little tickling of the palate, take health and good temper out of us for the rest of the day. Besides, a palate unspoilt has a relish of milks and teas, and other simple foods, which a Nabob, hot from his mulligatawny and his megrims, would envy.

We look upon it as a blessing, for our parts, that we retain a liking for a very crust. We were educated at a school where the food was poorer than the learning; but the monks had lived in its cloisters, and left us a spring of delicious water. Hence we have the pleasure of enjoying a crust of bread and a draught of

water to this day. Oftentimes have we "spoilt our dinner," when it has not come up in time, with a "hunk" of bread, choosing rather to spoil our dinner than our spirits; and sweet have been those mouthfuls of the pure staff of life, and relishing of the corn. To our apprehensions, there is a sort of *white* taste in bread, analogous to the color, and reminding us of the white milkiness of the wheat. We have a respect, both of self-love and sympathy, with the poor light-hearted player in Gil Blas, who went singing along the country road, dipping his crust in the stream. Sorrow had no hold on him, with ninety-nine out of her hundred arms. Carelessly along went he, safe from her worst handling, in his freedom from wants. She might have peered out of her old den, and grown softened at his chant. But he went alone too: he had none to care for; which was a pleasure also. It would be none to us, — one thing provided. There are pains, when you get heartily acquainted with them, which outvalue the reverse pleasures. Besides, we must all get through our tasks as manfully and cheerfully as we can; losing, if possible, no handsome pleasure by the way; and sustaining ourselves by the thought, that all will be for the best, provided we do our best for all. It is not the existence of pain that spoils the relish of the world; but the not knowing how to make the most of pleasures, and thereby reducing the pains to their most reasonable size and their most useful account.

You may make a landscape, if you will, out of your breakfast-table, better than Mr. Kirk's picture. Here, where the bread stands, is its father, the field of corn,

glowing in the sun, cut by the tawny reapers, and presenting a path for lovers. The village church (where they are to be married) is on a leafy slope on one side; and on the other is a woody hill, with fountains. There, far over the water (for this basin of water, with island lumps of butter in it, shall be a sea), are our friends the Chinese, picking the leaves of their tea-trees, — a beautiful plant; or the Arabs plucking the berries of the coffee-tree, — a still more beautiful one, with a profusion of white blossoms, and an odor like jessamine. For the sugar (instead of a bitterer thought, not so harmonious to our purpose, but not to be forgotten at due times), you may think of Waller's Saccharissa;* so named from the Latin word for sugar (*saccharum*), — a poor compliment to the lady: but the lady shall sweeten the sugar, instead of the sugar doing honor to the lady; and she was a very knowing as well as beautiful woman, and saw farther into love and sweetness than the sophisticate court-poet; so she would not have him, notwithstanding his sugary verses, but married a higher nature.

Bread, milk, and butter are of venerable antiquity. They taste of the morning of the world. Jael, to en-

* Saccharissa was Lady Dorothy Sidney, of the great and truly noble family of the Sidneys. She married a sincere, affectionate, and courageous man, Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who was killed, four years afterwards, in a cause for which he thought himself bound to quit the arms of the woman he loved. Her second husband was of the Smythe Family. In her old age, meeting Waller at a card-table, Lady Sunderland asked him, in good-humored and not ungrateful recollection of his fine verses, when he would write any more such upon her; to which the "polite" poet, either from spite, or want of address, had the poverty of spirit to reply, "Oh! madam, when your ladyship is as young again."

tertain her guest, "brought forth butter in a lordly dish." Homer speaks of a nation of milk-eaters, whom he calls the "justest of men." To "break bread" was from time immemorial the Eastern signal of hospitality and confidence. We need not add reasons for respecting it, still more reverend. Bread is the "staff of life" throughout the greater part of the civilized world; and so accordant is its taste with the human palate, that Nature, in some places, seems to have grown it ready-made on purpose, in the shape of the bread fruit-tree. There is also a milk-tree: but we nowhere find a carniferous or flesh-bearing tree; nor has the city yet been discovered in which "the pigs run through the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in their sides." Civilized nations eat meat; but they can also do without it, living upon milk, grain, and vegetables alone, as in India. None but savages live without those. And common breakfasts, without any meat in them, have this advantage over others, that you can recollect them without any sort of doubt or disgust; nor are their leavings offensive to the eye. It is one of the perplexities of man's present condition, that he is at once carnivorous, and has very good reason for being so, and relishing his chop and his steak, and yet cannot always reconcile it to the rest of his nature. He would fain eat his lamb, and pity it too; which is puzzling. However, there are worse perplexities than these; and the lambs lead pleasant flowery lives while they do live. Nor could they have had this taste of existence, if they were not bred for the table. Let us all do our best to get the world forward, and we shall see. We shall

either do away all we think wrong, or see better reasons for thinking it right. Meanwhile, let us dine and breakfast, like good-humored people; and not "quarrel with our bread and butter."

ANACREON.

IT has been said of ladies when they write letters, that they put their minds in their postscripts, — let out the real object of their writing, as if it were a second thought, or a thing comparatively indifferent. You very often know the amount of a man's knowledge of an author by the remark he makes on him *after* he has made the one which he thinks proper and *authorized*. As for example, you will mention Anacreon to your friend A. in a tone which implies that you wish to know his opinion of him; and he shall say, —

"Delightful poet, Anacreon! — breathes the very spirit of love and wine. *His Greek is very easy.*"

All the real opinion of this gentleman respecting Anacreon lies in what he says in these last words. His Greek is easy; that is, our scholar has had less trouble in learning to read him than with other Greek poets. This is all he really thinks or feels about the "delightful Anacreon."

So with B. You imply a question to B. in the same tone; and he answers, "Anacreon! Oh! a most delightful poet, Anacreon, — charming; all love and wine. *The best edition of him is Spaletti's.*"

This is all that B. knows of Anacreon's "love and wine." "The best edition of it is Spaletti's;" that is

to say, Spaletti is the Anacreon wine-merchant most in repute.

So again with C. as to his knowledge of the translations of the "delightful poet."

"Translations of Anacreon! Delightful poet! — too delightful, too natural and peculiar, to be translated; simplicity, *naïveté*. Fawkes's translation is elegant; Moore's very elegant, but diffuse. Nobody can translate Anacreon. Impossible to give any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek."

This gentleman has never read Cowley's translations from Anacreon; and, if he had, he would not have known which part of them was truly Anacreontic, and which not. He makes up his mind that it is impossible to give "any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek;" meaning, by that assertion, that he himself cannot, and therefore nobody else can. His sole idea of Anacreon is, that he is a writer famous for certain beauties which it is impossible to translate. As to supposing that the spirit of Anacreon may occasionally be met with in poets who have not translated him, and that you may thus get an idea of him without recurring to the Greek at all, this is what never entered his head: for Nature has nothing to do with his head; it is only books and translations. Love, nature, myrtles, roses, wine, have existed ever since the days of Anacreon; yet he thinks nobody ever chanced to look at these things with the same eyes.

Thus there is one class of scholars who have no idea of Anacreon, except that he is easy to read; another, who confine their notions of him to a particular edition; and a third, who look upon him as consisting

in a certain elegant impossibility to translate. There are more absurdities of pretended scholarship, on this and all other writers, which the truly learned laugh at, and know to be no scholarship at all. Our present business is to attempt to give some idea of what *they* think and feel with regard to Anacreon, and what all intelligent men would think and feel if they understood Greek terms for natural impressions. To be unaffectedly charmed with the loveliness of a cheek, and the beauty of a flower, are the first steps to a knowledge of Anacreon. Those are the grammar of his Greek, and pretty nearly the dictionary too.

Little is known of the life of Anacreon. There is reason to believe that he was born among the richer classes; that he was a visitor at the courts of princes; and that, agreeably to a genius which was great enough, and has given enough delight to the world, to warrant such a devotion of itself to its enjoyments, he kept aloof from the troubles of his time, or made the best of them, and tempted them to spare his door. It may be concluded of him, that his existence (so to speak) was passed in a garden: for he lived to be old; which, in a man of his sensibility and indolence, implies a life pretty free from care. It is said that he died at the age of eighty-five, and was then choked with a grape-stone; a fate generally thought to be a little too allegorical to be likely. He was born on the coast of Ionia (part of the modern Turkey), at Teos, a town south of Smyrna, in the midst of a country of wine, oil, and sunshine; and thus partook strongly of those influences of climate which undoubtedly occasion varieties in genius, as in other productions of

Nature. As to the objectionable parts of his morals, they belonged to his age, and have no essential or inseparable connection with his poetry. We are, therefore, glad to be warranted in saying nothing about them. All the objectionable passages might be taken out of Anacreon, and he would still be Anacreon; and the most virtuous might read him as safely as they read of flowers and butterflies. Cowley, one of the best of men, translated some of his most Anacreontic poems. We profess to breathe his air in the same spirit as Cowley, and shall assuredly bring no poison out of it to our readers. The truly virtuous are as safe in these pages as they can be in their own homes and gardens. But cheerfulness is a part of our religion; and we choose to omit not even grapes in it, any more than Nature has omitted them.

Imagine, then, a good-humored old man, with silver locks, but a healthy and cheerful face, sitting in the delightful climate of Smyrna, under his vine or his olive, with his lute by his side, a cup of his native wine before him, and a pretty peasant girl standing near him, who has perhaps brought him a basket of figs, or a bottle of milk corked with vine leaves, and to whom he is giving a rose, or pretending to make love.

For we are not, with the gross literality of dull or vicious understandings, to take for granted every thing that a poet says on all occasions, especially when he is old. It is mere gratuitous and suspicious assumption in critics who tell us, that such men as Anacreon passed "whole lives" in the indulgence of "every excess and debauchery." They must have had, in the

first place, prodigious constitutions, if they did, to live to be near ninety; and, secondly, it does not follow, that, because a poet speaks like a poet, it has therefore taken such a vast deal to give him a taste, greater than other men's, for what he enjoys. Redi, the author of the most famous bacchanalian poem in Italy, drank little but water. St. Evremond, the French wit, an epicure professed, was too good an epicure not to be temperate and preserve his relish. Debauchees, who are fox-hunters, live to be old, because they take a great deal of exercise; but it is not likely that inactive men should, unless they combined a relish for pleasure with some very particular kinds of temperance.

There is generally, in Anacreon's earnest, a touch of something which is *not* in earnest, — which plays with the subject, as a good-humored old man plays with children. There is a perpetual smile on his face, between enthusiasm and levity. He truly likes the objects he looks upon (otherwise he could not have painted them truly), and he will retain as much of his youthful regard for them as he can. He does retain much, and he pleasantly pretends more. He loves wine, beauty, flowers, pictures, sculptures, dances, birds, brooks, kind and open natures, every thing that can be indolently enjoyed; not, it must be confessed, with the deepest innermost perception of their beauty (which is more a characteristic of modern poetry than of ancient, owing to the difference of their creeds), but with the most elegant of material perceptions, — of what lies in the surface and tangibility of objects, — and with an admirable exemption from whatsoever does not belong to them, — from all false taste and the

mixture of impertinences. With regard to the rest, he had all the sentiment which good-nature implies, and nothing more.

Upon those two points of luxury and good taste, the character of Anacreon, as a poet, wholly turns. He is the poet of indolent enjoyment, in the best possible taste, and with the least possible trouble. He will enjoy as much as he can; but he will take no more pains about it than he can help, not even to praise it. He would probably talk about it half the day long; for talking would cost him nothing, and it is natural to old age: but, when he comes to write about it, he will say no more than the impulse of the moment incites him to put down; and he will say it in the very best manner, both because the truth of his perception requires it, and because an affected style and superfluous words would give him trouble. He would, it is true, take just so much trouble, if necessary, as should make his style completely suitable to his truth; and, if his poems were not so short, it would be difficult to a modern writer to think that they could flow into such excessive ease and spirit as they do, if he had not taken the greatest pains to make them. But, besides his impulses, he had the habit of a life upon him. Hence the compositions of Anacreon are remarkable, above all others in the world, for being "short and sweet." They are the very thing, and nothing more, required by the occasion; for the animal spirits, which would be natural in other men, and might lead them into superfluities, would not be equally so to one who adds the indolence of old age to the niceties of natural taste: and therefore, as people boast, on other

occasions, of calling things by their right names, and "a spade, a spade;" so, when Anacreon describes a beauty or a banquet, or wishes to convey his sense to you of a flower, or a grasshopper, or a head of hair, *there it is*, as true and as free from every thing foreign to it *as the thing itself*.

Look at a myrtle-tree or a hyacinth, inhale its fragrance, admire its leaves or blossom, then shut your eyes, and think how exquisitely the myrtle-tree *is what it is*, and how beautifully unlike every thing else, — how pure in simple yet cultivated grace. Such is one of the odes of Anacreon.

This may not be a very scholastic description; but we wish it to be something better, and we write to genial apprehensions. We would have them conceive a taste of Anacreon as they would that of his grapes, and know him by his flavor.

It must be conceded to one of our would-be scholarly friends above mentioned, that there is no translation, not even of any one ode of Anacreon's, in the English language, which gives you an entirely right notion of it. The commonplace elegances of Fawkes (who was best when he was humblest, as in his ballad of "Dear Tom, this brown jug") are out of the question. They are as bad as Hoole's "Ariosto." Mr. Moore's translation is masterly of its kind: but its kind is not Anacreon's; as he would, perhaps, be the first to say, now; for it was a work of his youth. It is too Oriental, diffuse, and ornamented; an Anacreon in Persia. The best English translations are those which Cowley has given us, although diffuseness is their fault also; but they have more of Anacreon's real animal spirits,

and his contentment with objects themselves, apart from what he can say about them. Cowley is most in earnest. He thinks most of what his original was thinking, and least of what is expected from his translator.

We will give a specimen of him presently. But it is not to be supposed that we have no passages in the writings of English poets that convey to an unlearned reader a thorough idea of Anacreon. Prose cannot do it, though far better sometimes as a translation of verse than verse itself, since the latter may destroy the original both in spirit and medium too. But prose, as a translation of verse, wants, of necessity, that sustained enthusiasm of poetry, which presents the perpetual charm of a triumph over the obstacle of metre, and turns it to an accompaniment and a dance. Readers, therefore, must not expect a right idea of Anacreon from the best prose versions; though, keeping in mind their inevitable deficiencies, they may be of great service and pleasure to him, especially if he can superadd the vivacity which they want. And he is pretty sure not to meet in them with any of the impertinences of the translations in verse; that is to say (not to use the word offensively), any of the matter which does not *belong* to the original: for an impertinence, in the literal, unoffensive sense of the word, signifies that which does not belong to or form a part of any thing.*

The following passage about Cupid bathing and pruning his wings under the eyes of a weeping beauty

* The reader will be good enough to bear in mind, that this paper on Anacreon was originally addressed to the uneducated.

(the production either of Spenser, or of a friend worthy of him) appears to us to be thoroughly Anacreontic in one respect, and without contradiction; that is to say, in clearness and delicacy of *fancy*:—

"The blinded archer boy, like larke in shower of raine,
Sat bathing of his wings; and glad the time did spend
Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eyes,
And, at their brightest beams, him proyned in lovely wise."

Milton's address to May-morning would have been Anacreontic but for a certain something of heaviness or stateliness which he has mingled with it, and the differential changes of the measure:—

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

The *dancing* of the star, the leading flowery May, the green lap, and the straightforward simple style of the words, are all Anacreontic; but the measure is too stately and serious. The poet has instinctively changed it in the lines that follow these, which are altogether in the taste of our author:—

"Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing."

Then a long line comes too seriously in:—

"Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

We will here observe by the way, that Anacreon's measures are always short and dancing. One of these

somewhat resembles the shorter ones of the above poem: —

"Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing."

Every syllable, observe, is pronounced: —

"Dote moi lyren Homerou
Phonies aneuthe chordes."

The *o*'s in the second line of the next are all pronounced long, as in the word *rose*: —

"Hyacinthine me rhabdo
Chalepos Eros badizon
Ekeleuse syntrochazein."

There is a poet of the time of Charles the First, Herrick, who is generally called, but on little grounds, the English Anacreon, though he now and then has no unhappy imitation of his manner. We wish we had him by us, to give a specimen. There is one beautiful song of his (which has been exquisitely translated, by the way, into Latin, by one of the now leading political writers*), the opening measure of which, that is, of the first couplet, is the same as the other common measure of Anacreon: —

"Their eyes the glowworms lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee."

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* See a periodical publication in two volumes called the "Reflector," which contained some of the first public essays of several eminent living writers.

"He ge melaina pinei,
Pinei de dendre auten,
Pinei thalassa d'auras,
Ho d'Helios thalassan."

Suckling, a charming off-hand writer, who stood between the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, and partook of the sentiment of the one and the levity of the other, would have translated Anacreon admirably. And had Anacreon been a fine gentleman of the age of Charles the First, instead of an ancient Greek, he would have written Suckling's ballad on a wedding. There is a touch in it, describing a beautiful pair of lips, which, though perfectly original, is in the highest Anacreontic taste: —

"Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin:
Some bee had stung it newly."

Beauty, the country, a picture, the taste and scent of honey, are all in that passage; and yet Anacreon, in the happy comprehensiveness of his words, has beaten it. The thought has become somewhat hackneyed since his time, — the hard though unavoidable fate of many an exquisite fancy; yet stated in his simple words, and accompanied with an image, the very perfection of eloquence, it may still be read with a new delight. In a direction to a painter about a portrait of his mistress, he tells him to give her "a lip like *Persuasion's*," —

"Prokaloumenon philema;"
"*Provoking a kiss.*"

The word is somewhat spoilt in English by the very

piquancy which time has added to it; because it makes it look less in earnest, too much like the common language of gallantry. But *provoking* literally means *calling for*, asking, — forcing us, in common gratitude for our delight, to give what is so exquisitely deserved; and, in that better sense, the word *provoking* is still the right one.

Shakespeare's serenade in "Cymbeline" might have been written by Anacreon, except that he would have given us some luxurious image of a young female, instead of the word "lady:" —

> "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings;
> And Phœbus 'gins arise,
> His steeds to water at those springs
> On chaliced flowers that lies;
> And winking mary-buds begin
> To ope their golden eyes:
> With every thing that pretty been,
> My lady sweet, arise."

Lilly, a writer of Shakespeare's age, who perverted a naturally fine genius to the purposes of conceit and fashion, has a little poem beginning, —

> "Cupid and my Campaspe played
> At cards for kisses," —

which Anacreon might have written, had cards existed in his time. But we have it not by us to quote. Many passages in Burns's songs are Anacreontic, inasmuch as they are simple, enjoying, and full of the elegance of the senses; but they have more passion than the old Greek's, and less of his perfection of grace. Anacreon never *suffers* but from old age or the want of wine. Burns suffers desperately, and as

desperately struggles with his suffering, till we know not which is the greater, he or his passion. There is nothing of this robust-handed work in the delicate Ionian. Nature is strong and sovereign in him, but always in accommodating unison with his indolence and old age. He says that he is transported, and he is so; but somehow you always fancy him in the same place, never quite carried out of himself.

Of Anacreon's drinking-songs, we do not find it so easy to give a counterpart notion from the English poets, who, though of a drinking country, have not exhibited much of the hilarity of wine. Their port is heavy, compared with Anacreon's Teian. Shakespeare's —

"Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne" —

will not do at all; for Anacreon's Bacchus is the perfection of elegant mythology, particularly *comme il faut* in the waist, a graceful dancer, and beautiful as Cheerfulness. In all Anacreon's manners, and turn of thinking, you recognize what is called "the gentleman." He evidently had a delicate hand. The "cares" that he talks about consisted in his not having had cares enough. A turn at the plough, or a few wants, would have given him pathos. He would not have thought all the cares of life to consist in its being short and swift, and taking him away from his pleasures. If he partook, however, of the effeminacy of his caste, he was superior to its love of wealth and domination. The sole business of his life, he said, was to drink and sing, perfume his beard, and crown his head with roses; and he appears to have stuck reli-

giously to his profession. "Business," he thought, "must be attended to." Plato calls him "wise;" as Milton calls the luxurious Spenser "sage and serious." The greatest poets and philosophers sometimes "let the cat out of the bag," when they are tired of conventional secrets.

> "This bottle's the sun of our table,
> His beams are rosy wine;
> We, planets that are not able
> Without his help to shine."

These verses of Sheridan's are Anacreontic. So is that couplet of Burns's, — exquisitely so, except for the homeliness of the last word: —

> "Care, mad to see a man so happy,
> E'en drowned himself amidst the nappy."

One taste, like this, of the wine of the feelings, gives a better idea of Anacreon's drinking-songs than hundreds of ordinary specimens.

But we must hasten to close this long article with the best Anacreontic piece of translation we are acquainted with, — that of the famous ode to the grasshopper, by Cowley. Anacreon's grasshopper, it is to be observed, is not properly a grasshopper, but the *Tettix*, as the Greeks called it from its cry, — the *Cicada* of the Roman poet, and Cicala of modern Italy, where it sings or *cricks* in the trees in summer-time, as the grasshopper does with us in the grass. It is a species of beetle. But Cowley very properly translated his Greek insect, as well as ode, into English; knowing well that the poet's object is to be sympathized with, and that, if Anacreon had written in

England, he would have addressed the grasshopper instead of the tettix.

We have marked in Italics the expressions, which, though original in Cowley's version, are purely Anacreontic, and such as the Grecian would have delighted to write. The whole poem is much longer than Anacreon's, — double the size; but this, perhaps, only justly makes up for the prolongation afforded to all ancient poems, by the music which accompanied them. There is not a Cowleian conceit in the whole of it, unless the thought about "farmer and landlord" be one, which is quickly forgiven for its naturalness in an English landscape; and the whole, from beginning to end, though not so perfectly melodious, runs on with that natural yet regulated and elegant enthusiasm betwixt delight in the object, and indolent enjoyment in the spectator, which has been noticed as characteristic of the sprightly old bard. The repetition of the word *all* is quite in the poet's manner; who loved thus to cram much into little, and to pretend to himself that he was luxuriously expatiating: as in fact he was, in his feelings; though, as to composition, he did not choose to make "a toil of a pleasure."

"Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine, —
The dewy morning's gentle wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill:
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread;
Nature's self thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king.

All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Phœbus is himself thy sire;
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire:
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'st drunk, and danced and sung
Thy fill the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest."

THE WRONG SIDES OF SCHOLARSHIP AND NO SCHOLARSHIP.

THERE are two supposed (for they are not real) extremes of pretension upon the strange question, whether a knowledge of the learned languages is or is not of use, against which it behooves an uneducated man of sense and modesty to be on his guard. One is the pretension of those who say that a man can have no idea of the ancient writers, without a deep intimacy with their language; the other, of those who affirm, with equal vehemence, that there is no necessity to know the language at all, and that translations do quite as well as the originals for giving you all that you need be acquainted with of the author's genius.

The former of these pretenders is generally a shallower man than the other, though sometimes it is pure vanity and self-will that makes him talk as he does: he has an over-estimation of his advantages, simply because they are his. He is as proud of his learning as another pompous man might be of his park and his mansion. Such is the case, when he really has any thing like an intimacy with his authors; but in both instances he would fain make out his possession to be unapproachable by all who have not had the same

golden key. The common run of the class consists of men who really know nothing of their authors but the words, and who unconsciously feel, that, on that account, they must make the best of their knowledge, and pretend it is a wonderful matter. Such a man smiles when you speak of getting some insight into the character of Homer's genius, or Virgil's, by dint of some happy bit of version or some masterly criticism. He says, triumphantly, that "even Pope" is acknowledged not to give a right idea of him, much less Chapman, and those other "old quaint writers:" for "old," observe, is a term of contempt with him; though "ancient," he thinks, comprises every thing that is respectable. But "old" means a man who lived only a few hundred years back, and who did not write either in Latin or Greek; whereas "ancient" means a man who lived upwards of a thousand, and wrote perhaps a dull book in one of those languages which has contrived to come down to us, owing to some curious things it contains relative to customs and manners, or to the influence of a succession of these sort of critics, and the long fashion they have kept up by dint of the connection that has hitherto subsisted between the power of receiving a classical education and the advantages of wealth and rank. When all the world come to share in that education, some singular questions will take place, both as to the genius of the ancient writers, and the moral benefits derivable from portions of them. If our friend of the above class is a man of consequence, he looks upon his learning as forming an additional barrier between him and the uneducated. He quotes Greek in parlia-

ment, and takes it for an argument. Or he forgets both his Greek and Latin, but thinks he could recover it when he pleased; and that is the same thing. If he is a professed scholar, he is ignorant of every thing in the world but scholarship, and therefore ignorant of that too. He is a pompous schoolmaster, or a *captious* verbal critic, or, in his most respectable capacity, a harmless and dreaming pedant, — a Dominie Sampson. If England had existed before Greece, he would have been an idolater of Shakespeare and Milton, at the expense of Homer and Euripides; or he would have known just as much of the former as he does of the latter; that is to say, nothing. In short, you may describe him as a man who knows that there is another man living on the upper side of his town, of the name of Ancient; and a very wonderful gentleman he takes Ancient to be, because he is rich, and has a large library, and has given him access to it: but what sort of a man Ancient really is, what is the solidity of his understanding, the subtlety of his imagination, or the contents of the books in his library, except that they are printed in certain kinds of type, — of all that our learned friend knows nothing; and therefore he concludes that nobody else can know.

Of the other extreme of pretenders who dogmatize on this subject, — that is to say, who pronounce peremptory judgments of Yes and No, and Possible and Impossible, without a due knowledge of the subject, — the best and most intelligent portion sometimes contains persons who know so much on other points, that they ought to know better on this; but, out of a resentment of the very want of the other's advantages, affect

to despise them. For herein the exalters of a classical education, as the only thing needful, and the decriers of it as a thing altogether unnecessary, set out from precisely the same ground of self-sufficiency. The former unduly trumpet up the education, merely because they have had it (or think they have); and the latter as rudely decry it, merely because they have not. These latter argue, that you may know all that is useful in ancient books by means of translations; and that the poetry "and all that" may be got equally out of them, or is of no consequence. Their own poetry, meanwhile, such as it is, — that is to say, their caprices, their imaginary advantages, and the coloring which their humor and passions give to every thing near them, — is in full blossom.

To cut short this question, which we feel more loath to touch upon in the latter instance than in the former (because more sympathy is due to the resentment of a want than to the arrogance of a possession), we may, perhaps, illustrate the point at once, to the reader's satisfaction, by the help of no greater a passage than a jest out of "Joe Miller."

It is related of Archbishop Herring, that, when he was at college, he fell one day into a gutter; and that a wag exclaimed as he got up, "Ah, *Herring*, you're in a pretty *pickle!*" Upon which a dull fellow went away, and said, "So-and-so has been bantering poor Herring. Herring fell into the gutter; and so, says Dick, says he, 'Ah, Herring, my boy, you're in a pretty *situation!*'"

Now, the pedant, who is all for the original language, and is of opinion that no version of their

writers or account of them can give you the least idea of their spirit, is bound to maintain, on the same principle, that it would be impossible to convey the smallest real taste of this joke out of English into Latin or Greek; while every real scholar knows that the thing is very possible.

On the other side, the bigoted no-scholar is bound to insist, that the stupid version of the joke is quite as good as the original, or at any rate supplies us with all that is really wanted of it; that the word "situation" is as good as the word "pickle;" and that, therefore, no utility is lost sight of, — no real information. It is true, the whole joke is lost, the whole spirit of the thing; but that is no matter. As to confining the notion of utility to matters of information, useful in the ordinary sense of the word, however important, we will not waste our room upon it at this time of day, after all which has been said and understood to the contrary. The more we really know of any thing, languages included, the more, as it has been finely said, do we "discipline" our "humanity;" that is, teach our common nature to know what others have thought, felt, and known before us, and so enable our modesty and information to keep pace with each other.

It will not be supposed by the reflecting reader, that we mean to compare the sufficiency of a translation in the above instance with its being all that might be wanted in others; or that the spirit and peculiar fragrance (so to speak) of such poetry as Shakespeare's could be transferred through a Greek medium, without losing any thing by the way; unless a Shakespeare

himself were the operator, or even then. Undoubtedly the peculiarity of the medium itself, the vessel, will make a difference. All that we mean to say is, that *some* real taste of the essence of ancient genius, far better than what is afforded by the specimens generally on sale, can be given by means of great care and lovingness; and that those who are so insanely learned, as to take the vessel itself for the whole merit of the contents, have no taste of it at all.

CRICKET.

And Exercise in general. (*Written in May.*)

THE fine, hard, flat, verdant floors are now preparing in the cricket-grounds for this manly and graceful game; and the village greens (where they can) are no less getting ready, though not quite so perfect. No matter for that. A true cricketer is not the man to be put out by a trifle. He serves an apprenticeship to Patience after her handsomest fashion. Henry the Fourth wished a time might arrive in France, when every man should have a pullet in his kettle. We should like to see a time when every man played at cricket, and had a sound sleep after it, and health, work, and leisure. It would be a pretty world, if we all had something to do, just to make leisure the pleasanter; and green merry England were sprinkled all over, "of afternoons," with gallant fellows in white sleeves, who threshed the earth and air of their cricket-grounds into a crop of health and spirits; after which they should read, laugh, love, and be honorable and happy beings, bringing God's work to its perfection, and suiting the divine creation they live in.

But to speak in this manner is to mix serious things with mirthful. Well, and what true joy does not?

Joy, if you did but know him thoroughly, is a very serious fellow, — on occasion; and knows that happiness is a very solid thing, and is zealous for Nature's honor and glory. The power to be grave is the proper foundation for levity itself to rejoice on. You must have floor for your dancing, — good solid earth on which to bother your cricket-balls.

The spring is monstrously said to be a sickly time of the year! Yes, for the sickly; or rather (not to speak irreverently of sickness which cannot be helped) for those who have suffered themselves to become so for want of stirring their bloods, and preparing for the general movement in Nature's merry veins. People stop in-doors, and render themselves liable to all "the skyey influences;" and then, out of the same thoughtless effeminacy of self-indulgence, they expose themselves to the catching of colds and fevers, and the beautiful spring is blamed, and "fine Mays make fat churchyards." The Gypsies, we will be bound, have no such proverbs. The cricketer has none such. He is a sensible, hearty fellow, — too wise not to take proper precautions; but, above all, too wise not to take the best of all precautions; which is, to take care of his health, and be stirring. Nature is stirring, and so is he. Nature is healthy, and so is he. Nature, in a hundred thousand parts to a fraction, is made up of air and fields and country, and out of doors, and a strong teeming earth, and a good-natured sky; and so is the strong heart of the cricketer.

Do we, then, blame any of the sick, — even those who are "blamable"? Not we; we blame nobody: what is the use of it? Besides, we don't like to be

blamed ourselves, especially when we are in the wrong. We like to be coaxed, and called sensible, and to have people wonder good-naturedly (not spitefully) how people so very shrewd can do any thing erroneous; and then we love them, and wish to be led right by people so very intelligent, and know no bounds to our wish to please them. So the measure which we like ourselves we would fain deal out to others. You may do it without any insincerity, if the patient have but one good or sensible quality, or one sweet drop in his heart, from which comfort is to be squeezed into the cup of advice. And who has not this? But it may be said, it is not to be found. No? Then the eyesight is very bad, or the patient is not to be mended, — a case luckily as rare as it is melancholy, and to be looked upon as a madness. The best step to be taken in that instance is to give him as little advice, and see that he does as little harm, as possible. For all reasonable care is to be taken of the comfort even of those who give none. They are a part of the human race.

As to our sickly friends before mentioned, all we shall say to them is, — what was said by an abrupt but benevolent friend of ours to the startled ears of a fine lady, — "Get out!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the lady.

The reader knows the perfection of meaning implied by that imperfect sentence, "Well, I never!" However, the lady was not only a fine lady, but a shrewd woman: so she "got out," and was a goer out afterwards, and lived happily enough to benefit others by her example.

Many people take no exercise at all, because they cannot take, or think they cannot take, a great deal: at least, this is the reason they give their consciences. It is not always a sincere one. They had better say to themselves at once, "I am too idle;" or, "I am too accustomed to sit still to make exercise pleasant." Where the fault is aware of itself, there is better hope of its mending. But the least bit of exercise is better than none. A walk, five minutes before dinner, in a garden, or down a street, is better than no walk at all. It is some break, however small a one, into the mere habit of sitting still, and growing stagnant of blood, or corpulent of body. A little tiny bit of the sense of doing one's duty is kept up by it. A glimpse of a reverence is retained for sprightliness of mind, and shapeliness of person; and thus the case is not rendered hopeless, should circumstances arise that tempt the patient into a more active system. A fair kinswoman of ours, once reckoned among the fairest of her native city, — a very intelligent woman as far as books went, and *latterly* a very sharp observer into the faults of other people, by dint of a certain exasperation of her own, — literally fell a sacrifice to sitting in-doors, and never quitting her favorite pastime of reading. The pastime was at once her bane and her antidote. It would have been nothing but a blessing, had she varied it. But her misfortune was, that her self-will was still greater than her sense, and that, being able to fill up her moments as pleasantly as she wished during health, she had persuaded herself that she could go on filling them up as pleasantly by the same process, when she grew older; and this

"wouldn't do"! For our bodies are changing, while our minds are thinking nothing of the matter; and people in vain attribute the new pains and weaknesses which come upon them to this and that petty cause, — a cold, or a heat, or an apple; thinking they shall "be better to-morrow," and as healthy as they were before. Time will not palter with the real state of the case, for all our self-will and our over-weening confidence. The person we speak of literally rusted in her chair; lost the use of her limbs, and died paralytic, and ghastly to look upon, of premature old age. The physicians said it was a clear case. On the other hand, we heard some years ago of a gentleman of seventy, a medical man (now most probably alive and merry; we hope he will read this), who, meeting a kinsman of ours in the street, and being congratulated on the singular youthfulness of his aspect, said that he was never better or more active in his life; that it was all owing to his having walked sixteen miles a day, on an average, for the greater part of it; and that, at the age of seventy, he felt all the lightness and cheerfulness of seventeen! This is an extreme case, owing to peculiar circumstances; but it shows of what our nature is capable, where favorable circumstances are not contradicted. This gentleman had cultivated a cheerful benevolence of mind, as well as activity of body; and the two together were irresistible, even to old Time. The death of such a man must be like going to sleep after a good journey.

The instinct which sets people in exercise is one of the most natural of all instincts, and, where it is totally stopped, must have been hurt by some very injudicious

circumstances in the bringing-up, either of pampered will or prevented activity. The restlessness felt by nervous people is Nature's kindly intimation that they should bestir themselves. Motion, as far as hitherto has been known, is the first law of the universe. The air, the rivers, the world, move; the very "fixed stars," as we call them, are moving towards some unknown point; the substance, apparently the most unmoving, the table in your room, or the wall of the opposite house, is gaining or losing particles, — if you had eyes fine enough, you would see its surface stirring: some philosophers even hold that every substance is made up of vital atoms. As to one's self, one must either move away from death and disease, and so keep pleasantly putting them off, or they will move *us* with a vengeance; ay, in the midst of our most sedentary forgetfulness, or while we flatter ourselves we are as still and as sound as marble. Time is all the while drawing lines in our faces; clogging our limbs; putting ditch-water into our blood; preparing us to mingle with the grave and the rolling earth, since we will not obey the great law, and move of our own accord.

Come, dear readers, now is the season, for such of you as are virtuous in this matter, to pride and rejoice yourselves; and for such of you as have omitted the virtue in your list, to put it there. It will grace and gladden all the rest. A cricketer is a sort of glorifier of exercise, and we respect him accordingly: but it is not in every one's power to be a cricketer; and respect attends a man in proportion as he does what he is able. Come, then, be respectable in this matter as far as you can; have a whole mile's respectability,

if possible, — or two miles', or four: let our homage wait upon you into the fields, thinking of all the good you are doing to yourselves, to your kindred, to your offspring born or not born, and to all friends who love you, and would be grieved to lose you. Healthy and graceful example makes healthy and graceful children, makes cheerful tempers, makes grateful and loving friends. We know but of one inconvenience resulting from the sight of such virtue; and that is, that it sometimes makes one love it too much, and long to know it, and show our gratitude. A poet has said, that he never could travel through different places, and think how many agreeable people they probably contained, without feeling a sort of impatience at not being able to make their acquaintance. But he was a rich poet, and his benevolence was a little pampered and self-willed. It is enough for us that we sometimes resent our inability to know those whom we behold, — who charm us visibly, or of whose existence, somehow or other, we are made pleasantly certain, without going so far as to raise up exquisite causes of distress after his fashion. Now, as we never behold the cricketer or the horseman or the field-stroller (provided we can suppose him bound on his task with a liking of it) without a feeling of something like respect and gratitude (for the twofold pleasurable idea he gives us of Nature and himself); so we cannot look upon all those fair creatures, blooming or otherwise, who walk abroad with their friends or children, whether in village or town, fine square or common street, without feeling something like a bit of love, and wishing that the world were in such condition

as to let people evince what they feel, and be more like good, honest folks and chatty companions. If we sometimes admire maid-servants, instead of their mistresses, it is not our fault, but that of the latter, who will not come abroad. Besides, a real good-humored maid-servant, with a pretty face, playing over the sward of a green square with her mistress's children, is a very respectable as well as pleasant object. May no inferior of the other sex, under pretence of being a *gentleman*, deceive her, and render her less so!

A DUSTY DAY.

AMONG the "Miseries of Human Life," as a wit pleasantly entitled them, there are few, while the rascal is about it, worse than a great cloud of dust, coming upon you in street or road, you having no means of escape, and the carriages, or flock of sheep, evidently being bent on imparting to you a full share of their besetting horror. The road is too narrow to leave you a choice, even if it had two pathways, which it has not: the day is hot; the wind is whisking. You have come out in stockings, instead of boots; not being aware that you were occasionally to have two feet depth of dust to walk in. *Now*, now the dust is on you; you are enveloped; you are blind; you have to hold your hat on against the wind: the carriages grind by, or the sheep go pattering along, baaing through all the notes of their poor gamut; perhaps carriages and sheep are together, the latter eschewing the horses' legs, and the shepherd's dog driving against your own, and careering over the woolly backs. Whew! what a dusting! What a blinding! What a whirl! The noise decreases; you stop; you look about you; gathering up your hat, coat, and faculties, after apologizing to the gentleman against whom you have "lumped,"

and who does not look a bit the happier for your apology. The dust is in your eyes, in your hair, in your shoes and stockings, in your neck-cloth, in your mouth. You grind your teeth in dismay, and find them gritty.

Perhaps another carriage is coming; and you, finding yourself in the middle of the road, and being resolved to be master of at least this inferior horror, turn about towards the wall or paling, and propose to make your way accordingly, and have the dust behind your back, instead of in front; when, lo! you begin sneezing, and cannot see. You have taken involuntary snuff.

Or you suddenly discern a street, down which you can turn, which you do with rapture, thinking to get out of wind and dust at once; when, unfortunately, you discover that the wind is veering to all points of the compass, and that, instead of avoiding the dust, there is a ready-made and intense collection of it, then in the act of being swept into your eyes by the attendants on a — dust-cart!

The reader knows what sort of a day we speak of. It is all dusty, — the windows are dusty; the people are dusty; the hedges in the roads are horribly dusty, — pitiably, — you think they must feel it; shoes and boots are like a baker's; men on horseback eat and drink dust; coachmen sit screwing up their eyes; the gardener finds his spade slip into the ground, fetching up smooth portions of earth, all made of dust. What is the poor pedestrian to do?

To think of something *superior* to the dust, — whether grave or gay. This is the secret of being

master of any ordinary, and of much extraordinary trouble: bring a better idea upon it, and it is hard if the greater thought does not do something against the less. When we meet with any very unpleasant person, to whose ways we cannot suddenly reconcile ourselves, we think of some delightful friend, perhaps two hundred miles off, — in Northumberland, or in Wales. When dust threatens to blind us, we shut our eyes to the disaster, and contrive to philosophize a bit even then.

"Oh! but it is not worth while doing that."

Good. If so, there is nothing to do but to be as jovial as the dust itself, and take all gayly. Indeed, this is the philosophy we speak of.

"And yet the dust is annoying too."

Well, take, then, just as much good sense as you require for the occasion. Think of a jest; think of a bit of verse; think of the dog you saw just now, coming out of the pond, and frightening the dandy in his new trousers. But, at all events, don't let your temper be mastered by such a thing as a cloud of dust. It will show, either that you have a very infirm temper indeed, or no ideas in your head.

On all occasions in life, great or small, you may be the worse for them, or the better. You may be made the weaker or the stronger by them; ay, even by so small a thing as a little dust.

When the famous Arbuthnot was getting into his carriage one day, he was beset with dust. What did he do? Damn the dust or the coachman? No: that was not his fashion. He was a wit, and a good-natured man: so he fell to making an epigram, which

he sent to his friends. It was founded on scientific knowledge, and consisted of the following pleasant exaggeration: —

ON A DUSTY DAY.

The dust in smaller particles arose
Than those which fluid bodies do compose.
Contraries in extremes do often meet:
It was so dry, that you might call it wet

Dust at a distance sometimes takes a burnished or tawny aspect in the sun, almost as handsome as the great yellow smoke out of breweries; and you may amuse your fancy with thinking of the clouds that precede armies in the old books of poetry, — the spears gleaming out; the noise of the throng growing on the ear; and, at length, horses emerging, and helmets and flags, — the Lion of King Richard, or the Lilies of France.

Or you may think of some better and more harmless palm of victory, "not without dust" (*palma non sine pulvere*), — dust such as Horace says the horsemen of antiquity liked to kick up at the Olympic games; or, as he more elegantly phrases it, "collect" (*collegisse juvat;* which a punster of our acquaintance translated, "kicking up a dust at college"); or, if you are in a very philosophic vein indeed, you may think of man's derivation from dust, and his return to it; redeeming your thoughts from gloom by the hopes beyond dust, and by the graces which poetry and the affections have shed upon it in this life, like flowers upon graves; lamenting, with the tender Petrarch, that "those eyes of which he spoke so warmly," and

that golden hair, and "the lightning of that angel smile," and all those other beauties which made him a lover "marked out from among men," — a being abstracted "from the rest of his species," — are now "a little dust, without a feeling," —

"Poca polvere son che nulla sente;"

or repeating that beautiful lyric of the last of the Shakespearian men, Shirley, which they say touched even the thoughtless bosom of Charles the Second: —

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the *victor-victim* bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Most true; but, with the leave of the fine poet (which he would gladly have conceded to us), Death's conquest is not "final;" for Heaven triumphs over him, and love too, and poetry; and thus we can get through the cloud even of his dust, and shake it, in aspiration, from our wings. Besides, we know not, with any exactitude, what or who Death is, or whether there is any such personage, even in his negative sense, except inasmuch as he is a gentle voice, calling upon us to go some journey: for the very dust that he is supposed to deal in is alive; is the cradle of other beings and vegetation; nay, its least particle belongs to a mighty life; is planetary; is part of our star; is the stuff of which the worlds are made, that roll and rejoice round the sun.

Of these or the like reflections, serious or otherwise, are the cogitations of the true pedestrian composed: such are the weapons with which he triumphs over the most hostile of his clouds, whether material or metaphorical; and, at the end of his dusty walk, he beholdeth, in beautiful perspective, the towel, and the basin and water, with which he will render his eyes, cheeks, and faculties as cool and fresh as if no dust had touched them; nay, more so *for the contrast.* Never forget that secret of the reconcilements of this life. To sit down, newly washed and dressed, after a dusty journey, and hear that dinner is to be ready "in ten minutes," is a satisfaction, — a crowning and "measureless content," — which we hope no one will enjoy who does not allow fair play between the harmless lights and shadows of existence, and treat his

dust with respect. We defy him to enjoy it, at any rate, like those who do. His ill-temper, somehow or other, will rise in retribution against him, and find dust on his saddle of mutton.

BRICKLAYERS, AND AN OLD BOOK.

IT is a very hot day and a "dusty day:" you are passing through a street in which there is no shade, — a new street, only half built and half paved; the areas unfinished as you advance (it is to be hoped no drunken man will stray there); the floors of the houses only raftered (you can't go in and sit down); broken glass, at the turnings, on the bits of garden wall; the time, noon; the month, August; the whole place glaring with the sun, and colored with yellow brick, chalk, and lime. Occasionally you stumble upon the bottom of an old saucepan, or kick a baked shoe.

In this very hot passage through life, you are longing for soda-water or for the sound of a pump; when suddenly you —

"Hear a trowel tick against a brick,"

and down a ladder by your side, which bends at every step, comes dancing, with hod on shoulder, a bricklayer, who looks as dry as his vocation; his eyes winking, his mouth gaping; his beard grim with a week's growth, the rest of his hair like a badger's. You then, for the first time, see a little water by the wayside, thick and white with chalk; and are doubting whether to admire it as a liquid, or detest it for its

color; when a quantity of lime is dashed against the sieve, and you receive in your eyes and mouth a taste of the dry and burning elements of mortar, without the refreshment of the wet. Finally, your shoe is burned; and as the bricklayer says something to his fellow in Irish, who laughs, you fancy that he is witty at your expense, and has made some ingenious bull.

"A pretty picture, Mr. Seer! and very refreshing, this hot weather!"

Oh! but you are only a chance acquaintance of us, my dear sir: you don't know what philosophies we writers and readers of "The Seer" possess, which render us "lords of ourselves," unencumbered even with the mighty misery of a hot day, and the hod on another man's shoulder. You, unfortunate easy man, have been thinking of nothing but the "aggravations" of the street all this while, and are ready to enter your house, after the walk, in a temper to kick off your shoes into the servant's face. *We*, besides being in the street, have been in all sorts of pleasant and remote places; have been at Babylon; have been at Bagdad; have bathed in the river Tigris, the river of that city of the "Arabian Nights;" nay, have been in Paradise itself! led by old Bochart and his undeniable maps, where you see the place as "graphically set forth" as though it had never vanished, and Adam and Eve walking in it, taller than the trees. We are writing upon the very book this moment, instead of a desk, a fond custom of ours; though, for dignity's sake, we beg to say we *have* a desk: but we like an old folio to write upon, written by some happy believing hand, no matter whether we go all lengths or not with

his sort of proof, provided he be in earnèst and a good fellow.*

Let us indulge ourselves a moment, during this hot subject, with the map in question. It is now before us; the river Euphrates running up through it in dark fulness, and appearing through the paper on which we are writing like rich veins. Occasionally we take up the paper to see it better; the garden of Eden, however, always remaining visible below, and the mountains of Armenia at top. The map is a small folio size, darkly printed, with thick letters; a good stout sprinkle of mountains; a great tower to mark the site of Babylon; trees, as formal as a park in those days, to shadow forth the terrestrial paradise, with Adam and Eve, as before mentioned; Greek and Hebrew names here and there mingled with the Latin; a lion, towards the north-west, sitting in Armenia, and bigger than a mountain; some other beast, "stepping west" from the Caspian Sea; and a great tablet in the south-west corner, presenting the title of the map, the site of Eden, or the Terrestrial Paradise (Edenis, seu Paradisi Terrestris Situs), surmounted with a tree, and formidable with the Serpent, who, suddenly appearing from one side of it with the apple in his mouth, is startling a traveller on the other. These old maps are as good to study as pictures and books; and the region before us is specially rich, — reverend with memories of scripture, pompous with Alexander's cities, and delightful with the "Arabian

* Our volume is the *Geographia Sacra*, followed by his commentary on Stephen of Byzantium, the treatise *De Jure Regum*, &c. &c. The Leyden edition, 1707.

Nights." You go up from the Persian Gulf at the foot, passing (like Sindbad) the city of Caiphat, where "bdellium" is to be had; and the Island of Bahrim, famous for its pearl-fishery (Bahrim Insula Margaritarum Piscat. celebris); then penetrate the garden of Eden, with the river Euphrates, as straight as a canal; pass the Cypress-grove, which furnished the wood of which the ark was made; Mousal, one of our old friends in the "Arabian Nights;" Babylon, famous for a hundred fanes, the sublime of *brick-building;* בחרוצא the "Naarda of Ptolemy," — a "celebrated school of the Jews;" Ur (of the Chaldees), the country of Abraham; Noah's city, Χωμη Θαμανων, the city of Eight, so called from the eight persons that came out of the ark; Omar's Island, where there is a mosque (says the map) made out of the relics of the ark; Mount Ararat, on the top of which it rested; and thence you pass the springs of the Tigris and the Euphrates into Colchis with its Golden Fleece, leaving the Caspian Sea on one side, and the Euxine on the other, with Phasis the country of pheasants, and Cappadocia, where you see the mild light shining on the early Christian Church; and you have come all this way through the famous names of Persia and Arabia and Armenia and Mesopotamia and Syria and Assyria, with Arbela on the right hand, where Darius was overthrown, and Damascus on the left, rich, from time immemorial to this day, with almost every Eastern association of ideas, sacred and profane.

In regions of this nature did sincere, book-loving, scholarly Bochart spend *the days of his mind*, — by far the greater portion of the actual days of such a

man's life; and, for that reason, we, who, though not so scholarly, love books as well as he did, love to have the folio of such a man under our paper for a desk; making his venerable mixture of truth and fiction a foundation, as it were, for our own love of both, and rendering the dream of his existence, in some measure, as tangible to us as it was to himself, in the shape of one of his works of love. Do people now-a-days — do even we ourselves — love books as they did in those times? It is hardly possible, seeing how the volumes have multiplied to distract choice and passion, and also how small in size they have become, — octavos and duodecimos. A little book is indeed "a love" (to use a modern phrase), and fitted to carry about with us in our walks and pockets: but then a great book, — a folio, — was a thing to look up to, to build, — a new and lawful Babel; and therefore it had an aspect more like a religion. Well, love is religion too, and of the best; and so we will return to our common task.

Now observe, O casual reader of "The Seer"! what such of us as are habituated to it found in our half-built street. You take a brick perhaps for an ordinary bit of burnt clay, fit only to build No. 9, Golf Street, Little Meadows; and to become a brick-bat, and be kicked to pieces in an old alley. O thou of little book-stall! Why, the very manufacture is illustrious with antiquity, — with the morning beams that touched the house-tops of Shinaar: there is a clatter of brick-making in the fields of Accad; and the work looks almost as ancient to this day, with its straw-built tents and its earthy landscape. Not desolate therefore,

or unrefreshed, were we in our new and hot street: for the first brick, like a talisman, transported us into old Babylon, with its tower and its gardens; and there we drove our chariot on the walls, and conversed with Herodotus, and got out of the way of Semiramis, and read, as men try to read at this day, the arrow-headed letters on the bricks, — as easy to us at that time as A. B. C.; though what they mean now, neither we nor Mr. Rich can tell. The said brick, as our readers have seen, thence took us into paradise, and so through all the regions of Mesopotamia and the "Arabian Nights," with our friends Bochart and Bedreddin Hassan; and, returning home, what do we descry? The street itself alone! No: Ben Jonson, the most illustrious of bricklayers, handling his trowel on the walls of Chancery Lane, and the obstinate remnants of Roman brick and mortar lurking still about London, and Spenser's celebration of —

> "Those *bricky* towers,
> The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowres;"

to wit, the Temple; and then we think of our old and picture-learned friend, our lamented Hazlitt, who first taught us not to think white cottages better than red, especially among trees, — noting to us the finer harmony of the contrast: to which we can bear instant and curious testimony; for passing the other day through the gate that leads from St. James's Park into the old court, betwixt Sutherland and Marlborough Houses, we marvelled at what seemed to our near-sighted eyes a shower of red colors in a tree to

the right of us, at the corner; which colors, upon inspection, proved to be nothing better than those of the very red bricks that bordered the windows of the building behind the trees. We smiled at the mistake; but it was with pleasure: for it reminded us that even defects of vision may have their compensations; and it looked like a symbol of the pleasures with which fancy and commonplace may conspire to enrich an observer willing to be pleased.

The most elegant houses in the world, generally speaking, are built of clay. You have riches inside; costliness and beauty on the internal walls, — paintings, papers, fine draperies, — themselves compounded of the homeliest growths of the earth: but, pierce an inch or two outwards, and you come to the stuff of which the hovel is made. It is nothing but *mind* at last which throws elegance upon the richest as well as the poorest materials. Let a rich man give a hundred guineas for a *daub*, and people laugh at him and his daub together. The inside of his wall is no better than his out. But let him put Titian or Correggio upon it, and he puts *mind* there, — visible mind, and therefore the most precious to all; his own mind too, as well as the painter's; for love partakes of what it loves: and yet the painter's visible mind is not a bit different, except in degree, from the mind with which every lover of the graceful and the *possible* may adorn whatsoever it looks upon. The object will be perhaps rich in itself; but, if not, it will be rich, somehow or other, in association! And it cannot be too often repeated, as a truth in strictest logic, that every impression is real which is actually made upon us,

whether by fact or fancy. No minds entirely divorce the two, or can divorce them, even if they evince the spiritual part of their faculties in doing nothing better than *taking a fancy* to a teacup or a hat: and Nature, we may be assured, *intended* that we should receive pleasure from the associations of ideas, as well as from images tangible; *for all mankind, more or less, do so.* The great art is to cultivate impressions of the pleasant sort; just as a man will raise wholesome plants in his garden, and not poisonous ones.

A bricklayer's tools may illustrate a passage in Shakespeare. One of them is called a *bevel*, and is used to cut the under-side of bricks to a required angle. "Bevel" is a sort of irregular square.

> "They that level
> At my abuses, reckon up their own.
> I may be straight, though they themselves be *bevel.*"
> *Sonnet* cxxi.

We shall conclude this paper with two brick-laying anecdotes, one of which has more manner than matter; but there is an *ease* in it, very comforting, when we reflect upon the laboriousness of the occupation in a hot day. And this reminds us, that, in considering the bricklayer, we must not forget how many of his hours he passes in a world of his own, though in the streets, — pacing on scaffolding, descending and ascending ladders, living on the outsides of houses, betwixt ground-floors and garrets or the sun, now catching a breeze unknown to us prisoners of the pavement. We have heard of a bricklayer who was a somnambulist by daytime, and used to go on

with his work in that state, along the precipices of parapet-walls, overlooking us from the top, — now burning in and the nice points of tops of ladders. But to our anecdotes.

An acquaintance of ours was passing a street in which Irish bricklayers were at work; when he heard one of them address, from below, another who was sending him baskets down by a rope. "*Lour asy*, wou'd you?" said he; meaning that his friend was to *lower* the baskets in a style less hasty and inconvenient. "*Lour asy!*" exclaimed the other, in a tone indignant at having the quiet perfection of his movements called in question, and in the very phraseology of which we seem to *hear* the Hibernian elevation of his eyebrows, as well as the rough lightness of his voice, — "I lour so asy, I don't know *how* I lour."

The other story appears to us to exhibit the very prince of bulls, — the prize animal in that species of cattle. An Irish laborer laid a wager with another, that the latter could not carry him up the ladder to the top of a house in his hod, without letting him fall. Agreed. The hod is occupied, the ladder ascended: there is peril at every step. Above all, there is life and the loss of the wager at the top of the ladder; death and success below! The house-top is reached in safety: the wagerer looks humbled and disappointed. "Well," said he, "you have won; there is no doubt of that: worse luck to you another time! But, at the third story, *I had hopes*."

A RAINY DAY.

"POUR, pour, pour! There is no hope of its *leaving off*," says a lady, turning away from the window: "you must make up your mind, Louisa, to stay at home, and lose your romps, and have a whole frock to sit in at dinner, and be very unhappy with mamma."

"No, mamma, not that; but don't you think it will *hold up?* Look, the kennels are not quite so bad; and those clouds — they are not so heavy as they were. It is getting quite light in the sky."

"I am afraid not," says the lady, at once grave and smiling. "But you are a good girl, Louisa: give me a kiss. We will make the day as happy as we can at home. I am not a very bad play-fellow, you know, for all I am so much bigger and older."

"O mamma! you know I never enjoy my cousins' company half so much, if you don't go with me; but (here two or three kisses are given and taken, the lady's hands holding the little girl's cheeks, and her eyes looking fondly into hers, which are a little wet) — but — but don't you think we *really* shall be able to go? don't you think it will *hold up?*" And here the child returns to the window.

"No, my darling: it is *set* in for a rainy day. It

has been raining all the morning: it is now afternoon; and we have, I fear, no chance whatever."

"The puddles don't dance quite as fast as they did," says the little girl.

"But hark!" says the lady: "*there's* a furious dash of water against the panes."

"*T! t!*" quoth the little girl against her teeth: "dear me! It's very bad indeed! I wonder what Charles and Mary are thinking of it."

"Why, they are thinking just as you are, I dare say; and doing just as you are, very likely, — making their noses flat and numb against the glass."

The little girl laughs, with a tear in her eye; and mamma laughs, and kisses her, and says, "Come: as you cannot go to see your cousins, you shall have a visitor yourself. You shall invite *me* and Miss Nayler to dinner, and sit at the head of the table in the little room; and we will have your favorite pudding, and no servant to wait on us. We will wait on ourselves, little child, and behave well; and you shall tell papa, when he comes home, what a nice and I will try to be a very great, good, big girl I was."

"Oh, dear, mamma! that will be very pleasant. What a nice, kind mamma you are! and how afraid I am to vex you, though you do play and romp with me!"

"Good girl! But — ah! you need not look at the window any more, my poor Louisa. Go, and tell cook about the pudding; and we will get you to give us a glass of wine after it, and drink the health of your cousins, so as to fancy them partaking it with us; and Miss Nayler and I will make fine speeches, and re-

turn you their thanks; and then you can tell them about it, when you go next time."

"O dear, dear, *dear* mamma! so I can; and how very nice that will be! And I'll go this instant about the pudding: and I don't think we could go as far as Welland's now, if the rain did hold up; and the puddles are worse than ever."

And so off runs little fond-heart and bright-eyes, happy at dining in fancy with her mother and cousins all at once, and almost feeling as if she had but exchanged one holiday for another.

The sight of mother and daughter has made us forget our rainy day. Alas! the lady was right, and the little child wrong; for there is no chance of to-day's clearing up. The long-watched and interesting puddles are not indeed "worse than ever," — not suddenly hurried and exasperated, as if dancing with rage at the flogging given them: they are worse even than that; for they are everlastingly the same, — the same full, twittering, dancing, circle-making overflowings of gutter which they have been ever since five in the morning, and which they mean to be, apparently, till five to-morrow.

Wash, wash, wash! The window-panes, weltering and dreary and rapid, and misty with the rain, are like the face of a crying child who is afraid to make a noise, but who is resolved to be as "aggravating" as possible with the piteous ostentation of his wet cheeks; weeping with all his might, and breathing, with wide-open mouth, a sort of huge, wilful, everlasting sigh, by way of accompaniment. Occasionally he puts his hand over to his ear, — hollow, —

as though he feared to touch it, his master having given him a gentle pinch; and, at the same moment, he stoops with bent head and shrugged shoulders, and one lifted knee, as if in the endurance of a writhing anguish.

You involuntarily rub one of the panes, thinking to see the better into the street, and forgetting that the mist is made by the rain on the other side. On goes the wet as ever, rushing, streaming, running down, mingling its soft and washy channels; and now and then comes a clutter of drops against the glass, made by a gust of wind.

Clack, meantime, goes the sound of pattens; and, when you do see, you see the street almost deserted,—a sort of lay Sunday. The rare carriages drive as fast as they can; the hackney-coaches lumber along, glossy (on such occasions only) with the wet, and looking as old and rheumatic as the poor coachmen, whose hats and legs are bound with straw; the rain-spouts are sputtering torrents; messengers dart along in oil-skin capes; the cry of the old shrimp-seller is hoarse; the postman's knock is ferocious.

If you are out of doors, woe betide you, should you have gone out unprepared, or relying on a coach! Your shoes and stockings are wet through, the latter almost as muddy as the dog that ran by just now without an owner; the rain washes your face, gets into the nape of your neck, makes a spout of your hat. Close by your ears comes roaring an umbrella, the face underneath it looking astonished at you. A butcher's boy dashes along, and contrives to come with his heel plump upon the exact spot of a loose piece of

pavement, requisite for giving you a splash that shall embrace the whole of your left leg. To stand up under a gateway is impossible, because, in the state you are in, you will catch your "death o'cold;" and the people underneath it look at you amazed, to think how you could have come out "such a day, in such a state." Many of those who *are* standing up have umbrellas; but the very umbrellas are wet through. Those who pass by the spot, with their oil or silk skins roaring as above (a sound particularly distressing to the non-possessors), show that they have not been out of doors so long. Nobody puts his hand out from under the gateway to feel whether it is still raining: there can be no question of it. The only voluntary person visible in the street is a little errand-boy, who, because his mother has told him to make great haste, and not get wet feet, is amusing himself with double zest by kicking something along through the gutter.

In private streets, the pavement is washed clean; and so it is for the moment in public: but horrible will be the mud to-morrow. Horses are splashed up to the mane: the legs of the rider's overalls are as if he had been sitting in a ditch. Poor girls with band-boxes trip patiently along, with their wet curls over their eyes, and a weight of skirt. A carriage is coming down a narrow street: there is a plenitude of mud between you and the wheels, not to be eschewed. On dash they, and give you three beauty spots, one right on the nose.

Swift has described such a day as this in lines which first appeared in the "Tatler," and which

hearty, unenvying Steele introduces as written by one "who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do." [In transcribing such words, one's pen seems to partake the pleasure of the writer.] Swift, availing himself of the license of a different age, is apt to bring less pleasant images among his pleasant ones than suit everybody now; but here follows the greater part of his verses: —

"Careful observers may foretell the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower:
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen:
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings.
. . . . . .
Brisk Susan *whips her linen from the rope*,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.
You fly; invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail: *she, singing, still whirls on her mop.*
Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade, —
His only coat, where dust, confused with rain,
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain?

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the draggled females fly;
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, *yet seems to call a coach.*
The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
There various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, *and join to save their wigs.*
Boxed in a chair,* the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits:
And ever and anon, with frightful din,
The leather sounds; *he* trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)
Laocoön struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear."

The description concludes with a triumphant account of a gutter, more civic than urbane.

How to make the best of a bad day has been taught by implication in various pages throughout our writings, especially in those where we have studied the art of making every thing out of nothing, and have delivered immense observations on raindrops. It may be learned in the remarks which appeared in our article on a "Dusty Day." The secret is short and comprehensive, and fit for trying occasions of all sorts. *Think of something superior*

* A sedan.

to it; make it yield entertaining and useful reflection, as the rain itself brings out the flowers. Think of it as a benignant enemy, who keeps you in-doors, or otherwise puts your philosophy to a trial, for the best of purposes, — to fertilize your fields; to purify your streets against contagion; to freshen your air, and put sweets upon your table; to furnish life with variety, your light with a shadow that sets it off, your poets with similes and descriptions. When the summer rains, heaven is watering your plants. Fancy an insect growling at it under his umbrella of rose-leaf. No wiser is the man who grumbles under his gateway; much less over his port wine. Very high-bred ladies would be startled to learn that they are doing a very vulgar thing (and hurting their tempers to boot), when they stand at a window, peevishly objecting to the rain, with such phrases as "Dear me! how tiresome!" My lady's maid is not a bit less polite, when she vows and "purtests" that it is "*quite contrary*," — as if Heaven had sent it on purpose to thwart her ladyship and her waiting-woman! By complaint we dwindle and subject ourselves, make ourselves little-minded, and the slaves of circumstance. By rising above an evil, we set it at a distance from us, render it a small object, and live in a nobler air.

A wit, not unworthy to be named in the same page with the Dean of St. Patrick's, has given a good lesson on the subject, — Green, in his poem on the "Spleen;" a teacher the fittest in the world to be heard upon it, because he was subject to what he writes about, and overcame it by the cultivation of sense and good temper. Some bookseller with a taste,

who deals in that species of publication, should give us a new edition of this poem, with engravings. Wilkie, Mulready, and others, might find subjects enough to furnish a design to every page.

"In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest when their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit;
When clouds one yard of azure sky
That's fit for simile deny, —
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books:
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in windows dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark;
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, *the manna of the day,*
And from the hipped discourses gather
That politics go by the weather;
Then seek good-humored tavern-chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up;
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heaven to be serene;
Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen."

THE EAST WIND.

DID any body ever hear of the east wind when he was a boy? We remember no such thing. We never heard a word about it all the time we were at school. There was the schoolmaster with his *ferula;* but there was no east wind. Our elders might have talked about it; but such calamities of theirs are inaudible in the ears of the juvenile. A fine day was a fine day, let the wind be in what quarter it might. While writing this article, we hear everybody complaining that the fine weather is polluted by the presence of the east wind. It has lasted so long as to force itself upon people's attention. The ladies confess their exasperation with it, for making free without being agreeable; and as ladies' quarrels are to be taken up, and there is no other way of grappling with this invisible enemy, we have put ourselves in a state of editorial resentment, and have resolved to write an article against it.

The winds are among the most mysterious of the operations of the elements. We know not whence they come, or whither they go; how they spring up, or how fall; why they prevail so long, after such and such a fashion, in certain quarters; nor, above all, why some of them should be at once so lasting and

apparently so pernicious. We know some of their uses; but there is a great deal about them we do not know, and it is difficult to put them to the question. As the sailor said of the ghosts, "We do not understand their tackle." What is very curious is, there seems to be one of them which prevails in some particular quarter, and has a character for malignity. In the South, there is the *Sirocco*, — an ugly customer, dark, close, suffocating, making melancholy; which blots the sky, and dejects the spirits of the most lively. In the Oriental parts of the earth, there is the Tifoon, supposed by some to be the Typhon or Evil Principle of the ancients; and in Europe we have the East Wind, whom the ancients reckoned among the sons of Typhon. The winds, Mr. Keightley tells us, were divided by the Greeks into "*wholesome* and *noxious;* the former of which, Boreas (North Wind), Zephyrus (West Wind), and Notus (South Wind), were, according to Hesiod, the children of Astræus (*Starry*) and Eos (*Dawn*). The other winds, he says (probably meaning only those who blow from the east), are the race of Typhoëus, whom he describes as the last and most terrible child of Earth. In Greece, as over the rest of Europe, the East Wind was pernicious."

In England, the east wind is accounted pernicious if it last long; and it is calculated, we believe, that it blows during three parts even of our fine weather. We have known a single blast of it blight a long row of plants in a greenhouse. Its effects upon the vegetable creation are sure to be visible, if it last any time; and it puts invalids into a very unpleasant state, by drying the pores of the skin, and thus giving activity

to those numerous internal disorders, of which none are more painful than what the moderns call nervousness, and our fathers understood by the name of the "vapors" or the "spleen," which, as Shenstone observed, is often little else than obstructed perspiration. An irritable poet exclaimed, —

> "Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
> Our melting clime, except the baleful East
> Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
> The fancy of the year. Our fathers talked
> Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:
> Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
> This dismal change?"

This terrible question we shall answer presently. Meantime, the suffering poet may be allowed to have been a little irritated. It is certainly provoking to have this invisible enemy invading a whole nation at his will, and sending among us, for weeks together, his impertinent and cutting influence; drying up our skins, blowing dust in our eyes, contradicting our sunshine, smoking our suburbs, behaving boisterously to our women, aggravating our scolds, withering up our old gentlemen and ladies, nullifying the respite from smoke at Bow, perplexing our rooms between hot and cold, closing up our windows, exasperating our rheumatisms, basely treating the wounds of our old soldiers, spoiling our gardens, preventing our voyages, assisting thereby our Bow-street runners, hurting our tempers, increasing our melancholies, deteriorating our night-airs, showing our wives' ankles, disordering our little children, not being good for our beasts, perplexing our pantaloons (to know which to

put on), deranging our ringlets, scarifying our eyes, thinning our apple-tarts, endangering our dances, getting damned our weathercocks, barbarizing our creditors, incapacitating our debtors, obstructing all moist processes in the arts, hindering our astronomers,* tiring our editors, and endangering our sales.

The poet asks what crimes could have brought upon us the evils of our climate? He should ask the schoolboy that runs about, the Gypsy who laughs at the climate, or the ghost of some old English yeoman before taxes and sedentary living abounded. An east wind, like every other evil, except folly and ill intention, is found, when properly grappled with, to be not only no evil, but a good, at least a negative one, sometimes a positive; and even folly and ill intention are but the mistakes of a community in its progress from bad to good. How evil comes at all, we cannot say. It suffices us to believe, that it is in its nature fugitive; and that it is the nature of good, when good returns, to outlast it beyond all calculation. If we led the natural lives to which we hope and believe that the advance of knowledge and comfort will bring us round, we should feel the east wind as little as the Gypsies do: it would be the same refreshment to us that it is to the glowing schoolboy, after his exercise; and as to nipping our fruits and flowers, some living creature makes a dish of them, if we do not. With these considerations, we should be well content to recognize the *concordia discors* that harmonizes the inanimate creation. If it were not for

* During east winds, astronomers are unable to pursue their observations, on account of a certain hazy motion in the air.

the east wind in this country, we should probably have too much wet; our winters would not dry up; our June fields would be unpassable; we should not be able to enjoy the west wind itself, the Zephyr with his lap full of flowers. And, upon the supposition that there is no peril in the east wind that may not ultimately be nullified, we need not trouble ourselves with the question, why the danger of excessive moisture must be counteracted by a wind full of dryness. All the excesses of the elements will one day be pastime for the healthy arms and discerning faculties of discovering man.

And so we finish our vituperations in the way in which such things ought generally to be finished, with a discovery that the fault objected to is in ourselves, and renewed admiration of the abundance of promise in all the works of Nature.

STRAWBERRIES.

Written in June.

IF our article on this subject should be worth little (especially as we are obliged to be brief, and cannot bring to our assistance much quotation or other helps), we beg leave to say, that we mean to do little more in it than congratulate the reader on the strawberry-season, and imply those pleasant interchanges of conventional sympathy which give rise to the common expressions about the weather or the state of the harvest, — things which everybody knows what everybody else will say about them, and yet upon which everybody speaks. Such a charm has sympathy, even in its commonest aspect.

A. A fine day to-day.

B. Very fine day.

A. But I think we shall have rain.

B. I think we shall.

And so the two speakers part, all the better pleased with one another merely for having uttered a few words, and those words such as either of them could have reckoned upon beforehand, and has interchanged a thousand times. And justly are they pleased. They are fellow-creatures living in the same world; and all its phases are of importance to them, and themselves to one another. The meaning of the

words is, "I feel as you do;" or, "I am interested in the same subject, and it is a pleasure to me to let you see it." What a pity that mankind do not vent the same feelings of good-will and a mutual understanding on fifty other subjects! And many do; but all might, and, as Bentham says, "with how little trouble!"

There is *strawberry-weather*, for instance, which is as good a point of the weather to talk about as rain or sun. If the phrase seems a little forced, it is perhaps not so much as it seems; for the weather and fruit and color and the birds, &c., &c., all hang together: and, for our parts, we would fain think, and can easily believe, that without this special degree of heat (while we are writing), or mixture of heat and fresh air, the strawberries would not have their special degree of color and fragrance. The world answers to the spirit that plays upon it, as musical instruments to musician; and if cloud, sunshine, and breeze (the fine playing of Nature) did not descend upon earth precisely as they do at this moment, there is good reason to conclude, that neither fruit, nor any thing else, would be precisely what it is. The cuckoo would want tone, and the strawberries relish.

Do you not like, reader, the *pottle* of strawberries? and is it not manifest, from old habit and association, that no other sort of basket would do as well for their first arrival? It "carries" well; it lies on your arm like a length of freshness: then there is the slight paper covering, the slighter rush tie, the inner covering of leaves; and, when all these give place, fresh and fragrant and red lie the berries, — the best, it is

to be feared, at the top. Now and then comes a half-mashed one, sweet in its over-ripeness; and, when the fingers cannot conveniently descend further, the rest, urged by a beat on the flat end, are poured out on a plate, and perhaps agreeably surprise us with the amount. Meantime, the fingers and nails have got colored as with wine.

What matter of fact is this! And how everybody knows it! And yet, for that very reason, it is welcome; like the antiquities about the weather. So abundant is Nature in supplying us with entertainment, even by means of simply stating that any thing *is* what it *is!* Paint a strawberry in oil; and, provided the representation be true, how willing is everybody to like it! And observe, even in a smaller matter, how Nature heaps our resources one upon another, — first giving us the thing, then the representation of it or power of painting it (for art is nature also), then the power of writing about it, the power of thinking, the power of giving, of receiving, and fifty others. Nobles put the leaves in their coronets. Poets make them grow for ever, where they are no longer to be found. We never pass by Ely Place, in Holborn, without seeing the street there converted into a garden; and the pavement, to rows of strawberries.

> "My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
> I do beseech you, send for some of them," —

quoth Richard the Third to the bishop, in that scene of frightful calmness and smooth-speaking which precedes his burst of thunder against Hastings. Richard

is gone with his bad passions, and the garden is gone; but the tyrant is converted into poetry, and the strawberries also; and here we have them both, equally harmless.

Sir John Suckling, in his richly colored portrait of a beautiful girl, in the tragedy of "Brennoralt," has made their dying leaves precious: —

> "Eyes full and quick,
> With breath as sweet as double violets,
> And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries."

Strawberries deserve all the good things that can be said of them. They are beautiful to look at, delicious to eat, have a fine odor, and are so wholesome, that they are said to agree with the weakest digestions, and to be excellent against gout, fever, and all sorts of ailments. It is recorded of Fontenelle, that he attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring; and that he used to say, "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!" Boerhaave (Mr. Phillips tells us in his "History of Fruits") looked upon their continued use as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and viscidity, and in putrid disorders; Hoffman furnished instances of obstinate disorders cured by them, even consumptions; and Linnæus says, that, by eating plentifully of them, he kept himself free from the gout. They are good even for the teeth.

A fruit so very useful and delightful deserves a better name; though the old one is now so identified with its beauty, that it would be a pity to get rid of it. Nobody thinks of *straw*, when uttering the word

"strawberry," but only of color, fragrance, and sweetness. The Italian name is Fragola, — *fragrant.* The English one originated in the custom of putting straw between the fruit and the ground, to keep it dry and clean; or perhaps, as Mr. Phillips thinks, from a still older practice, among children, of threading the wild berries upon straws of grass. He says that this is still a custom in parts of England where they abound, and that so many "straws of berries" are sold for a penny.

One of the most luxurious of simple dishes is *strawberries and cream.* The very sound of the words seems to set one's page floating like a bowl. But there is an Italian poet, who has written a whole poem upon strawberries, and who, with all his love of them, will not hear of them without sugar. He invokes them before him in all their beauty, which he acknowledges with enthusiasm; and then tells them, like some capricious sultan, that he does not choose to see their faces. They must hide them, he says, — put on their veils; to wit, of sugar. "Strawberries and sugar" are to him what "sack and sugar" was to Falstaff, — the indispensable companions, the sovereign remedy for all evil, the climax of good. He finds fault with Molière's "Imaginary Sick Man" for not hating them; since, if he had eaten them, they would have cured his hypochondria. As to himself, he talks of them as Fontenelle would have talked, had he written Italian verse: —

> "Io per me d' esse, a boccon ricchi e doppi
> Spesso rigonfio, e rinconforto il seno;
> E brontolando per dispetto scoppi

Quel vecchio d' Ippocrasso e di Galeno,
Che i giulebbi, l' essenzie, ed i sciloppi
Abborro, come l' ostico veleno;
E di Fragole un' avida satolla
Mi purga il sangue, e avviva ogni midolla."

"For my part, I confess I fairly swill
And stuff myself with strawberries; and abuse
The doctors all the while, draught, powder, and pill;
And wonder how any sane head can choose
To have their nauseous jalaps and their bill;
All which, like so much poison, I refuse.
Give me a glut of strawberries; and, lo!
Sweet through my blood, and very bones, they go."

Almost all the writers of Italy who have been worth any thing have been writers of verse at one time or another. Prose-writers, historians, philosophers, doctors of law and medicine, clergymen, — all have contributed their quota to the sweet art. The poet of the strawberries was a Jesuit, a very honest man too, notwithstanding the odium upon his order's name; and a grave, eloquent, and truly Christian theologian, of a life recorded as "evangelical." It is delightful to see what playfulness such a man thought not inconsistent with the most sacred aspirations. The strawberry to him had its merits in the creation, as well as the star; and he knew how to give each its due. Nay, he runs the joke down, like a humorist who could do nothing else but joke if he pleased, but gracefully withal, and with a sense of Nature above his art, like a true lover of poetry. His poem is in two cantos, and contains upwards of nine hundred lines, ending in the following bridal climax, which the good Jesuit seems to have considered the highest

one possible, and the very cream even of strawberries and sugar. He has been apostrophizing two young friends of his, newly married, of the celebrated Venetian families Mocenigo and Loredano; and this is the blessing with which he concludes, pleasantly smiling at the end of his gravity:—

"A questa coppia la serena pace
Eternamente intorno scherzi e voli:
E la ridente sanità vivace
La sua vita longhissima consoli;
E la felicità pura e verace,
Non dal suo fianco un solo di s' involi;
E a dire che ogni cosa lieta vada,
Su le Fragole il zucchero le cada."

"Around this loving pair may joy serene
On wings of balm for ever wind and play;
And laughing Health her roses shake between,
Making their life one long, sweet, flowery way!
May bliss, true bliss, pure, self-possessed of mien,
Be absent from their side, no, not a day!
In short, to sum up all that earth can prize,
May they have sugar to their strawberries!"

THE WAITER.

GOING into the city the other day upon business, we took a chop at a tavern, and renewed our acquaintance, after years of interruption, with that swift and untiring personage, yclept a waiter. We mention this long interval of acquaintance in order to account for any deficiencies that may be found in our description of him. Our readers, perhaps, will favor us with a better. He is a character before the public: thousands are acquainted with him, and can fill up the outline. But we felt irresistibly impelled to sketch him; like a portrait-painter who comes suddenly upon an old friend, or upon an old servant of the family.

We speak of the waiter properly and generally so called, — the representative of the whole, real, official race, — and not of the humorist or other eccentric genius occasionally to be found in it, moving out of the orbit of tranquil but fiery waiting, not absorbed, not devout towards us, not silent or monosyllabical, — fellows that affect a character beyond that of waiter, and get spoiled in club-rooms, and places of theatrical resort.

Your thorough waiter has no ideas out of the sphere of his duty and the business; and yet he is not nar-

row-minded either. He sees too much variety of character for that, and has to exercise too much consideration for the "drunken gentleman." But his world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. His female sex are the maid-servants and his young mistress, or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the two latter: if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may carry her off some day to be mistress of the Golden Lion at Chinksford, where he will "show off" in the eyes of Betty Laxon, who refused him. He has no feeling of noise itself but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf: it is so many "breads." His longest speech is the making-out of a bill *vivâ voce*, — "Two beefs, one potatoes, three ales, two wines, six and twopence," — which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new-comers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items. He attributes all virtues to everybody, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "Yes, sir," is as swift, indifferent, and official at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon purely as things in the newspaper; and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is

confined to "Accidents and Offences," and the advertisements for butlers; which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up "a certainty." When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of his face, and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming, sir." If you told him, that, in Shakespeare's time, waiters said, "Anon, anon, sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer, that London could not have been so large, nor the chop-houses so busy, in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his "Yes, sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it: and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezzir."

"Thomas!"

"Yezzir."

"Is my steak coming?"

"Yezzir."

"And the pint of port?"

"Yezzir."

"You'll not forget the postman?"

"Yezzir."

For, in the habit of his acquiescence, Thomas not seldom says "Yes, sir," for "No, sir;" the habit itself rendering him intelligible.

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket: his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly: by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder; dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement. Not, however, that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only his lowest limbs, from his knees downwards. The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands. At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries, however, a napkin under his arm, as well as a corkscrew in his pocket; nor, for all his long habit, can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr. Smith, who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eyes off the plate. In his right waistcoat-pocket is a snuff-box, with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, after the shops are shut up, and when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the devil and toasted cheese. If particularly required, he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of night; justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning "*will* be facetious." He is of opinion it is in "human nature" to be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach.

He announces his acquisition of property by a bunch of seals to his watch, and perhaps rings on his

fingers, — one of them a mourning-ring left him by his late master; the other a present, either from his nieces' father, or from some ultra-good-natured old gentleman whom he helped into a coach one night, and who had no silver about him.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural; and he appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him at his dinner in a corner, — huddled apart, — "Thomas dining!" instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the stewed and hot meats and the constant smoke ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal.

Once a year (for he has few holidays), a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; till the startling recollection occurs, "Good God! — it's the waiter at the Grogram!"

"THE BUTCHER."

Butchers and Juries. — Butler's Defence of the English Drama, &c.

IT was observed by us the other day in a journal, that "butchers are wisely forbidden to be upon juries; not because they are not as good as other men by nature, and often as truly kind; but because the habit of taking away the lives of sheep and oxen inures them to the sight of blood and violence and mortal pangs."

The "Times," in noticing this passage, corrected our error. There neither is, nor ever was, it seems, a law forbidding butchers to be upon juries; though the reverse opinion has so prevailed among all classes, that Locke takes it for granted, in his "Treatise on Education;" and our own authority was the author of "Hudibras," a man of very exact and universal knowledge. The passage that was in our mind is in his "Posthumous Works," and is worth quoting on other accounts. He is speaking of those pedantic and would-be classical critics who judge the poets of one nation by those of another. Butler's resistance of their pretensions is the more honorable to him, inasmuch as the prejudices of his own education, and even the

propensity of his genius, lay on the learned and anti-impulsive side; but his judgment was thorough-going and candid. The style is of the off-hand, careless order, after the fashion of the old satires and epistles, though not so rough:—

"An English poet should be tried by his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to be of a jury;
Besides the most intolerable wrong
To try their masters in a foreign tongue
By foreign jurymen like Sophocles,
Or *tales** falser than Euripides;
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner;
When all the laws they use to arraign and try
The innocent, and wronged delinquent by,
Were made by a foreign lawyer and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples;
And, by the advice of virtuosi Tuscans,
Determined all the doubts of socks and buskins;
Gave judgment on all past and *future plays,*
As is apparent by Speroni's case,†
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,

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* *Tales* (Latin),—persons chosen to supply the place of men impanelled upon a jury or inquest, and not appearing when called. [We copy this from a very useful and pregnant volume called the "Treasury of Knowledge," full of such heaps of information as are looked for in lists and vocabularies, and occupying the very margins with proverbs. Mr. Disraeli, sen., objects to this last overflow of contents; but not, we think, with his usual good sense and gratitude, as a lover of books. These proverbial sayings, which are the most universal things in the world, appear to us to have a particularly good effect in thus coming in to refresh one among the technicalities of knowledge.]

† Speroni, a celebrated critic in the days of Tasso.

> And after him the French *filou** Corneille;
> And, since, our English plagiaries *nim*
> And steal their far-fetched criticisms from him,
> And by an action, falsely laid of *trover*,†
> The lumber for their proper goods recover,
> Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
> Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's,
> Who for a few *misprisions of wit*,
> Are charged by those who ten times worse commit,
> And, for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
> Are censured for it *with more unlucky sense;*

(How happily said!)

> When all their worst miscarriages delight
> And please more than the best that pedants write."

Having been guilty of this involuntary scandal against the butchers, we would fain make them amends by saying nothing but good of them and their trade; and, truly, if we find the latter part of the proposition a little difficult, they themselves are for the most part a jovial, good-humored race, and can afford the trade to be handled as sharply as their beef on the block. There is cut and come again in them. Your butcher breathes an atmosphere of good living. The beef mingles kindly with his animal nature. He grows fat with the best of it, perhaps with inhaling its very essence; and has no time to grow spare,

* *Filou*, — "pickpocket"! This irreverent epithet must have startled many of Butler's readers and brother-loyalists of the court of Charles the Second; but he suffered nothing to stand in the way of what seemed to him a just opinion.

† Trover, — an action for goods found, and not delivered on demand. — *Treasury of Knowledge.* Butler's wit dragged every species of information into his net.

theoretical, and hypochondriacal, like those whose more thinking stomachs drive them upon the apparently more innocent but less easy and analogous intercommunications of fruit and vegetables. For our parts, like all persons who think at all, — nay, like the butcher himself, when he catches himself in a strange fit of meditation, after some doctor perhaps has "kept him low," — we confess to an abstract dislike of eating the sheep and lamb that we see in the meadow; albeit our concrete regard for mutton is considerable, particularly Welsh mutton. But Nature has a beautiful way of reconciling all necessities that are unmalignant; and as butchers at present must exist, and sheep and lambs would not exist at all in civilized countries, and crop the sweet grass so long, but for the brief pang at the end of it, he is as comfortable a fellow as can be, — one of the liveliest ministers of her mortal necessities, — of the deaths by which she gives and diversifies life; and has no more notion of doing any harm in his vocation than the lamb that swallows the lady-bird on the thyme. A very pretty insect is she, and has had a pretty time of it; a very calm, clear feeling, healthy, and therefore happy little woollen giant, compared with her, is the lamb, — her butcher; and an equally innocent and festive personage is the butcher himself, notwithstanding the popular fallacy about juries, and the salutary misgiving his beholders feel when they see him going to take the lamb out of the meadow, or entering the more tragical doors of the slaughter-house. His thoughts, while knocking down the ox, are of skill and strength, and not of cruelty; and

the death, though it may not be the very best of deaths, is, assuredly, none of the worst. Animals, that grow old in an artificial state, would have a hard time of it in a lingering decay. Their mode of life would not have prepared them for it. Their blood would not run lively enough to the last. We doubt even whether the John Bull of the herd, when about to be killed, would change places with a very gouty, irritable old gentleman; or be willing to endure a grievous being of his own sort, with legs answering to the gout; much less if Cow were to grow old with him, and plague him with endless lowings, occasioned by the loss of her beauty, and the increasing insipidity of the hay. A human being who can survive those ulterior vaccinations must indeed possess some great reliefs of his own, and deserve them; and life may reasonably be a wonderfully precious thing in his eyes: nor shall excuse be wanting to the vaccinators, and what made them such, especially if they will but grow a little more quiet and ruminating. But who would have the death of some old, groaning, aching, effeminate, frightened lingerer in life, such as Mæcenas for example, compared with a good, jolly knock-down blow, at a reasonable period, whether of hatchet or of apoplexy, — whether the bull's death or the butcher's? Our own preference, it is true, is for neither. We are for an excellent, healthy, happy life of the very best sort; and a death to match it, going out calmly as a summer's evening. Our taste is not particular; but we are for the knock-down blow rather than the death-in-life.

The butcher, when young, is famous for his health,

strength, and vivacity, and for his riding any kind of horse down any sort of hill, with a tray before him, the reins for a whip, and no hat on his head. It was a gallant of this sort that Robin Hood imitated, when he beguiled the poor sheriff into the forest, and showed him his own deer to sell. The old ballads apostrophize him well as the "butcher so bold," or better, — with the accent on the last syllable, — "thou bold butchér." No syllable of his was to be trifled with. The butcher keeps up his health in middle life, not only with the food that seems so congenial to flesh, but with rising early in the morning, and going to market with his own or his master's cart. When more sedentary, and very jovial and good-humored, he is apt to expand into a most analogous state of fat and smoothness, with silken tones and a short breath, — harbingers, we fear, of asthma and gout; or the kindly apoplexy comes, and treats him as he treated the ox.

When rising in the world, he is indefatigable on Saturday nights; walking about in the front of those white-clothed and joint-abounding open shops, while the meat is being half-cooked beforehand with the gas-lights. The rapidity of his "What-d'ye-buy?" on these occasions, is famous; and both he and the good housewives, distracted with the choice before them, pronounce the legs of veal "*beautiful*, — exceedingly."

How he endures the meat against his head as he carries it about on a tray, or how we endure that he should do it, or how he can handle the joints as he does with that habitual indifference, or with what

floods of hot water he contrives to purify himself of the exoterical part of his philosophy on going to bed, we cannot say; but, take him all in all, he is a fine specimen of the triumph of the general over the particular.

The only poet that was the son of a butcher (and the trade may be proud of him) is Akenside, who naturally resorted to the "Pleasures of Imagination." As to Wolsey, we can never quite picture him to ourselves apart from the shop. He had the cardinal butcher's-virtue of a love of good eating, as his picture shows; and he was foreman all his life to the butcher Henry the Eighth. We beg pardon of the trade for this application of their name; and exhort them to cut the cardinal, and stick to the poet.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

WILL the reader take a pinch of snuff with us?

Reader. With pleasure.

Editor. How do you like it?

Reader. Extremely fine! I never *saw* such snuff.

Editor. Precisely so. It is of the sort they call *Invisible;* or, as the French have it, *tabac imaginaire,*—imaginary snuff. No macuba equals it. The tonquin bean has a coarse flavor in comparison. To my thinking, it has the hue of Titian's orange-color, and the very tip of the scent of sweet-brier.

Reader. In fact, one may perceive in it just what one pleases, or nothing at all.

Editor. Exactly that.

Reader. Those who take no snuff whatever, or even hate it, may take this, and be satisfied. Ladies, nay brides, may take it.

Editor. You apprehend the delicacy of it to a nicety. You will allow, nevertheless, by virtue of the same fineness of perception, that even when you discern, or choose to discern, neither hue, scent, nor substance in it, still there is a very sensible pleasure realized the moment the pinch is offered.

Reader. True, the *good-will,*— that which is passing between us two now.

Editor. You have it, — that which loosens the tongues of people in omnibuses, and helps to thaw even the frozen-heartedness of diplomacy.

Reader. I beg your pardon for a moment; but is *thaw*, my dear sir, the best word you could have chosen? *Snuff* can hardly be said to *thaw*.

Editor. (*Aside.* This it is to set readers upon being critical, and help them to beat their teachers.) You are right. What shall we say? To dissipate, — to scatter, — to make evaporate? To blow up in a sneeze?

Reader. I will leave you to judge of that.

Editor. (*Aside.* His politeness is equal to his criticism. Oh, penny, twopenny, and three-halfpenny "trash!" You will end in ruining the trade of your inventors!) My dear reader, I wish I could give you snuff made of the finest Brazil in a box of diamond. But good-will is the flower of all snuff-taking; and luckily a pinch of that may be taken equally as well out of horn, or of invisible wood, as of the gifts of emperors. This is the point I was going to speak of. The virtues of snuff itself may be doubted; but the benevolence of an offered pinch and the gratitude of an accepted one are such good things, and snuff-takers have so many occasions of interchanging these, that it is a question whether the harm of the self-indulgence (if any) is not to be allowed for the sake of the social benefit.

A grave question! Let us consider it a little with the seriousness becoming snuff-takers, real or imaginary. They are a reflecting race: no men know better that every thing is not a trifle which appears to be

such in uncleared eyes, any more than every thing is grand which is of serious aspect or dimensions. A snuff-taker looks up at some mighty error, takes his pinch, and shakes the imposture, like the remnant of the pinch, to atoms, with one "flesh-quake" of head, thumb, and indifference. He also looks into some little nicety of question or of creation, — of the intellectual or visible world, — and having sharpened his eyesight with another pinch, and put his brain into proper *cephalic* condition, discerns it, as it were, microscopically, and pronounces that there is "more in it than the *un-snuff-taking* would suppose."

We agree with him. The mere fancy of a pinch of snuff, at this moment, enables us to look upon divers worlds of mistake in the history of man but as so many bubbles, breaking, or about to break; while the pipe out of which they were blown assumes all its real superiority in the hands of the grown smoker, — the superiority of peace and quiet over war and childish dispute. An atom of good-will is worth an emperor's snuff-box. We happened once to be compelled to moot a point of no very friendly sort with a stranger whom we never saw before, of whom we knew nothing, and whose appearance in the matter we conceived to be altogether unwarrantable. At one of the delicatest of all conjunctures in the question, and when he presented himself in his most equivocal light, what should he do, but, with the best air in the world, take out a snuff-box, and offer us the philanthropy of a pinch? We accepted it with as grave a face as it was offered; but, secretly, the appeal was irresistible. It was as much as to say,

"Questions may be mooted, doubts of all sorts entertained, — people are thrown into strange situations in this world; but, abstractedly, what is any thing worth compared with a quiet moment, and a resolution to make the best of a perplexity?" Ever afterwards, whenever the thought of this dispute came into our recollection, the bland idea of the snuff-box always closed our account with it; and our good-will survived, though our perplexity remained also.

But this is only a small instance of what must have occurred thousands of times in matters of dispute. Many a fierce impulse of hostility must have been allayed by no greater a movement. Many a one has been caused by less! A few years ago, a petition was presented to the House of Commons on the subject of duelling; by which it appeared that people have challenged and killed one another for words about "geese" and "anchovies" and "a glass of wine." Nay, one person was compelled to fight about our very peace-maker, "a pinch of snuff." But, if so small are the causes of deadly offence, how often must they not have been removed by the judicious intervention of the pinch itself? The geese, anchovies, glass of wine, and all, might possibly have been made harmless by a dozen grains of Havana. The handful of dust with which the Latin poet settles his wars of the bees was the type of the pacifying magic of the snuff-box: —

> "Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent."
>
> "These movements of high minds, these mortal foes,
> Give but a pinch of dust, and you compose."

Yet snuff-taking is an odd custom. If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he was doing one of the most important actions of his life (for even with the most indifferent snuff-takers there is a certain look of importance), proceeds to thrust and keep thrusting it at his nose! after which he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being. What should we say to this custom among the inhabitants of a newly discovered island? And to provoke the poor nose in this manner! and call people's attention to it! A late physician, whom we had the pleasure of knowing, and who had a restless temperament, used to amuse us, as he sat pondering in his chair, with taking up a pair of scissors, and delicately poking the tip of his tongue with it; thus taking delight in the borders of an uneasy sensation, for want of a better. We have often thought, that a snuff-taker, fond of a potent snuff, might as well addict himself to the doctor's seissors, or puncture any other part of his face with a fork at once. Elegant *fork-takers* might have boxes with little instruments made accordingly, and politely offer them to the company to poke their cheeks with; or they might hover about the eyes, or occasionally practise some slight scarification. Bleeding is accounted *cephalic*.

It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is every thing. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff,—a sort of essence of pins' points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanor: they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishness of supply, that announces a moister article, and sheds its superfluous honors over neckcloth and coat. Dr. Johnson's was probably a snuff of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat-pocket instead of a box. There is a species of long-armed snuff-taker, that performs the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity. But smaller and rounder men sometimes attempt it. He first puts his head on one side; then stretches forth the arm, with pinch in hand; then brings round his hand as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk; and, finally, shakes snuff, head, and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eyebrows all the while are lifted up, as if to make the more room for the onset; and, when he has ended, he draws himself back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous moment, by a sniff and a great "Hah!"

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

CONCLUDED.

FROM the respect which we showed in our last to scented snuffs, and from other indications which will doubtless have escaped us in our ignorance of his art, the scientific snuff-taker will have concluded that we are no brother of the box. And he will be right. But we hope we only give the greater proof thereby of the toleration that is in us, and our wish not to think ill of a practice merely because it is not our own. We confess we are inclined to a charitable regard, nay, provided it be handsomely and cleanly managed, to a certain respect, for snuff-taking, out of divers considerations: first, as already noticed, because it helps to promote good-will; second, because we have known some very worthy snuff-takers; third, out of our regard for the snuff-taking times of Queen Anne, and the wits of France; and last, because in the benevolence and imaginativeness and exceeding width of our philosophy (which fine terms we apply to it in order to give a hint to those who might consider it a weakness and superstition), — because we have a certain veneration for all great events and prevailing customs, that have given a character to the history of society in the course of ages. It would be hard to get us to think contemptuously of the mummies of Egypt, of the cere-

monlousness of the Chinese, of the betel-nut of the Turks and Persians, nay, of the garlic of the south of Europe; and so of the tea-drinking, coffee-drinking, tobacco-smoking, and snuff-taking which have come to us from the Eastern and American nations. We know not what great providential uses there might be in such customs, or what worse or more frivolous things they prevent, till the time comes for displacing them. "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" and so, for aught we know, doth the "cloud" of the tobacco-pipe. We are resolved, for our parts, not to laugh with the "scorner," but even to make merry with submission; nay, to undermine (when we feel compelled to do so) with absolute tenderness to the thing dilapidated. Let the unphilosophic lover of tobacco (if there be such a person), to use a phrase of his own, "put that in his pipe, and smoke it."

But there is one thing that puzzles us in the history of the Indian weed and its pulverization; and that is, how lovers and ladies ever came to take snuff. In England, perhaps, it was never much done by the latter, till they grew too old to be "particular," or thought themselves too sure of their lovers; but in France, where the animal spirits think less of obstacles in the way of inclination, and where the resolution to please and be pleased is, or was, of a fancy less nice and more accommodating, we are not aware that the ladies in the time of the Voltaires and Du Chatelets ever thought themselves either too old to love, or too young to take snuff. We confess, whether it is from the punctilios of a colder imagination or the perils incidental to a warmer one, that, although we

are interested in comprehending the former privilege, we never could do the same with the latter. A bridegroom in one of the periodical essayists, describing his wife's fondness for rouge and carmine, complains that he can never make pure, unsophisticated way to her cheek, but is obliged, like Pyramus in the story, to kiss through a wall, — to salute through a crust of paint and washes: —

"Wall, vile wall, which did those lovers sunder."

This is bad enough; and, considering perhaps a due healthiness of skin, worse: yet the object of paint is to imitate health and loveliness; the wish to look well is in it. But snuff! — turtle-doves don't take snuff. A kiss is surely not a thing to be "sneezed at."

Fancy two lovers in the time of Queen Anne, or Louis the Fifteenth, each with snuff-box in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who, in the hurry of their spirits, have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress! He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words, "Charming creature!" when a sneeze overtakes him! —

"Cha - Cha - Cha - Charming creature!"

What a situation! A sneeze! O Venus! where is such a thing in thy list?

The lady, on her side, is under the like *malapropos* influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all bashful and loving speeches with the shock of the sneeze respondent: —

"O Richard! Sho - Sho - Sho - Should you
think ill of me for this!"

Imagine it.

We have nothing to say against the sneeze abstract. In all nations it seems to have been counted of great significance, and worth respectful attention, whether advising us of good or ill. Hence the "God bless you!" still heard among us when people sneeze; and the "Felicità!" ("Good luck to you!") of the Italians. A Latin poet, in one of his most charming effusions, though not, we conceive, with the delicacy of a Greek, even makes Cupid sneeze at sight of the happiness of two lovers: —

"Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem."

CATULLUS.

"Love, at this charming speech and sight,
Sneezed his sanction from the right."

But he does not make the *lovers* sneeze. That omen remained for the lovers of the snuff-box, — people more social than nice.

We have no recollection of any self-misgiving in this matter, on the part of the male sex, during the times we speak of. They are a race who have ever thought themselves warranted in taking liberties which they do not allow their gentler friends; and we cannot call to mind any passage in the writings of the French or English wits in former days, implying the least distrust of his own right and propriety and charmingness, in taking snuff, on the part of the *gentleman* in love. The "beaux," marquisses, men of fashion, Sir Harry Wildairs, &c., all talk of and

use and pique themselves on their snuff-boxes, without the slightest suspicion that there is any thing in them to which courtship and elegance can object; and we suppose this is the case still, where the snuff-taker, though young in age, is old in habit. Yet we should doubt, were we in his place. He cannot be certain how many women may have refused his addresses on that single account; nor, if he marries, to what secret sources of objection it may give rise. To be clean is one of the first duties at all times; to be the reverse, or to risk it, in the least avoidable respect, is perilous in the eyes of that passion, which, of all others, is at once the most lavish and the most nice, — which makes the greatest allowance for all that belongs to it, and the least for whatever is cold or foreign, or implies a coarse security. A very loving nature, however, may have some one unlovely habit, which a wise party on either side may correct, if it have any address. The only passage which we remember meeting with in a book, in which this license assumed by the male sex is touched upon, is in a pleasant comedy translated from the French some years ago, and brought upon the stage in London, — the "Green Man." Mr. Jones, we believe, was the translator. He also enacted the part of the lover; and very pleasantly he did it. It was one of his best performances. Luckily for our present purpose, he had a very sweet assistant in the person of Miss Blanchard, a young actress of that day, who, after charming the town with the sprightly delicacy of her style, and with a face better than handsome, prematurely quitted it, to their great regret, though, we believe, for the best of all

reasons. In the course of her lover's addresses, this lady had to find fault with his habit of snuff-taking; and she did it with a face full of such loving and flattering reasons, and in a voice also so truly accordant with the words which the author had put into her mouth, that we remember thinking how natural it was for the gentleman to give up the point as he did, instantly, and to pitch the cause of offence away from him, with the exclamation, "Ma tabatière, adieu!" ("Farewell, snuff-box!") Thus the French, who were the greatest sinners in this matter, appear, as they ought, to have been the first reformers of it, and openly to have protested against the union of love and snuff-taking in either sex.

We merely give this as a hint to certain snuff-takers at a particular time of life. We are loath to interfere with others, till we can find a substitute for the excitement and occupation which the snuff-box affords; fearing that we should steal from some their very powers of reflection; from some their good temper or patience or only consolation; from others their helps to wit and good fellowship. Whenever Gibbon was going to say a good thing, it was observed that he announced it by a complacent tap on his snuff-box. Life might have been a gloomier thing, even than it was, to Dr. Johnson, if he had not enlivened his views of it with the occasional stimulus of a pinch. Napoleon, in his flight from Moscow, was observed one day, after pulling a log on to a fire, impatiently seeking for his last chance of a consoling thought; and he found it in the corner of his snuff-box. It was his last pinch; and most imperatively he pinched it! digging

it, and fetching it out from its intrenchment. Besides, we have a regard for snuff-shops and their proprietors; and never pass Pontet's or Killpack's or Turner's without wishing well to the companionable people that frequent them, and thinking of the most agreeable periods of English and French wit. You might almost as soon divorce the idea of the Popes, Steeles, and Voltaires, from their wigs and caps, as from their snuff-boxes. Lady Mary Wortley took snuff; Madame du Bocage also, no doubt; we fear even the charming Countess of Suffolk, and my Lady Harvey. Steele, in the character of Bickerstaff, speaking of his half-sister, Miss Jenny Distaff, who was a blue-stocking and about to be married, thinks it desirable that she should not continue to have a nose "all over snuff" in future. He seems, in consideration of her books, willing to compromise with a reasonable beginning. Ladies are greatly improved in this respect. No blue-stockings now-a-days, we suspect, take snuff, that have any pretensions to youth or beauty. They rather choose to realize the visions of their books, and vindicate the united claims of mind and person. Sure of their pretensions, they even disclaim any pretence, except that of wearing stockings like other people; to prove which, like proper unaffected women, they give into the fashion of short petticoats, philosophically risking the chance of drawing inferior eyes from the charms of their talk to those of their feet and ankles.

In the battle of the "Rape of the Lock," Pope makes his heroine, Belinda, conquer one of her gallant enemies by chucking a pinch of snuff in his face; nor

does he tell us that she borrowed it. Are we to conclude that even she, the pattern of youthful beauty, took it out of her own pocket?

> "But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
> She with one finger and a thumb subdued;
> Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
> A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
> The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
> The pungent grains of titillating dust;"

[A capital line!]

> "Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
> And the high dome re-echoes to his nose."

This mode of warfare is now confined to the shop-lifters. No modern poet would think of making his heroine throw snuff at a man.

An Italian wit has written a poem on Tobacco (La Tabaccheide), in which, with the daring animal spirits of his countrymen, he has ventured upon describing a *sneeze*. We shall be bolder than he, considering the less enthusiastic noses of the North, and venture to give a free version of the passage: —

> "Ma mi sento tutto mordere
> E dentro e fuori
> Il meato degli odori,
> E la piramide
> Rinocerontica;
> E via più crescere
> Quella prurigine,
> Che non mai sazia,
> Va stuzzicandomi,
> Va rimordendomi,
> E inuggiolendomi,
> E va gridandomi

Fiuta, fiuta, annasa, annasa
Questa poca, ch'è rimasa. —
Chi m'ajuta? su, finiamola,
Che non è già questa elleboro,
Ma divina quintessenza,
Che da Bacco ha dipendenza,
Donatrice d' allegrì
D' allegrì . . . grì — grì — allegrì . . .
(Lo starnuto mel rapia),
Donatrice d' allegria."

There is more of it; but we cannot stand sneezing all night. (We write this towards bedtime).

"What a moment! What a doubt! —
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me;
Now with rapturous torment wrings me;
Now says, 'Sneeze, you fool! get through it.'
What shall help me — Oh, good Heaven!
Ah — yes, thank ye — Thirty-seven —
Shee — shee — Oh, 'tis most del-*ishi*
Ishi — ishi — most del-*ishi*:
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring:)
Snuff's a most delicious thing."

Sneezing, however, is not a high snuff-taking evidence. It shows the author to have been raw to the science, and to have written more like a poet than a professor.

As snuff-taking is a practice inclining to reflection, and therefore, to a philosophical consideration of the various events of this life, grave as well as gay, we shall conclude the present article with the only tragical story we ever met with in connection with a snuff-

box. We found it in a very agreeable book, — "A Week on the Loire."

"The younger Cathélineau, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn-out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame la Duchesse de Berri; associated in his successes with M. de Suriac, M. Morriset, and M. de la Soremère; names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaupréau: they took refuge in a château in the neighborhood. The troops surrounded and searched it, but all in vain: not a single human being was found in it. Certain, however, that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the château, they closed the gates, set their watch, and allowed no one to enter, except a peasant whom they employed to show the hiding-places. This watch they kept three days, till wearied by the non-appearance of the parties, and the bellowing of the cattle, who were confined without water and on short allowance, they were on the point of quitting the spot. One of the officers, however, thought, previous to doing so, he would go over the château once more; the peasant followed close at his heels: suddenly the officer turned towards him, 'Give me a pinch of snuff, friend,' said he.

"'I have none,' replied the man, 'I do not take it.'

"'Then who is there in this château that does?'

"'No one that I know of: there is no one in the château, as you see.'

"'Then whence comes the snuff which I see here?' said the officer, pointing with his foot to some which was scattered on the ground.

"The man turned pale, and made no reply. The officer looked round again, examined the earth more closely, stamped with his foot, and at last thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below were hollow. He scrutinized every inch, and at length saw something like a loose board: he raised it up, and then, alas! he beheld Cathélineau, in front of his three companions, with his pistols in his hand ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate. He fired: Cathélineau fell dead, and his companions were seized. This story was told us by the keeper of the Musée, and afterwards confirmed by an officer who was one of the party employed."

We almost regret to have closed a light article with "so heavy a stone" as this. ("To tell him that he shall be annihilated," saith Sir Thomas Browne, "is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man.") But the snuff-taker, with his magic box in hand, is prepared for chances. As the Turk takes to his pipe, and the sailor to his roll of tobacco, so he to his pinch; and he is then prepared for whatsoever comes, — for a melancholy face with the melancholy, or a laugh with the gay.

Another pinch, reader, before we part.

WORDSWORTH AND MILTON.

"IT is allowed on all hands, now, that there are no sonnets in any language comparable with Wordsworth's. Even Milton must yield the palm. He has written but about a dozen or so, — Wordsworth some hundreds: and though nothing can surpass 'the inspired grandeur of that on the Piedmontese Massacre, the tenderness of those on his Blindness and on his Deceased Wife, the grave dignity of that to a Young Lady, or the cheerful and Attic grace of those to Lawrence and Cyriac Skinner,' as is finely said by the writer of an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on Glassford's 'Lyrical Translations,' yet *many* of Wordsworth's equal even these; and the long and splendid array of his sonnets — deploying before us in series after series — astonishes us by the proof it affords of the inexhaustible riches of his imaginative genius and his moral wisdom. One series on the river Duddon, two series dedicated to Liberty, three series on our Ecclesiastical History, miscellaneous sonnets in multitudes, and those last poured forth as clear and bright and strong as the first that issued from the sacred spring!" — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Most true is this. Wordsworth's untired exuber-

ance is indeed astonishing; though it becomes a little less so when we consider that his genius has been fortunate in a long life of leisure, his opinions not having rendered it necessary to him to fight with difficulties, and daily cares, and hostile ascendencies, as Milton's did, —

> "Exposed to daily fraud, contempt, and wrong,
> With darkness and with dangers compassed round."

In that condition sate the great blind epic poet; and, after having performed an active as well as contemplative part for his earthly sojourn, still combined action with contemplation in a mighty narrative, and built the adamantine gates of another world. In no invidious regard for one great poet against another do we say it, but in justice to fame itself, and in the sincerest reverence of admiration for both. With the exception of Shakespeare (who included everybody), Wordsworth has proved himself the greatest contemplative poet this country has produced. His facility is wonderful. He never wants the fittest words for the finest thoughts. He can express at will those innumerable shades of feeling which most other writers, not unworthy too, in their degree, of the name of poets, either dismiss at once as inexpressible, or find so difficult of embodiment as to be content with shaping them forth but seldom, and reposing from their labors. And rhyme, instead of a hinderance, appears to be a positive help. It serves to concentrate his thoughts, and make them closer and more precious. Milton did not pour forth sonnets in this manner, — poems in hundreds of little channels, — all solid and

fluent gold. No; but he was venting himself, instead, in "Paradise Lost." "Paradise Lost," if the two poets are to be compared, is the set-off against Wordsworth's achievement in sonnet-writing. There is the "Excursion," to be sure; but the "Excursion" is made up of the same purely contemplative matter. It is a long-drawn song of the nightingale, as the sonnets are its briefer warbles. There is no eagle-flight in the "Excursion;" no sustainment of a mighty action; no enormous hero, bearing on his wings the weight of a lost eternity, and holding on, nevertheless, undismayed, — firm-visaged through faltering chaos, — the combatant of all chance and all power, — a vision, that, if he could be seen now, would be seen in the sky like a comet, remaining, though speeding, — visible for long nights, though rapidly voyaging, — a sight for a universe, — an actor on the stage of infinity. There is no such robust and majestic work as this in Wordsworth. Compared with Milton, he is but as a dreamer on the grass, though a divine one; and worthy to be compared as a younger, a more fluent-speeched, but less potent brother, whose business it is to talk and think, and gather together his flocks of sonnets like sheep (beauteous as clouds in heaven); while the other is abroad, more actively moving in the world, with contemplations that take the shape of events. There are many points of resemblance between Wordsworth and Milton. They are both serious men; both in earnest; both maintainers of the dignity of poetry in life and doctrine; and both are liable to some objections on the score of sectarianism, and narrow theological views. But Milton widened

these as he grew old; and Wordsworth, assisted by the advancing light of the times (for the greatest minds are seldom as great as the whole instinctive mind of society), cannot help conceding or qualifying certain views of his own, though timidly, and with fear of a certain few, such as Milton never feared. Milton, however, was never weak in his creed, whatever it was: he forced it into width enough to embrace all place and time, future as well as present. Wordsworth would fain dwindle down the possibilities of heaven and earth within the views of a Church-of-England establishment. And he is almost entirely a retrospective poet. The vast future frightens him; and he would fain believe that it is to exist only in a past shape, and that shape something very like one of the smallest of the present, with a vestry for the golden church of the New Jerusalem, and beadles for the "limitary cherubs." Now, we hope and believe that the very best of the past will merge into the future: how long before it be superseded by a still better, we cannot say. And we own that we can conceive of nothing better than some things which already exist, in venerable as well as lovely shapes. But how shall we pretend to limit the vast flood of coming events, or have such little faith in nature, providence, and the enlightened co-operation of humanity, as to suppose that it will not adjust itself in the noblest and best manner? In this respect, and in some others, Mr. Wordsworth's poetry wants universality. He calls upon us to sympathize with his churches, and his country flowers, and his blisses of solitude; and he calls well: but he wants one of the

best parts of persuasion; he is not reciprocal; he does not sufficiently sympathize with our towns and our blisses of society, and our reformations of churches (the consequences, after all, of his own. What would he not have said, by the by, in behalf of Popery, had he lived before a Reformation?) And it may be said of him, as Johnson said of Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso," that "no mirth indeed can be found in his melancholy;" but it is to be feared there is always "some melancholy in his mirth." His Muse invites us to the treasures of his retirement in beautiful, noble, and inexhaustible language: but she does it, after all, rather like a teacher than a persuader; and fails in impressing upon us the last and best argument, that she herself is happy. Happy she must be, it is true, in many senses: for she is happy in the sense of power; happy in the sense of a good intention; happy in fame, in words, in the consciousness of immortal poetry: yet there she is, after all, not quite persuasive, — more rich in the means than in the ends, — with something of a puritan austerity upon her, — more stately than satisfactory, — wanting in animal spirits, in perfect and hearty sympathy with our pleasures and her own. A vaporous melancholy hangs over his most beautiful landscapes. He seems always girding himself up for his pilgrimage of joy, rather than enjoying it; and his announcements are in a tone too exemplary and didactic. We admire him; we venerate him; we would fain agree with him: but we feel something wanting on his own part towards the largeness and healthiness of other men's wider experience; and we resent, for his sake as well as ours, that he

should insist upon squaring all which is to come in the interminable future with the visions that bound a college cap. We feel that it will hurt the effect of his genius with posterity, and make the most admiring of his readers, in the third and fourth generation, lament over his narrowness. In short, his poetry is the sunset to the English Church, — beautiful as the real sunset "with evening beam," gorgeous, melancholy, retrospective, giving a new and divine light to the lowliest flowers, and setting the pinnacles of the churches golden in the heavens. Yet nothing but a sunset and a retrospection it is. A new and great day is coming, — diviner still, we believe, — larger, more universal, more equable, showing (manifestly) the heavens more just, and making mankind more truly religious, because more cheerful and grateful.

The editor of "Blackwood" justly prides himself on having appreciated this noble poet from the first: but it is a pity, we think, that he looks back in anger upon those whose literary educations were less fortunate; who had been brought up in schools of a different taste; and who showed, after all, a natural strength of taste singularly honorable to them, in being able to appreciate real poetry at last, even in quarters to which the editor himself, we believe, has never yet done justice, though no man could do it better. For Wilson's prose (and we could not express our admiration of it more highly) might stretch forth its thick and rich territory by the side of Keats's poetry, like a land of congenial exuberance, — a forest tempest-tossed indeed, compared with those still valleys and enchanted gardens, but set in the same identical

region of the remote, the luxuriant, the mythological; governed by a more wilful and scornful spirit, but such as hates only from an inverted principle of the loving, impatient of want of sympathy, and incapable, in the last resort, of denying the beautiful wheresoever existing, because thereby it would deny the divine part of itself. Why should Christopher North revert to the errors of his critical brethren in past times, seeing that they are all now agreed, and that every one of them perhaps has something to forgive himself in his old judgments (ourselves assuredly not excepted, if we may be allowed to name ourselves among them)? Men got angry from political differences, and were not in a temper to give dispassionate poetical judgments. And yet Wordsworth had some of his greatest praises from his severest political opponents (Hazlitt, for instance); and out of the former Scotch school of criticism, which was a French one, or that of Pope and Boileau, came the first hearty acknowledgment of the merits of Keats, for whom we were delighted the other day to find that an enthusiastic admiration is retained by the chief of that school (Jeffrey), whose natural taste has long had the rare honor of triumphing over his educational one; and who ought, we think, now that he is a Lord of Session, to follow at his leisure moments the example set him by the most accomplished of all national benches of judicature, and give us a book that should beat, nevertheless, all the Kameses and Woodhouselees before him: as it assuredly would.

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

No. I.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London, in the year 1328, apparently of a gentleman's family; and was bred in the court of Edward the Third. He married a sister of Catherine Swynford, mistress, and afterwards wife, to the king's son, John of Gaunt; and was employed in court-offices, and in a mission to Italy, where he is supposed to have had an interview with Petrarch. In the subsequent reign he fell into trouble, owing to his connection with John of Gaunt's party and the religious reformers of those days: upon which he fled to the Continent, but returned; and, after an imprisonment of three years, was set at liberty, on condition of giving up the designs of his associates, — a blot on the memory of this great poet, and apparently otherwise amiable and excellent man, which he has excused as well as he could by alleging that they treated him ill, and would have plundered and starved him. He died in the year 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to which he had had a house on the site where Henry the Seventh's Chapel now stands: so that the reader, in going along the pavement there, is walking where Chaucer once lived.

His person, in advanced life, tended to corpulency; and he had a habit of looking down. In conversation he was modest, and of few words. He was so fond of reading, that he says he took heed of nothing in comparison, and would sit at his books till he dimmed his eyes. The only thing that took him from them was a walk in the fields.

Chaucer (with Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton) is one of the four great English poets; and it is with double justice that he is called the Father of English Poetry; for, as Dante did with Italian, he helped to form its very language. Nay, it burst into luxuriance in his hands, like a sudden month of May. Instead of giving you the idea of an "old" poet, in the sense which the word vulgarly acquires, there is no one, upon acquaintance, who seems so young, consistently with maturity of mind. His poetry rises in the land like a clear morning, in which you see every thing with a rare and crystal distinctness, from the mountain to the minutest flower; towns, solitudes, human beings; open doors, showing you the interior of cottages and of palaces; fancies in the clouds, fairy-rings in the grass; and in the midst of all sits the mild poet alone, his eyes on the ground, yet with his heart full of every thing round him, beating, perhaps, with the bosoms of a whole city, whose multitudes are sharing his thoughts with the daisy. His nature is the greatest poet's nature, omitting nothing in its sympathy (in which respect he is nearer to Shakespeare than either of their two illustrious brethren); and he combines an epic power of grand, comprehensive, and primitive imagery, with that of being contented

with the smallest matter of fact near him, and of luxuriating in pure vague animal spirits, like a dozer in a field. His gayety is equal to his gravity, and his sincerity to both. You could as little think of doubting his word as the point of the pen that wrote it. It cuts as clear and sharp into you as the pen on the paper. His belief in the good and beautiful is child-like; as Shakespeare's is that of everlasting and manly youth. Spenser's and Milton's are more scholarly and formal. Chaucer excels in pathos, in humor, in satire, character, and description. His graphic faculty, and healthy sense of the material, strongly ally him to the painter; and perhaps a better idea could not be given of his universality than by saying that he was at once the Italian and the Flemish painter of his time, and exhibited the pure expression of Raphael, the devotional intensity of Domenechino, the color and corporeal fire of Titian, the manners of Hogarth, and the homely domesticities of Ostade and Teniers! His faults are coarseness, which was that of his age; and, in some of his poems, tediousness, which is to be attributed to the same cause, — a book being a book in those days, written by few; and, when it was written, tempting the author to cram into it every thing that he had learned, in default of there being any encyclopædias. That tediousness was no innate fault of the poet's, is strikingly manifest, not only from the nature of his genius, but from the fact of his throwing it aside as he grew older and more confident, and spoke in his own person. The "Canterbury Tales," his last and greatest work, is almost entirely free from it, except where he gives us a long prose discourse,

after the fashion of the day; and in no respect is his "Palamon and Arcite" more remarkable than in the exquisite judgment with which he has omitted every thing superfluous in his prolix original, "The Teseide," — the work of the great and poetical-natured, but not great poet, Boccaccio (for Boccaccio's heart and nature were poems; but he could not develop them well in verse).

In proceeding to give specimens from the works of the father of our verse, the abundance which lies before us is perplexing; and, in order to do any thing like justice, we are constrained to be unjust to his context, and to be more piecemeal than is desirable. Our extracts are from the volumes lately given to the world by Mr. Clarke, entitled the "Riches of Chaucer," in which the spelling is modernized, and the old pronunciation marked with accents, so as to show the smoothness of the versification. That Chaucer is not only a smooth, but a powerful and various versifier, is among the wonders of his advance beyond his age: but it is still doubtful whether his prosody was always correct in the modern sense; that is to say, whether all his lines contain the regulated number of syllables, or whether he does not sometimes make time stand for number; or, in other words, a strong and hearty emphasis on one syllable perform the part of two, as in the verse, which will be met with below, about the monk on horseback; of whom he says, that —

> "Men might his bridle hear
> *Ging*ling in a whistling wind as clear,
> And eke as loud, as doth the chapel-bell."

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER'S PORTRAIT-PAINTING AND HUMOR.

(*From the set of Characters at the beginning of the Canterbury Tales.*)

THE KNIGHT.

And evermore he had a sovereign prise;
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no villany ne said,
In all his life, unto no manner wight:
He was a very perfect gentle knight.

. . . . . .

THE SQUIRE.

With him there was his son, a youngé *squièr*,
A lover and a lusty bacheler,
With lockés curled as they were laid in press;
Of twenty years of age he was, I guess;
Of his statúre he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver,* and great of strength:
And he had been some time in chevachie,†
In Flaunders, in Artòis, and Picardie,
And borne him well, as of so little space,
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.
Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshé flowrés white and red;
Singing he was or floyting‡ all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May:
. . . . . .
Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved before his father at the table.

[Which was the custom for sons in those days. His attendant yeoman is painted in a line.]

THE YEOMAN.

A nut-head had he with a brown viságe.

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* Agile.

† *Chevauchée* (French), — military service on horseback.

‡ Fluting.

THE PRIORESS.

There was also a nun, a prioress,
That of her smiling was full simple and coy,
Her greatest oath n'as but by "Saint Eloy;"
And she was clepéd Madam Eglantine.
Full well she sangé the service divine,
Entunéd in her nose full sweetely:
And French she spake full fair and fetisly,
After the school of Stratford atté Bow;
For French of Paris was to her unknow:

[A touch of good satire that might tell now!]

At meaté she was well ytaught withal;
She let no morsel from her lippés fall,
Ne wet her fingers in her saucé deep:
Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep.

[These are the elegances which it was thought necessary to teach in that age.]

But for to speaken of her consciénce:
She was so charitable and so piteous,
She wouldé weep if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.
Of smallé houndés had she, that she fed
With roasted flesh and milk and wastel bread;
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
Or if men smote it with a yardé smart:
And all was conscièn̂ce and tender heart.

[What a charming verse is that!]

THE MONK.

A monk there was, a fair for the mastery;
An out-rider, that lovéd venery;*
A manly man to been an abbot able:
Full many a dainty horse had he in stable;

---

* Venery,—hunting.

And, when he rode, men might his bridle hear
Gingling in a whistling wind as clear,
And eke as loud, as doth the chapel-bell,
There as this lord was keeper of the cell.
The rulé of Saint Maure and of Saint Bene't,
Because that it was old, and somedeal strait,
This ilké monk let oldè thingés pace,
And held after the newé world the trace.
He gave not of the text a pulléd hen,
That saith that hunters be not holy men;
Nor that a monk, when he is reckéless,
Is like to a fish that is waterless;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloister:
This ilké text held he not worth an oyster.
. . . . . .
His head was bald, and shone as any glass,
And eke his face, as it had been anoint:
He was a lord full fat and in good point;
His eyen steep, and rolling in his head,
That steaméd as a furnace of a lead;
His bootés supple, his horse in great estate;
Now certainly he was a fair prelate.

[Of the sly and accommodating *friar* we are told, that]—

Full sweetély heard he confessión,
And pleasant was his absolutión.

This was a couplet that used to delight the late Mr. Hazlitt. To give it its full gusto, it should be read with a syllabical precision, after the fashion of Dominie Sampson.

THE SCHOLAR.

Him was lever have at his bed's head*
Twenty bookés, clothéd in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robés rich, or fiddle or psaltry.

* Rather.

But all be that he was a philosópher,
Yet haddé he but little gold in coffer,
But all that he might of his friendés hent,
On bookés and on learning he it spent,
And busily 'gan for the soulés pray
Of them that gave him wherewith to scholay.
Of study took he mosté cure and heed;
Not a word spake he moré than was need;
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentence:
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

A noble verse, containing all the zeal and single-heartedness of a true love of knowledge. The account of—

THE SERGEANT OF THE LAW

contains a couplet, which will do for time everlasting to describe a bustling man of business. If Fielding had read Chaucer, he would assuredly have applied it to his Lawyer Dowling, who "wished he could cut himself into twenty pieces," he had so much to do.

*No where so busy a man as he there n'as,**
AND YET HE SEEMED BUSIER THAN HE WAS.

THE SAILOR.

A shipman was there, wonéd far by west;
For aught I wot, he was of Dartémouth:
He rode upon a rouncy as he couth,
[He rode upon a hack-horse as well as he could.]
All in a gown of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a lace had he
About his neck under his arm adown:
The hoté summer had made his hue all brown:

* Pronounced *noz*, was not.

And certainly he was a good fellaw;
Full many a draught of wine he haddé draw
From Bourdeaux ward, while that the chapmen sleep:
Of nicé consciénce took he no keep.
If that he fought and had the higher hand,
By water he sent them home to every land.
But of his craft to reckon well his tides,
His streamés and his strandés him besides;
His harberow, his moon, and his lodemanage,
There was none such from Hull unto Carthage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;
With many a tempest had his beard been shake:
He knew well all the havens, as they were
From Gothland to the Cape de Finistere;
And every creek in Bretagne and in Spain;
His barge yclepéd was the Magdalen.

THE PARISH PRIEST.

Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder;
But he ne left naught, for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief, to visit
The farthest in his parish much and lite.
. . . . . .
He settè not his benefice to hire,
And let his sheep accumbred in the mire,
And ran unto Londón, unto Saint Poule's,
To seeken him a chantery of souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be withold;
But dwelt at home, and kepté well his fold,
So that the wolf he made it not miscarry;
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary;
. . . . . .
He waited after no pomp or reverence,
Ne makéd him no spicéd consciénce,
But Christés love, and his apostles twelve
He taught, *but first he followed it himself.*

How admirably well expressed is *spicéd consciénce!* — a conscience requiring to be kept easy and sweet with drugs and luxurious living.

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

No. II.

SEVERAL of Chaucer's best poems are translations from the Italian and French; but of so exquisite a kind, so improved in character, so enlivened with fresh natural touches, and freed from *comparative* superfluity (in some instances, freed from *all* superfluity), that they justly take the rank of originals. We are sorry that we have not the poem of Boccaccio by us, from which he took the "Knight's Tale," containing the passages that follow, in order that we might prove this to the reader: but it is lucky perhaps in other respects, for it would have led us beyond our limits; and all that we profess, in these extracts, is to give just so many passages of an author as shall suffice for evidence of his various characteristics. We take, from his garden, specimens of the flowers for which he is eminent, and send them before the public as in a horticultural show. To see them in their due juxtaposition and abundance, we must refer to the gardens themselves; to which it is, of course, one of our objects to tempt the beholder.

PHYSICAL LIFE AND MOVEMENT.

A young knight going a-Maying.

Compare the saliency and freshness and natural language of the following description of Arcite going

a-Maying, with the more artificial version of the passage in Dryden. Sir Walter Scott says of it, that the modern poet must yield to the ancient, in spite of "the beauty of his versification." But, with all due respect to Sir Walter, here is the versification itself, as superior in its impulsive melody, even to Dryden's, as a thoroughly unaffected beauty is to a beauty half spoilt.

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluéth * in her song the morrow gray;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his streamés drieth in the grevés †
The silver droppès hanging on the leavés:
And Arcite, that is in the court reál ‡
With Theseus, the squiér principal,
Is risen, *and looketh on the merry day;*
And for to do his óbservance to May,
Remembring on the point of his desire,
He on his courser, *starting as the fire,*

[An admirable image! He means those sudden catches and impulses of a fiery horse, analogous to the shifting starts of a flame in action;]

Is ridden to the fieldés, him to play,
Out of the court, *were it a mile or tway;*

[These are the mixtures of the particular with the general, by which natural poets come home to us;]

And to the grove of which that I you told,
By áventure § his way he gan to hold,
To maken him a garland of the grevés,
Were it of woodbind or of hawthorn leavés;

---

* Saluteth. † Groves. ‡ Royal.
§ *Per aventura* (Italian), — by chance.

*And loud he sang against the sunny sheen:**
May, — with all thy flowérs and thy green,
Right welcome be thou, fairé freshé May:
I hope that I some green here getten may.

["I hope that I may get some green here," — an expression a little more off-hand and trusting, and fit for the season, than the conventional commonplaces of the passage in Dryden: —

"For thee, sweet month, the groves *green liveries wear!*" &c.]

PORTRAITS OF TWO WARRIOR-KINGS.

There mayst thou see, coming with Palamon,
Licurge himself, the greaté King of Thrace:
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;

[Here was Dryden's and Pope's turn of line anticipated under its most popular form.]

The circles of his eyen in his head
They gloweden betwixen yellow and red;
And like a griffon looked he about,
With combéd hairés on his browés stout;

[That is to say, a forehead of the simplest, potent appearance, with no pains taken to set it out.]

His limbés great, his brawnés hard and strong,
His shoulders broad, his armés round and long;
And, as the guisé was in his countrée,
Full high upon a car of gold stood he.
With fouré whité bullés in the trace
Instead of coat armoúr on his harnáce,†
With nailés yellow, and bright as any gold;
He had a bearé's skin, cole-black for old.
His longé hair was combed behind his back
As any raven's feather it shone for black;

---

* The sunshine. † Harness.

A wreath of gold arm-great, of hugé weight,
Upon his head sate full of stonés bright,
Of fine rubies and of diámonds.
About his car there wenten white alauns *
Twenty and more, as great as any steer,
To hunten at the lion or the deer,
And followed him, with muzzle fast ybound,
Collared with gold, and tourettes † filéd round.
A hundred lordés had he in his rout,
Armed full well with heartés stern and stout.
With Arcita, in stories as men find.
The great Emetrius, the King of Ind,
Upon a steedé bay, trappéd in steel,
Covered with cloth of gold diápred wele,
Came riding like the god of armés, Mars;

[There's a noble line, with the monosyllable for a climax!]

His coat-armoúr was of a cloth of Tars;
Couchéd ‡ with pearlés white and round and great;
. . . . . .
His crispé hair like ringés was y-run,
And that was yellow, and glitteréd as the sun;
His nose was high, his eyen a bright citrine, §
His lippés round, his color was sanguine;
A few frackness ‖ in his face yspreut, ¶
Betwixen yellow and black somdeal yment; **
And as a lion he his looking cast.

[He does not omit the general impression, notwithstanding all these particulars. You may see his portrait close or at a distance, as you please.]

* *Alano* (Spanish), — a species of hound.
† Rings on the collars to leash by.
‡ Embedded.
§ Citron-color. It seems to imply what has been sometimes called a green-eye, — a hazel dashed with a sort of sparkling yellow.
‖ Freckles. ¶ Sprinkled. ** Mingled.

Of five-and-twenty years his age I cast;*
His beard was well beginning for to spring;
His voice was as a trumpét thundering.
. . . . . .
A hundred lordés had he with him there,
All arméd *save their heads,* in all their gear;
Full richély in allé manner thingés;
For trusteth well† that earlés, dukés, kinges,
Were gathered in this noble company,
For love, and for increase of chivalry.
About this king there ran on every part
Full many a tame lión and leópart.

---

* Reckon. — Chaucer, like the Italians and French, used the same word for a rhyme, provided the meaning was different.

† Believe me. The third person singular had the force, in those days, of the imperative.

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

No. III.

His Pathos.

CHAUCER'S pathos is true nature's: it goes directly to its object. His sympathy is not fashioned and clipped by modes and respects; and herein, indeed, he was lucky in the comparatively homely breeding of his age, and in the dearth of books. His feelings were not rendered critical and timid. Observe the second line, for instance, of the following verses. The glossaries tell us that the word "*swelt*" means *fainted*, — *died*. There may be a Saxon word with such a meaning: but, luckily for Nature and Chaucer, there is another Saxon word, *swell*, of which *swell'd* is the past tense; and most assuredly this is the word here, as the reader will feel instantly. No man, however much in love, faints "full oft a day:" but he may swell, as the poet says; that is to say, heave his bosom and body with the venting of his long-suspended breath, and say, "Alas!" The fainting is unnatural; the sigh and the heaving is most natural, and most admirably expressed by this homely word. We have, therefore, spelt it accordingly, to suit the rest of the orthography.

THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

(*From the Knight's Tale.*)

When that Arcite to Thebés comen was,
Full oft a day he swell'd, and said, "Alas!"
For see his lady shall he never mo.*
And shortly to concluden all his woe.
So muckle sorrow had never creature
That is, or shall be, while the world may dure:
His sleep, his meat, his drink, is him beraft,
That lean he waxed, and dry as is a shaft;
His eyen hollow, and grisly to behold;
His hue sallow, *and pale as ashes cold;*
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his moan;
And if he hearde song or instrument,
Then would he weepe; he mighte not be stent.

That is, could not be stopped: the wilful, washing, self-pitying tears would flow. This touch about the music is exquisite.

Dryden, writing for the court of Charles the Second, does not dare to let Arcite weep, when he hears music. He restricts him to a gentlemanly sigh:—

"He *sighs* when songs or instruments he hears."

The cold ashes, which have lost their fire (we have the phrase still "as pale as ashes"), he turns to "sapless boxen leaves" (a classical simile); and far be it from him to venture to say "swell." No gentleman ever "swell'd;" certainly not with sighing, whatever he might have done with drinking. But, instead of that, the modern poet does not mind indulging him

* More. "Mo" is still to be found in the old version of the Psalms.

with a good canting commonplace, in the style of the fustian tragedies: —

> "He raved with all the madness of despair;
> He raved, he beat his breast, he tore his hair."

And then we must have a solid, sensible reason for the lover's not weeping: —

> "Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears;
> *For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears!*"

It was not sufficient, that, upon the principle of extremes meeting, the excess of sorrow was unable to weep, — that even self-pity seemed wasted. When the fine gentleman of the court of Charles the Second, and when Charles himself, wept (see Pepys), it was when they grew maudlin over their wine, and thought how piteous it was that such good eaters and drinkers should not have every thing else to their liking. But let us not run the risk of forgetting the merits of Dryden, in comparing him with a poet so much the greater.

THE SAME LOVER DYING.

> Alas the woe! alas the painés strong
> That I for you have suffered, and so long!
> Alas the death! alas mine Emily!
> Alas, departing of our company!
> Alas mine heartés queen! Alas my wife!

"Alas!" it is to be observed, was the common expression of grief in those days; and all these repetitions of it only show the loud, wilful self-commiseration, natural to dying people of a violent turn of mind, as this lover was. But he was also truly in love, and a gentleman. See how he continues: —

Mine heartés lady, ender of my life!
What is this world? What asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his cold grave:
Alone, — withouten any company.

How admirably expressed the difference between warm social life and the cold solitary grave! How piteous the tautology, "Alone, — withouten any company!"

Farewell, my sweet! farewell, mine Emily!
And *soft, — take me in your armés tway*
For love of God, and hearken what I say.

He has had an unjust quarrel with his rival and once-beloved friend, Palamon: —

I have here, with my cousin Palamon,
Had strife and rancour many a day agone,
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
And Jupiter so wis my soulé gie,*
To speken of a servant† properly
With allé circumstances truély.
That is to say, truth, honour, and knigthéad,
Wisdom, humbléss, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom, and all that longeth to that art,‡
So Jupiter have of my soulé part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And, if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, *the gentle man.*

SIMILE OF A MAN LED TO EXECUTION.

(*From the "Man of Law's Tale."*)

The virtuous Constance, wrongfully accused, stands pale, and looking about her, among a king's courtiers.

* So surely guide my soul.
† A lady's servant or lover.
‡ The art of truly serving.

Have ye not seen, sometime, a pale face
(Among a press) * of him that hath been led
Toward his death, where as he getteth no grace,
And such a colour in his face hath had,
They mighten know him that was so bested
Amongèst all the faces in that rout?
So stant Custance, and looketh her about.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD PUT TO THE MERCY OF THE OCEAN.

The same Constance, accused by the king's mother of having produced him a monstrous child, is treated as above, against the will of the constable of the realm, who is forced to obey his master's orders.

Weepen both young and old, in all that place.
When that the king this cursed letter sent,
And Custance, *with a deadly palé face*
The fourth day toward the ship she went:
But nathéless she tak'th in good intent
The will of Christ; and, kneeling on the strond,
She said, "Lord, aye welcome be thy sond.†
He that me kepte from the falsé blame
Whiles I was in the land amongés you,
He can me keep from harm, and eke from shame,
In the salt sea, although I see not how.
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now.
In him trust I, and in his mother dear
That is to me my sail, and eke my steer."
Her little child lay weeping in her arm;
And, kneeling piteously, to him she said,
"*Peace, little son! I will do thee no harm.*"
With that, her kerchief off her head she braid,
And over his little eyen she it laid,
And in her arm she lulleth it full fast,
And into the heaven her eyen up she cast.

---

* In a multitude. † Thy sending, — the lot thou sendest.

"Mother (quoth she) and maiden bright, Mary!
Sooth is, that thorough womannés eggment*
Mankind was born, and damnéd aye to die,
For which thy child was on a cross yrent: †
Thy blissful eyen saw all his torménts;
Then is there no comparison between
Thy woe and *any* woe man may sustain.

The true piteous emphasis on the words of this line is not to be surpassed.

Thou saw'st thy child yslain before thine eyen,
And yet now liveth my little child parfay. ‡
Now, Lady bright! to whom all woeful crien,
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May!
Thou haven of refúge, bright star of day,
Rue on my child, that of thy gentleness
Ruest on every rueful in distress.
O little child, alas! what is thy guilt,
That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie?
Why will thine hard father have thee spilt?
O mercy, dearé constable (quoth she),
As let my little child dwell here with thee."

The silence of the pitying constable, here hurriedly passed over by poor Constance, as if she would not distress him by pressing him for what he could not do, is a specimen of those eloquent *powers of omission* for which great masters in writing are famous. Constance immediately continues: —

"An' if thou darest not saven him from blame,
So kiss him onés § *in his father's name.*"

---

* Incitement. † Torn.
‡ By my faith. § Once.

Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
And saidé, "*Farewell, husband ruthless!*"
And up she rose, and walked down the strand
Toward the ship: her followeth all the press:
And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
And tak'th her leave.

The mixture of natural kindliness, bewildered feeling, and indelible good-breeding, in this perpetual leave-taking, is excessively affecting.

And with a holy intent
She blesseth her, and into the ship she went.

Glorious, sainted *Griselda* in our next.

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

No. IV.

Story of Griselda.

THE famous story of Griselda, or patient Grizel, who supposes her husband to kill her children and to dismiss her finally from his bed under circumstances of the greatest outrage, and yet behaves meekly under all, was not long since the most popular story in Europe, and still deeply affects us. Writers have asserted that there actually was some such person. In vain has the husband been pronounced a monster, and the story impossible. In vain have critics in subsequent time, not giving sufficient heed to the difference between civilized and feudal ages, or to the beauties with which the narrative has been mingled, declared it to be no better than the sight of a "torment on the rack." The story has had shoals of narrators, particularly in old France; and been repeated and dwelt upon by the greatest and tenderest geniuses, — Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer. The whole heart of Christendom has embraced the heroine. She has passed into a proverb: ladies of quality have called their children after her, the name surviving (we believe) among them to this day, in spite of its *griesly* sound; and we defy the manliest man, of any feeling, to read it in Chaucer's own con-

secutive stanzas (whatever he may do here) without feeling his eyes moisten.

How is this to be accounted for? The husband is perfectly monstrous and unnatural, — there can be no doubt of that, — he pursues his trial of his wife's patience for twelve years, and she is supposed to love as well as to obey him all the time, — him, the murderer of her children! This, also, is unnatural, — impossible. A year, a month, a week, would have been bad enough. The lie was bad in itself. And yet, in spite of that utter renouncement of the fiction, to which civilization finally brings us, we feel for the invincibly obedient creature; we are deeply interested; we acknowledge instinctively, that the story had a right to its fame; nay (not to speak it profanely), that, like other permanent and popular stories of a solemn cast, it is a sort of revelation in its way, at once startling us with contrasts of good and evil, and ending in filling us with hope and exaltation. How is this?

The secret is, that a principle — the sense of duty — is set up in it above all considerations; that the duty once believed in by a good and humble nature is exalted by it, in consequence of its very torments, above *all* torment and all weakness. We are not expected to copy it, much less to approve or be blind to the hard-heartedness that fetches it out; but the blow is struck loudly in the ears of mankind, in order that they may think of duty itself, and draw their own conclusions in favor of their own sense of it, when they see what marvellous effect it can have even in its utmost extravagance, and how unable we are to help

respecting it, in proportion to the very depth of its self-abasement. We feel that the same woman could have gone through any trial which she thought becoming a woman, of a kind such as we should all admire in the wisest and justest ages. We feel even her weakness to be her strength, — one of the wonderfullest privileges of virtue.

We are travelling, at present, far out of the proposed design of these specimens, which were intended to consist of little more than extracts, and the briefest possible summary of the author's characteristics. But the reader will pardon an occasional yielding to temptations like these. Our present number shall consist of as brief a sketch as we can give of the successive incidents of Chaucer's story, which are managed with a skill exquisite as the feeling; and, whenever we come to an irresistible specimen, it shall be extracted.

At Saluzzo in Piedmont, under the Alps, —

"Down at the root of Vesulus the cold," —

there reigned a feudal lord, a marquis, who was beloved by his people, but too much given to his amusement, and an enemy of marriage; which alarmed them, lest he should die childless, and leave his inheritance in the hands of strangers. They, therefore, at last sent him a deputation which addressed him on the subject; and he agreed to take a wife, on condition that they should respect his choice wheresoever it might fall.

Now, among the poorest of the marquis's people, —

"There dwelt a man
Which that was holden poorest of them all:
But highé God sometimé senden can
His grace unto a little ox's stall;
Janicola, men of that thorp him call;
A daughter had he fair enough to sight,
And Grisildis this youngé maiden hight."

Tender of age was "Grisildis" or "Grisilda" (for the poet calls her both); but she was a maiden of a thoughtful and steady nature, and as excellent a daughter as could be, thinking of nothing but her sheep, her spinning, and her "old poor father," whom she supported by her labor, and waited upon with the greatest duty and obedience.

"Upon Griseld', this pooré creáture,
Full often sith this marquis set his eye,
As he on hunting rode peráventure;
And, when it fell that he might her espy,
He not with wanton looking of folly
His eyen cast on her, but in sad wise
Upon her cheer he would him oft avise."

The marquis announced to his people that he had chosen a wife, and the wedding-day arrived: but nobody saw the lady; at which there was great wonder. Clothes and jewels were prepared, and the feast too; and the marquis, with a great retinue, and accompanied by music, took his way to the village where Griselda lived.

Griselda had heard of his coming, and said to herself, that she would get her work done faster than usual, on purpose to stand at the door, like other maidens, and see the sight: but, just as she was going to look out, she heard the marquis call her;

and she set down a water-pot she had in her hand, and knelt down before him with her usual steady countenance.

The marquis asked for her father; and, going indoors to him, took him by the hand, and said, with many courteous words and leave-asking, that he had come to marry his daughter. The poor man turned red, and stood abashed and quaking, but begged his lord to do as seemed good to him: and then the marquis asked Griselda if she would have him, and vow to obey him in all things, be they what they might; and she answered trembling, but in like manner; and he led her forth, and presented her to the people as his wife.

The ladies, now Griselda's attendants, took off her old peasant's clothes, not much pleased to handle them, and dressed her anew in fine clothes, so that the people hardly knew her again for her beauty.

> "Her hairés have they combed that lay untresséd
> Full rudély, *and with their fingers small*
> A coroune on her head they have ydresséd,
> And set her full of nouches * great and small.
> Thus Walter lowly, *nay but royally,*
> Wedded with fortunate honesty;"

and Griselda behaved so well and discreetly, and behaved so kindly to every one, making up disputes, and speaking such gentle and sensible words, —

> "And couldé so *the people's heart embrace,*
> *That each her lov'th that looketh on her face.*"

---

* *Nouches*, — nuts? — buttons in that shape made of gold or jewellery.

In due time the marchioness had a daughter, and the marquis had always treated his consort well, and behaved like a man of sense and reflection: but now he informed her that his people were dissatisfied at his having raised her to be his wife; and, reminding her of her vow to obey him in all things, told her that she must agree to let him do with the little child whatsoever he pleased. Griselda kept her vow to the letter, not even changing countenance; and shortly afterwards an ill-looking fellow came, and took the child from her, intimating that he was to kill it. Griselda asked permission to kiss her child ere it died; and she took it in her bosom, and blessed and kissed it with a sad face, and prayed the man to bury its "little body" in some place where the birds and beasts could not get it. But the man said nothing. He took the child, and went his way; and the marquis bade him carry it to the Countess of Pavia, his sister, with directions to bring it up in secret.

Griselda lived on, behaving like an excellent wife; and four years afterwards she had another child, a son, which the marquis demanded of her, as he had done the daughter, laying his injunctions on her at the same time to be patient. Griselda said she would; adding, — as a proof, nevertheless, what bitter feelings she had to control, —

> "I have not had no part of children twain;
> But first, sickness; and after, woe and pain."

The same "ugly sergeant" now came again, and took away the second child, carrying it like the former to Bologna; and twelve years after, to the astonishment

and indignation of the poet, and the people too, but making no alteration whatsoever in the obedience of the wife, the marquis informs her, that his subjects are dissatisfied at his having her for a wife at all, and that he had got a dispensation from the pope to marry another, for whom she must make way, and be divorced, and return home; adding, insultingly, that she might take back with her the dowry which she brought him. Woefully, but ever patiently, does Griselda consent; not, however, without a tender exclamation at the difference between her marriage-day and this: and as she receives the instruction about the dowry as a hint that she is to give up her fine clothes, and resume her old ones, which she says it would be impossible to find, she makes him the following exquisite prayer and remonstrance. — If we had to write for only a certain select set of readers, never should we think of bespeaking their due reverence for a passage like the following, and its simple, primitive, and most affecting thoughts and words. But a publication like the present must accommodate itself to the chances of perusal in all quarters, either by alteration or explanation; and therefore, in *not* altering any of these words, or daring to gainsay the sacred tenderness they bring before us, we must observe, that as there is not a more pathetic passage to be found in the whole circle of human writ, so the pathos and the pure words go inseparably together; and his is the most refined heart, educated or uneducated, that receives them with the delicatest and profoundest emotion.

"My lord, ye wot that in my father's place
Ye did me strip out of my poorè weed,"

[How much, by the way, this old and more lengthened pronunciation of the word poor, pooré (French, *pauvre*), adds to the piteous emphasis of it!]

"And richély ye clad me of your grace:
To you brought I nought elles out of drede,*
But faith and nakedness and 'womanhede;'
And here again your clothing I restore,
And eke your wedding ring, for evermore.
The remnant of your jewels ready be
Within your 'chamber,' I dare safely sain.
Naked out of my father's house (quoth she)
I came, and naked I must turn again."

[How beautifully is the Bible used here!]

"All your pleasancé would I follow fain;
But yet I hope it be not your intent
That I smockless out of your palace went.
Ye could not do so dishonést a thing
That thilké† womb in which your children lay,
Shouldé before the people, in my walking,
Be seen all bare: wherefore, I you pray,
LET ME NOT LIKE A WORM GO BY THE WAY.
Remember you, mine owen lord so dear,
I was your wife, though I unworthy were.
Wherefore in guerdon of my 'womanhede,'
Which that I brought and 'yet' again I bear,
As vouchésafe to give me to my meed
But such a smock as I was wont to wear,
That I therewith may wrie‡ the womb of her
That was your wife. And here I take my leave
Of you, mine owén lord, *lest I you grieve.*"

---

* Out of drede,—without doubt.
† *Thilke*,—this. ‡ *Wrie*,—cover.

"'The smock,' quoth he, 'that thou hast on thy back,
Let it be still, and bear it forth with thee.'
But well unnethés * thilké word he spake,
But went his way for ruth and for pittie,
Before the folk herselven strippeth she,
And in her smock, with foot and head all bare,
Toward her father's house, forth is she fare."

The people follow her weeping and wailing; but she went ever as usual, with staid eyes, nor all the while did she speak a word. As to her poor father, he cursed the day he was born. And so with her father, for a space, dwelt "this flower of wifely patience;" nor showed any sense of offence, nor remembrance of her high estate.

At length arrives news of the coming of the new marchioness, with such array of pomp as had never been seen in all Lombardy; and the marquis, who has, in the mean time, sent to Bologna for his son and daughter, once more desires Griselda to come to him, and tells her that as he has not women enough in his household to wait upon his new wife, and set every thing in order for her, he must request her to do it; which she does with all ready obedience, and then goes forth with the rest to meet the new lady. At dinner, the marquis again calls her, and asks her what she thinks of his choice. She commends it heartily, and prays God to give him prosperity; only adding, that she hopes he will not try the nature of so young a creature as he tried hers, since *she has been brought up more tenderly, and perhaps could not bear it.*

* *Unnethés*, — scarcely.

"And when this Walter saw her patience,
Her gladdé cheer, and no malice at all,
And he so often had her done offence,
And she aye sad * and constant as a wall,
Continuing aye her innocence over all,
This sturdy marquis 'gan his hearté dress
To rue upon her wifely stedfastness."

He gathers her in his arms, and kisses her; but she takes no heed of it, out of astonishment, *nor hears any thing he says:* upon which he exclaims, that, as sure as Christ died for him, she is his wife, and he will have no other, nor ever had; and with that he introduces his supposed bride to her as her own daughter, with his son by her side; and Griselda, overcome at last, faints away.

"When she this heard, aswooné down she falleth
For *piteous joy;* and, after her swooning,
She both her youngé children to her calleth,
And in her armés, piteously weeping,
Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing
Full like a mother with her salté tears
She bathed both their visage and their hairs.

Oh! such a piteous thing it was to see
Her swooning, *and her humble voice to hear!*
'*Grand mercy!* Lord, God thank it you (quoth she),
That ye have savéd me my children dear:
Now reck † I never to be dead right here,
Since I stand in your love and in your grace,
No force of death,‡ nor when my spirit pace.

'O tender, O dear, O youngé children mine!
Your woful mother weenéd steadfastly,
That cruel houndés or some foul vermin

---

* *Sad;* composed in manner; unaltered.
† *Reck;* care. ‡ *No force of death;* no matter for death.

Had eaten you: but God of his mercy
And your benignė father tenderly
Hath done you keep;' and in that samé stound
All suddenly she swapped adown to ground.

And in her swoon so sadly holdeth she
Her children two when she 'gan them embrace,
That with great sleight and great difficulty
*The children from her arm they 'gan arrace.**
Oh! many a tear on many a piteous face
Down ran of them that stooden her beside;
Unnethe abouten her might they abide."

That is, they could scarcely remain to look at her, or stand still. And so, with feasting and joy, ends this divine, cruel story of Patient Griselda; the happiness of which is superior to the pain, not only because it ends so well, but because there is ever present in it, like that of a saint in a picture, the sweet, sad face of the fortitude of woman.

* *Arrace* (French, *arracher*); "pluck."

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

No. V.

Further Specimens of his Pleasantry and Satire.

THE FAIRIES SUPERSEDED BY THE FRIARS.

CHAUCER was one of the reformers of his time; and, like the celebrated poets and wits of most countries (Catholic included), took pleasure in exposing the abuses of the Church; not because he was an ill-natured man, and disliked the Church itself (for no one has done greater honor to the true Christian pastor than he, in a passage already quoted), but because his very good-nature, and love of truth, made him the more dislike the abuses of the best things in the most reverend places. He measures his satire, however, according to its desert, and is severest upon the severe and mercenary, — the holders of such livings as give no life, but rather take it. In the following exquisite banter, he rallies the more jovial and plebeian part of the Church — the ordinary begging-friars — with a sly good-humor. And observe how he contrives to sprinkle the passage with his poetry. The versification, also, is obviously good, even to the most modern ears: —

"In oldé dayés of the King Artóur,
Of which that Britons speaken great honóur,
All was this land fulfilled of Faéry:
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,
Dancéd full oft in many a greene mead.
This was the old opinion, as I read:
I speak of many hundred years ago;
But now can no man see none elvés mo;
For now the greaté charity and prayérs
Of limiters and other holy freres,
That searchen every land and every stream,
As thick as motés in the sunné beem,
Blessing hallés, chambers, kitchenés, and bowers,
Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,
Thorpés and barnés, shepénés and dairies,
This maketh that there be no Faéries:
For there as wont to walken was an elf,
There walketh now the limiter himself
In undermealés and in morrowings,
And saith his matins and his holy things
As he go'th in his limitation.
Women may now go safely up and down:
In every bush, and under every tree,
There is no other Incubus but he."

AN IMPUDENT, DRUNKEN SELLER OF PARDONS AND INDULGENCES CONFESSES FOR WHAT HE PREACHES.

Lordings, quoth he, in churché when I preach
I painé me to have an hautein speech,

(I do my best to speak out loud,)

And ring it out, as round as go'th a bell,
For I can all by roté that I tell:

(I learn all I say by heart:)

My theme is always one, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

"Covetousness is the root of all evil." Chaucer has fitted his Latin capitally well in with the measure, — a nicety singularly ill observed by poets in general.

> First I pronouncé whennés that I come,
> And then my bullés

(the pope's bulls)

> show I, all and some;
> Or liegé lordé's seal on my patent,
> That show I first, my body to warrént,
> That no man be so bold, nor priest nor clerk,
> Me to disturb in Christés holy work;
> And after that, then tell I forth my tales;
> Bullés of popés and cardinales,
> Of patriarchs and of bishopés, I show;
> And in Latin I speak a wordés few,
> To *saffron* with my predication,

(To give a color and relish to his sermon, like saffron in pastry,)

> And for to steer men to devótion.

The preacher here banters his own relics, and then proceeds with the following ludicrous picture and exquisitely impudent avowal: —

> Then pain I me to stretchen forth my neck,
> And east and west upon the people I beck,
> *As doth a dove sitting upon a barn:*
> My handés and my tongué gone so yearn,

(Go so briskly together,)

> That it is joy to see my business.
> Of avarice and of *such* cursedness
> Is all my preaching, *for to make them free*
> *To give their pence,* and NAMELY, — UNTO ME;

For mine intent is nought but for to win,
And nothing for correction of sin;
I reck never, when that they be buried,
Though that their soulés gone a blackberried.

(That is, though their souls go by bushels into the lower regions, like so many blackberries.)

Therefore —

(repeats he, at the end of the next paragraph, varying the note a little like a relishing musician) —

Therefore my theme *is yet*, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

IRONICAL BIT OF TRANSLATION.

In the story of the "Cock and the Fox," the gallant bird, who has been alarmed by the fox, is complimenting his favorite wife, and introduces some Latin,— the real purport of which is, that the fair sex are the "confusion of mankind;" but which, he informs her, signifies something quite the reverse. Sir Walter Scott admired this passage.

But let us speak of mirth, and stint all this.

(Stop all this.)

Madamé Partelot, so have I bliss,
Of one thing God hath sent me largé grace;
For when I see the beauty of your face,
Ye be so *scarlet red about your eyen*,
It maketh all my dreadé for to dien;
For all so siker as

(As sure as)

In principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio:
Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,
"Woman is mannés joy and mannés bliss."

In principio, mulier est hominis confusio, — "Woman, from the first, was the confusion of man." "*In principio*," observes Sir Walter, in a note on the passage in his edition of "Dryden," "refers to the beginning of St. John's Gospel." And, in a note on the word *confusio*, he says it is taken from a fabulous conversation between the Emperor Adrian and the Philosopher Secundus, reported by Vincent de Beauvais in his "Speculum Historiale." *Quid est mulier? Hominis confusio: insaturabilis bestia, &c.* "What is woman? The confusion of man, &c." "The Cock's polite version (he adds) is very ludicrous."

How pleasant to hear one great writer thus making another laugh, as if they were sitting over a table together, though five centuries are between them! But genius can make the lightest as well as gravest things the property of all time. Its laughs, as well as its sighs, are immortal.

SPECIMENS OF CHAUCER.

No. VI.

Miscellaneous Specimens of his Description, Portrait-painting, and Fine Sense.

BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

ULL lusty was the weather and benign;
For which the fowls against the sunné sheen
(What for the season and the youngé green)
Full loudé sungen their affectións:
Them seeméd had getten them protectións
Against the SWORD OF WINTER, *keen and cold.*
Squire's Tale.

PATIENCE AND EQUAL DEALING IN LOVE

For one thing, sirs, safely dare I say,
That friendés ever each other must obey,
If they will longé holden company:
Love will not be constrained by mastery:
When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon
BEATETH his wings, AND FAREWELL! HE IS GONE.

[Compare the ease, life, and gesticulation of this — the audible suddenness and *farewell* of it — with the balanced and formal imitation by Pope: —

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."]

Love is a thing as, any spirit, free.
Women of kind desiren liberty,

And not to be constrainéd as a thrall;
And so do men, if soothly I say shall.
Look, who that is most patiént in love,
He is at his advantage all above.

(He has the advantage over others that are not so.)

Patience is a high virtué certáin;
For it vanqúisheth, as these clerkés sain,
Thingés that rigour never should attain:
For every word men should not chide or plain.
Learneth to suff'ren;

(Learn to suffer;)

or, so may I gone,

(So may I prosper,)

Ye shall it learn, whether ye will or non.

The Franklin's Tale.

INABILITY TO DIE.

Three drunken rioters go out to kill Death, who meets them in the likeness of a decrepit old man, and directs them to a treasure which brings them to their destruction. The old man only is given here: —

When they had gone not fully half a mile,
Right as they would have trodden o'er a stile,
An old man and a pooré with them met:
This oldé man full meekély them gret,
And saidé thus: "Now, lordés, God you see!"
The proudest of those riotourés three
Answered again: "What? churl, with sorry grace,
Why art thou all forwrappéd save thy face?
Why livest thou so long in so great age?"
This oldé man *'gan look in his viságe,*
And saidé thus: "For I ne cannot find
A man, *though that I walked into Ind,*
Neither in city nor in no villáge,
That wouldé change his youthé for mine age;
And therefore must I have mine agé still
As longé time as it is Goddés will.

Ne Death, alas! ne will not have my life:
Thus walk I, like a restéless caitiff;
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocké with my staff early and late,
And say to her, 'Levé mother, let me in,
Lo! how I vanish, flesh and blood and skin!
Alas! when shall my bonés be at rest?
Mother, with you would I change my chest,
That in my chamber longé time hath be,
Yea, for an hairy clout to wrap in me.'"

(That is, for a coffin and a winding-sheet of hair-cloth.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE COCK.

(*In the Story of the "Cock and the Fox."*)

His comb was redder than the fine corál,
Embatteled as it were a castle wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;
Like azure were his leggés and his tone;

(His toes;)

His nailés whiter than the lily flower;
And like the burnéd gold was his colóur.

Compare the above verses (taking care of the accent) with the most popular harmonies of Pope, and see into what a flowing union of strength and sweetness the "old poet" could get when he chose.

He flew down from his beam,
For it was day, and eke his hennés all;
And with a chuck he 'gan them for to call,
For he had found a corn lay in the yard:
Royal he was; he was no more afeard.

(He had been frightened by a fox.)

He looketh, as it were a grim léoun,

(Lion,)

And on his toes he roameth up and down;
He deigneth not to set his foot to ground:
He chucketh when he hath a corn yfound;
And to him runnen then his wivés all.

PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE.

This is in the pure, unfaltering style of the old Italian painters. The simile in the third line is one of the quaintnesses of an age in which books were rare, — the key to almost all the quaintnesses of Chaucer. The rest of them are connected with his adherence to the originals from which he translated, and only appear strange from difference of time or national customs. A want of consideration to this effect led Mr. Hazlitt into an error, when he instanced that pleasant, scornful admonition to the sun in "Troilus and Creseida" (to go and sell his light to them that "engrave small seals") as an evidence of Chaucer's minuteness and particularity.

The original of "Troilus and Creseida" was by an Italian; and in Italy the seal-engravers of those times were famous, and in great employ; nor was any thing more natural for a lover, angry with the day-time, than to tell the sun to go and give his light to those that so notoriously needed it.

Among those other folk was Creseida
In widow's habit black; but nathéless
Right as our first letter is now an A,
In beauty first so stood she makéless:

(Matchless:)

Her goodly looking gladded all the press;
"N'as never seen thing to be praised so dear,
Nor under cloudé black so bright a star,

[What a pity this fine line did not terminate with a full stop! but he goes on,]

> As was Creseid," they saiden evereach one,
> That her behelden in her blacké weed;
> And yet she stood full low and still alone,
> Behind all other folks in little brede,

(In small space,)

> And nigh the door, aye under shamés drede,

(That is, not shame-faced, but apprehensive of being put to shame, — put out of her self-possession,)

> *Simple of attire and debonnair of cheer;*
> *With full-assured looking and mannére.*

Troilus, thus seeing her for the first time, looks hard at her, like a town-gallant; and she, being town-bred herself, for all her unaffectedness, thinks it necessary to let him understand that he is not to stare at her.

> She n'as not with the most of her statúre,

(Her stature was not of the tallest,)

> But all her limbés so well answering
> Weren to womanhood, that creáture
> Was never lessé mannish in seeming,
> And eke the puré wise of her meaning
> She showed well,

(Her manner was so correspondent with her meaning,)

> that men might in her guess
> Honour, estate, and womanly nobless.
> Then Troilus, right wonder well withal,
> 'Gan for to like her meaning and her cheer,
> Which somedeal deignous was;

(Was a little haughty;)

for she let fall
Her look a little aside, in such mannére
Ascaunces, — "*What! may I not standen here?*"
And after that her looking 'gan she light;

(Began to lighten, — to restore to its former ease;)

That never thought him see so good a sight.

Chaucer is very fond of painting these womanly portraits, especially the face. Here is —

ANOTHER,

introduced to us with a piece of music. The succession of adverbs at the end of the first five lines makes a beat upon the measure, analogous to the dance he is speaking of: —

I saw her dance so *comely,*
Carol and sing so *sweetly,*
And laugh and play so *womanly,*
And looken so *debonairly,*
So goodly speak and so *friendly,*
That certés I trow that evermore
N'as seen so blissful a treasóre.
For every hairé on her head,
Me soth to say it was not red,
Ne neither yellow, nor brown it n'as;
Methought most like to gold it was.
And which eyen my lady had,
Debonaire, good, and glad, and sad;

(Sad is in earnest;)

Simplé, of good muchel, not too wide;
Thereto her look was not asidé
Nor overthawt, but beset so well,
It drew and took up every deal,

(Entirely,)

All which that on her 'gan behold;
Her eyen seemed anon she would
Have mercy. Folly weenden so,
But it was ne'er the rather do:

(She looked so good-natured, that folly itself thought she was at its service; though folly was much mistaken:)

It was no counterfeited thing;
IT WAS HER OWN PURE LOOKING.

A charming couplet! And he need not have said any more; but, he was so fond of the face, he could not help going on: —

Were she ne'er so glad,
Her looking was not foolish spread.

Though dulness itself, he tells us, was absolutely "afraid of her style of life, it was so cheerful."

I have no wit that can suffice
To comprehenden her beauty.

(To describe it comprehensively.)

But thus much I dare say, that she
Was white, ruddy, fresh, lively huéd,
And every day her beauty newéd.
. . . *Be it ne'er so dark,*
Me thinketh I see her evermo.

(If all they, says the poet,)

That ever lived were now alive,
Ne would they have found to descrive
In all her face a wicked sign;
For it was sad, simple, and benign.
The Book of the Duchess.

And there is a great deal more of the description.

GOING TO SLEEP IN HEARING OF A NIGHTINGALE.

A nightingale upon a cedar green,
Under the chamber wall there as she lay,
Full loud ysung again the mooné sheen,
Par 'venture, in his birdés wise, a lay
Of love, that made her hearté fresh and gay;
That hearkenéd she so long in good intent,
Till at the last the deadé sleep her hent.

Troilus and Creseida.

EXQUISITE COMPARISON OF A NIGHTINGALE, WITH CONFIDENCE AFTER FEAR.

And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any herdés tale,

(Herdsman counting his flock,)

Or in the hedges any wight stirring;
And after, siker DOTH HER VOICE OUTRING:

(Siker is securely:)

Right so Creseidé, when that her aread stent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

We conclude this long article, very unwillingly (having to omit a hundred beautiful passages), with a specimen of Chaucer's philosophy, particularly fit to honor these pages: —

For thilké ground that beareth the weedés wick

(Wicked or poisonous)

Bear'th eke these wholesome herbés as full oft;
And next to the foul nettle, rough and thick,
The rose ywaxeth sote and smooth and soft;
And next the valley is the hill aloft;
And next the darké night is the glad morrow,
And also joy is next the fine of sorrow.

PETER WILKINS AND THE FLYING WOMEN.

THE "Adventures of Peter Wilkins" is a book written about a hundred years back, purporting to be the work of a shipwrecked voyager, and relating the discovery of a people who had wings. It is mentioned somewhere, with great esteem, by Mr. Southey, if our memory does not deceive us; and has been altogether so much admired, and so popular, that we are surprised Mr. Dunlop has omitted it in his "History of Fiction." The name, "Peter Wilkins," has, to the present perplexed and aspiring generation (not yet knowing what to retain and what to get rid of), a poor and vulgar sound. It is not Montreville or Mordaunt or Montgomery. "Peter" is not the name for a card. "Wilkins" hardly announces himself as a diner with dukes. But, a hundred years ago, people did not conceive that a gentleman's pretensions were nominal. What novelist now-a-days would call his hero "Tom Jones"? Yet thus was his great work christened by Fielding, — a man of noble family. However, there is a "preferment" in the instinct of this aspiration. Society has had a lift, and is inclined to take every thing for an advantage and an elegance which it sees in possession of its new company. By

and by, it will be content with the real elegances, and drop the pretended.

It is a great honor to a writer to invent a being at once new and delightful; and the honor is not the less for the apparent obviousness of the invention. Let any one try to make a new combination of this sort, and he will find how difficult it is. We will venture to say, that, besides genius in the ordinary sense of the word, there is a faith in it, and a remoteness from things worldly, that implies a virtue and a child-like simplicity, not common but to minds of the higher order. Some writers would think they were going to be merely childish, and would very properly desist. Others would be apprehensive of ridicule, and would desist with like reason. Not that everybody would succeed who fancied he should. Taste and judgment are requisite to all good inventions, as well as an imagination to find them: and there must be, above all, a strong taste for the truth; verisimilitude, or the likeness of truth, being the great charm in the wildest of fictions. It is very difficult to unite the imaginative with the worldly; and men of real genius sometimes make mistakes, in consequence, fit only for the most literal or incoherent understandings.

We have headed our article "Flying Women," instead of the "Flying People;" because, though the beings discovered by our friend Peter are of both sexes, we could never quite persuade ourselves that his males had an equal right to their *graundee*. All, however, that he says about the Flying Nation as a people is ingenious. He has escaped, in particular, in a most happy manner, from the difficulty of intro-

ducing his plain-backed hero among them without lessening his dignity, by means of implicating him with a prophecy important to their well-being: and his speculations upon their religion and policy show him to have been a man of an original turn of reflection in every thing; good-hearted, and zealous for the advancement of mankind. But his lords, his architects, and his miners, violate the remoteness of his invention, and bring it back to common-place; nor was this necessary to render his work useful. The utility of a work of imagination consists in softening and elevating the mind generally; and this is the effect of his Flying Woman. All that relates to her is luckily set in a frame by itself; is remote, quiet, and superior. She is as much above Peter's race in sincerity as in her wings; and yet there is nothing about her, which, in a higher state of humanity, the author does not succeed in making us suppose possible. Peter is even raised towards her by dint of his admiration of her truth; and the sweetness of her disposition more than meets him half-way, and sets them both on a level.

The author of this curious invention must have been a very modest as well as clever man, or have had some peculiar reasons for keeping his name a secret; for he was living when the work arrived at a second edition. The dedication does not appear in the first; and the writer, who signs himself R. P., speaks in it of the heroine as his property. It is observable, that, in all the editions we have met with, the initials R. P. are signed to the dedication, while R. S. is put in the titlepage. This also looks like a negligence uncom-

mon in authors. The dedication is to Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland, — the lady to whom Bishop Percy dedicated his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." We have sometimes fancied that Abraham Tucker wrote it, or Bishop Berkeley. It has all the ease and the cordial delicacy of the best days that followed the "Tatler," as well as their tendency to theological discussion. The mediocrity of the author's station in life might have been invented, to make the picture of a sea-faring philosopher more real; though the names of the children, *Tommy* and *Pedro*, hardly seem a contrast which a scholar could have allowed himself to give in to. The turn of words, invented for the flying people, is copied from Swift, and cannot be called happy. There is a want of analogy in them to the smoothness, and even the energy, of flying. The ancient name of the country, *Nosmnbdsgrsutt*, is more fit for that of the Houhynhyms. *Armdrumstake*, *Babbrindrugg*, *Crashdoorpt*, and *Hunkun* (marriage), and *Glumm* (a man), are words too ugly for any necessity of looking natural. We are hardly reconciled to the name of Youwarkee for the heroine. *Gawrey* (a woman) is hardly so good; but the *Graundee*, the name of the flying apparatus, will do. There is a *grandeur* in it. We see it expand, and "display its pomp," as Tasso says of the peacock. The hero's name was most likely suggested by that of a celebrated advocate of the possibility of flying, — Wilkins, Bishop of Chester.* Upon the whole, if we were in possession of the

* The bishop is said to have been asked by the flighty Duchess of Newcastle how people who took a voyage to the moon were to manage

Berkeley Manuscripts, we should look hard to find a memorandum indicative of the bishop's being the author of this delightful invention. Even the miners seem to belong to the author of the Bermuda scheme; and he had traversed the seas, and been conversant with all honest paths of life. There would also have appeared to him good reason for not avowing the book, how Christian soever, when he came to be a bishop. But these inquiries are foreign to our pages.

A peacock, with his plumage displayed, full of "rainbows and starry eyes," is a fine object; but think of a lovely woman set in front of an ethereal shell, and wafted about like a Venus. This is, perhaps, the best general idea that can be given of Peter Wilkins's bride. In the first edition of the work, published in 1751 (at least, we know of none earlier), there is an engraved explanation of the wings, or rather drapery; for such it was when at rest. It might be called a natural webbed-silk. We are to picture to ourselves a nymph in a vest of the finest texture and most delicate carnation. On a sudden, this drapery parts in two, and flies back, stretched from head to foot behind the figure, like an oval fan or umbrella; and the lady is in front of it, preparing to sweep blushing away from us, and "winnow the buxom air."

It has been objected, that the wings of Peter's woman consist rather of something laced and webbed than proper angelical wings; that this something serves her also for drapery; that the drapery therefore

for "baiting-places." To which he replied, with great felicity, that he wondered at such a question from her grace, "who had built so many castles in the air."

is alive, and that we should be shocked to find it warm and stirring. The objection is natural in a merely animal point of view; and yet, speaking for ourselves, we confess we have been so accustomed to idealities, and to aspirations after the predominancy of moral beauty in physical, that it is with an effort we allow it to be so. Supposing it, at first, to be something to which we should have to grow reconciled, we conceive that pity for the supposed deformity would only endear us the more to the charming and perfect womanhood to which it was attached. We have often thought that real tenderness for the sex would not be so great or so touching — certainly it could not be so well proved — if women partook less than they do of imperfection. But the ethereal power as well as grace belonging to our flying beauties could not long permit us to associate the idea with deformity. Our admiration of beauty, as it is (unless we hold, with some philosophers, that it is a direct ordinance of the Divine Being), is the effect of custom and kind offices. It is true, there is something in mere smoothness and harmony of form which appears to be sufficient of itself to affect us with pleasing emotions, distinct from any reference to moral beauty; but the last secrets of pleasures the most material are in the brain and the imagination. The lowest sensualist, if he were capable of reflection, would find that he was endeavoring to grasp some shadow of grace and kindliness, even when he fancied himself least given to such refinements. The worst like to receive pleasures from the best. The most hypocritical seducer, in the sorry improvidence of his selfishness, seeks to be mistaken

for what he is not; to enjoy innocence instead of guilt; to read in the eyes of simplicity what a transport it is to be loved; and to piece out the instinctive consciousness of his own want of a just moral power by the stealing of one that is unjust. Being a man, he cannot help these involuntary tributes to the soul of beauty. If it were otherwise, he would be an idiot, or a fly on the wall. We think it, therefore, perfectly natural in our friend Peter, seeing of what lovely elements the mind as well as the body of his new acquaintance is composed, to feel nothing but admiration for an appendage which doubles her power to do him good, and which realizes what it is natural for us all to long for in our dreams. The wish to fly seems to belong instinctively to all imaginative states of being, — to dreams, to childhood, and to love. Flying seems the next step to a higher state of being. If we could fancy human nature taking another degree in the scale, and displacing the present inhabitants of the world by a new set of creatures personally improved, the result of a climax in refinement, what we should expect in them would be wings to their shoulders.

We proceed to lay before our readers, from the complete edition of this romance,* the passages describing our hero's first knowledge of the flying people, and the account of his bride and her behavior.

"As I lay awake (says our voyager) one night or day, I know not which, I very plainly heard the sound

* Some abridgments, purporting to be the entire work, afford almost as inadequate an idea of it in spirit as in letter. One or two of Stothard's designs, in the edition in the "Novelist's Magazine," do justice to the grace and delicacy of the heroine.

of several human voices, and sometimes very loud: but, though I could easily distinguish the articulations, I could not understand the least word that was said; nor did the voices seem at all to me like such as I had anywhere heard before, but much softer and more musical. This startled me; and I arose immediately, slipping on my clothes, and taking my gun in my hand (which I always kept charged, being my constant travelling companion) and my cutlass. I was inclined to open the door of my ante-chamber; but I own I was afraid: besides, I considered that I could discover nothing at any distance, by reason of the thick and gloomy wood that enclosed me.

"I had a thousand different surmises about the meaning of this odd incident; and could not conceive how any human creatures should be in my kingdom (as I called it) but myself, as I never yet saw them, or any trace of their habitation.

"These thoughts kept me still more within doors than before; and I hardly ever stirred out but for water or firing. At length, hearing no more voices, nor seeing any one, I began to be more composed in my mind; and at last grew persuaded it was all a mere delusion, and only a fancy of mine without any real foundation: so the whole notion was soon blown over.

"I had not enjoyed my tranquillity above a week before my fears were roused afresh, hearing the same sound of voices twice in the same night, but not many minutes at a time; and I was resolved not to venture out: but then I determined, if they should come again any thing near my grotto, to open the door, see who

they were, and stand upon my defence, whatever came of it. Thus had I formed my scheme: but I heard no more of them for a great while; so that, at length, I became tranquil again.

. . . . . .

"I passed the summer (though I had never yet seen the sun's body) very much to my satisfaction: partly in the work I had been describing (for I had taken two more seals, and had a great quantity of oil from them); partly in building me a chimney in my ante-chamber of mud and earth, burnt on my own hearth into a sort of brick; in making a window at one end of the above-said chamber, to let in what little light would come through the trees when I did not choose to open my door; in moulding an earthen lamp for my oil; and, finally, in providing and laying stores, fresh and salt (for I had now cured and dried many more fish), against winter. These, I say, were my summer employments at home, intermixed with many agreeable excursions. But now, the winter coming on, and the days growing very short, or indeed there being no day, properly speaking, but a kind of twilight, kept mostly in my habitation, though not so much as I had done the winter before, when I had no light within doors, and slept, or at least lay still, great part of my time; for now my lamp was never out. I also turned two of my seal-skins into a rug to cover my bed; and the third into a cushion, which I always sat upon; and a very soft, warm cushion it made. All this together rendered my life very easy; nay, even comfortable: but, a little while after the darkness or twilight came on, I frequently heard the voices again,

sometimes in great numbers. This threw me into new fears; and I became as uneasy as ever, even to the degree of growing quite melancholy.

"At length one night or day, I cannot say which, hearing the voices very distinctly, and praying very earnestly to be either delivered from the uncertainty they had put me under, or to have them removed from me, I took courage, and, arming myself with a gun, listened to distinguish from whence the voices proceeded; when I felt such a thump upon the roof of my ante-chamber as shook the whole fabric, and set me all over into a tremor. I then heard a sort of shriek and a rustle near the door of my apartment: all which together seemed very terrible. But I, having before determined to see what and who it was, resolutely opened my door, and leaped out. I saw nobody: all was quite silent, and nothing that I could perceive, but my own fears, a-moving. I went then softly to the corner of my building; and there, looking down, by the glimmer of my lamp, which stood in the window, I saw something in human shape lying at my feet. I asked, 'Who's there?' No one answering, I was induced to take a near view of the object. But judge of my astonishment when I discovered the face of the most lovely and beautiful woman eyes ever beheld! I stood for a few seconds transfixed with astonishment, and my heart was ready to force its way through my sides. At length, somewhat recovering, I perceived her more minutely. But if I was puzzled at beholding a woman alone in this lonely place, how much more was I surprised at her appearance and dress! She had a sort of brown chaplet, like lace,

round her head, under and about which her hair was tucked up and twined; and she seemed to me to be clothed in a thin hair-colored silk garment, which, upon trying to raise her, I found to be quite warm, and therefore hoped there was life in the body it contained. I then took her in my arms, and conveyed her through the doorway into my grotto; where I laid her upon my bed.

"When I laid her down, I thought, on laying my hand on her breast, I perceived the fountain of life had some motion. This gave me infinite pleasure: so, warming a drop of wine, I dipped my finger in it, and moistened her lips two or three times; and I imagined they opened a little. Upon this I bethought me; and, taking a teaspoon, I gently poured a few drops of the wine, by that means, into her mouth. Finding she swallowed it, I poured in another spoonful and another, till I brought her to herself so well as to be able to sit up.

"I then spoke to her, and asked her divers questions, as if she understood me: in return of which, she uttered language I had no idea of, though in the most musical tone, and with the sweetest accent I ever heard.

"You may imagine we stared heartily at each other; and I doubted not but she wondered as much as I by what means we came so near each other. I offered her every thing in my grotto which I thought might please her; some of which she gratefully received, as appeared by her looks and behavior. But she avoided my lamp, and always placed her back towards it. I observed that, and took care to set it in such a position

myself as seemed agreeable to her, though it deprived me of a prospect I very much admired.

"After we had sat a good while, — now and then, I may say, chattering to one another, — she got up, and took a turn or two about the room. When I saw her in that attitude, her grace and motion perfectly charmed me, and her shape was incomparable; but the straitness of her dress put me to a loss to conceive either what it was, or how it was put on.

"Well, we supped together, and I set the best of every thing I had before her; nor could either of us forbear speaking in our own tongue, though we were sensible neither of us understood the other. After supper, I gave her some of my cordials, for which she showed great tokens of thankfulness. When supper had been some time over, I showed her my bed, and made signs for her to go to it; but she seemed very shy of that, till I showed her where I meant to lie myself, by pointing to myself, then to that, and again pointing to her and to my bed. When at length I had made this matter intelligible to her, she lay down very composedly; and after I had taken care of my fire, and set the things I had been using for supper in their places, I laid myself down too.

"I treated her for some time with all the respect imaginable, and never suffered her to do the least part of my work. It was very inconvenient to both of us only to know each other's meaning by signs; but I could not be otherwise than pleased to see that she endeavored all in her power to learn to talk like me. Indeed, I was not behind-hand with her in that respect, striving all I could to imitate her. With this

we at last succeeded so well, that, in a few months, we were able to hold a conversation with each other.

"After my new love had been with me a fortnight, finding my water run very low, I was greatly troubled at the thought of quitting her to go for more; and, as well as I could, entreated her not to go away before my return. As soon as she understood what I signified to her, she sat down with her arms across; leaning her head against the wall, to assure me she would not stir.

"I took my boat, net, and water-cask, as usual, desirous of bringing her home a fresh-fish dinner; and succeeded so well as to catch enough for several meals and to spare. What remained I salted, and found that she liked that better than the fresh, after a few days' salting; though she did not so well approve of that I had formerly pickled and dried.

"Thus we spent the remainder of the winter together, till the days began to be light enough for me to walk abroad a little in the middle of them; for I was now under no apprehensions of her leaving me, as she had before this time many opportunities of doing so, but never attempted it.

"I must here make one reflection upon our conduct, which you will almost think incredible; namely, that we two, of different sexes, fully inflamed with love to each other, and no outward obstacle to prevent our wishes, should have been together under the same roof for five months, conversing together from morning till night (for by this time she pretty well understood English, and I her language), and yet I should never have clasped her in my arms, or have shown

any farther feelings to her than what the deference I all along paid her could give her room to surmise. Nay, I can affirm that I did not even then know that the covering she wore was not the work of art, but the work of nature; for I really took it for silk. Indeed, the modesty of her carriage and sweetness of her behavior to me had struck into me such a dread of offending her, that, though nothing upon earth could be more capable of exciting passion than her charms, I could have died rather than have attempted to salute her, only without actual invitation.

"When the weather cleared up a little, by the lengthening of daylight, I took courage one afternoon to invite her to walk with me to the lake; but she sweetly excused herself from it, whilst there was such a glare of light; but told me, if I would not go out of the wood, she would accompany me: so we agreed to take a turn only there. I first went myself over the stile of the door, and, taking her in my arms, lifted her over. But, even when I had her in this manner, I knew not what to make of her clothing, it sat so true and close; but I begged she would let me know of what her garment was made. She smiled, and asked me if mine was not the same under my jacket. 'No, lady,' answered I: 'I have nothing but skin under my clothes.'—'Why, what do you mean?' she replied somewhat tartly; 'but indeed I was afraid something was the matter, by that nasty covering you wear, that you might not be seen. Are not you a *glumm?*'—'Yes, fair creature!'—'Then,' continued she, 'I am afraid you must have been a very bad glumm, and have been *crashee*, which I should be very sorry to

hear.' I replied, I hoped my faults had not exceeded other men's: but I had suffered abundance of hardships in my time; and that at last Providence having settled me in this spot, from whence I had no prospect of ever departing, it was none of the least of its mercies to bring to my knowledge and company the most exquisite piece of all his works in her, which I should acknowledge as long as I lived. She was surprised at this discourse, and said, 'Have not you the same prospect that I or any other person has of departing? You don't do well; and really I fear you are slit, or you would not wear this nasty cumbersome coat (taking hold of my jacket-sleeve), if you were not afraid of showing the signs of a bad life upon your natural clothing.'

"I could not for my heart imagine what way there was to get out of my dominions: and as to my jacket, I confess she made me blush; and, but for shame, I would have stripped to my skin to have satisfied her. 'But, madam,' said I, 'pray, pardon me; for you really are mistaken: I have examined every nook and corner of this island, and can find no possible outlet.'— 'Why,' replied she, 'what outlets do you want? If you are not slit, is not the air open to you as well as other people? I tell you, sir, I fear you have been slit for your crimes; and though you have been so good to me, that I can't help loving you heartily for it, yet, if I thought you had been slit, I would not stay a moment longer with you, though it should break my heart to leave you.'

"I found myself now in a strange quandary,—longing to know what she meant by being slit. But,

seeing her look a little angrily upon me, I said, 'Pray, madam, don't be offended if I take the liberty to ask you what you mean by the word *crashee*, so often repeated by you; for I am an utter stranger to what you mean by it.'—'Sir,' replied she, 'pray, answer me first how you came here.'—'Madam,' replied I, 'if you will please to take a walk to the verge of the wood, I will show you the very passage.'—'Well,' replied she, 'now this odious dazzle of light is lessened, I don't care if I do go with you.'

"When we came far enough to see the bridge,—'There, madam,' said I, 'there is my entrance, where the sea pours into this lake from yonder cavern.'—'It is not possible,' answered she: 'this is another untruth; and as I see you would deceive me, and are not to be believed, farewell! I must be gone. But, hold! let me ask you one thing more; that is, by what means did you come through that cavern? You could not have used to come over the rock.'—'Bless me, madam!' said I: 'do you think I and my boat could fly? Come over the rock, did you say? No, madam: I sailed from the great sea, in my boat, through that cavern, into this very lake.'—'What do you mean by your boat?' said she: 'you seem to make two things of your boat you sailed with and yourself.'—'I do so,' replied I: 'for I take myself to be good flesh and blood; but my boat is made of wood and other materials.'—'Is it so? And pray where is this boat that is made of wood and other materials? under your jacket?'—'Lord, madam!' said I: 'what! put a boat under my jacket! No, madam: my boat is in the lake.'—'What, more untruths!' said she. 'No,

madam,' I replied: 'if you would be satisfied of what I say (every word of which is as true as that my boat now is in the lake), pray walk with me thither, and make your own eyes judges what sincerity I speak with.' To this she agreed, it growing dusky; but assured me, if I did not give her good satisfaction, I should see her no more.

"We arrived at the lake; and going to my wet-dock, 'Now, madam, pray satisfy yourself whether I spoke true or no.' She looked at my boat, but could not yet frame a proper notion of it till I stepped into it, and, pushing from the shore, took the oars in my hand, and sailed along the lake by her as she walked on the shore. At last she seemed so well reconciled to me and my boat, that she desired I would take her in. I immediately did so, and we sailed a good way; and, as we returned to my dock, I described to her how I procured the water we drank, and brought it to the shore in that vessel.

"'Well,' said she, 'I have sailed, as you call it, many a mile in my lifetime, but never in such a thing as this. I own it will serve, where one has a great many things to carry from place to place; but to be laboring thus, when one intends pleasure in sailing, is in my mind most ridiculous.'—'Why, pray, madam, how would you have me sail? for getting into the boat only will not carry us this way or that, without using some force.'—'But, pray, where did you get this boat, as you call it?'—'O madam!' I answered, 'that is too long a story to begin upon now; but I will make a faithful relation of all to you when we get home.'

"I now perceived, and wondered at it, that, the later it grew, the more agreeable it seemed to her;* and, as I had now brought her into a good humor again by seeing and sailing in my boat, I was not willing to prevent its increase. I told her, if she pleased, we would land; and, when I had docked my boat, I would accompany her where and as long as she liked. As we talked and walked by the lake, she made a little run before me, and sprung into it. Perceiving this, I cried out; whereupon she merrily called on me to follow her. The light was then so dim as prevented my having more than a confused sight of her when she jumped in; and, looking earnestly after her, I could discern nothing more than a small boat on the water, which skimmed along at so great a rate, that I almost lost sight of it presently: but, running along the shore for fear of losing her, I met her gravely walking to meet me, and then had entirely lost sight of the boat upon the lake. 'This,' accosting me with a smile, 'is my way of sailing, which, I perceive by the fright you were in, you were altogether unacquainted with; and, as you tell me you came from so many thousand miles off, it is possible you may be made differently from me; and I suspect from all your discourse, to which I have been very attentive, it is possible you may no more be able to fly than to sail as I do.'—'No, charming creature! that I cannot, I'll assure you.' She then stepped to the edge of the lake, for the advantage of a descent before, sprung up into

* Peter subsequently learns, that, in the regions of the Flying People, it is always twilight, which makes them tender-eyed in places where the day is brighter.

the air, and away she went, farther than my eyes could follow her.

"I was quite astonished: but I had very little time for reflection; for, in a few minutes after, she alighted just by me on her feet.

"Her return, as she plainly saw, filled me with a transport not to be concealed, and which, as she afterwards told me, was very agreeable to her. Indeed, I was some moments in such an agitation of mind from these unparalleled incidents, that I was like one thunder-struck; but coming presently to myself, and clasping her in my arms with as much love and passion as I was capable of expressing, 'Are you returned again, kind angel!' said I, 'to bless a wretch who can only be happy in adoring you? Can it be, that you, who have so many advantages over me, should quit all the pleasures that Nature has formed you for, and all your friends and relations, to take an asylum in my arms? But I here make you a tender of all I am able to bestow,—my love and constancy.'—'Come, come,' replied she, 'no more raptures. I find you are a worthier man than I thought I had reason to take you for; and I beg your pardon for my distrust, whilst I was ignorant of your imperfections: but now I verily believe all you have said is true; and I promise you, as you have seemed so much to delight in me, I will never quit you, till death, or some other fatal accident, shall part us. But we will now, if you please, go home: for I know you have been for some time uneasy in this gloom, though agreeable to me; for, giving my eyes the pleasure of looking eagerly on you, it conceals my blushes from your sight.'

"In this manner, exchanging mutual endearments and soft speeches, hand in hand, we arrived at the grotto."

The author here proceeds to give an account of his nuptials; which, though given in the very best taste of the time, and evincing great purity, as well as pleasurability of nature, is better left in its place than brought forward out of the circumstances which invest it.

But are not such of our readers, as did not know her before, glad of their new acquaintance?

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FEMALES.

Their Costumes and Bearing.

THE writer of the following letter is very unmerciful on the ribbons, plumes, and other enormities of the present mode of dress; and, having torn these to pieces, proceeds to rend away veils and gowns, and fall plumb down upon the pretty feet of the wearers, and their mode of walking: but when our fair readers see what he says of their faces, and call to mind how Momus found fault with the steps of Venus herself, we trust they will forgive his fury for the sake of his love, and consider whether so fond an indignation does not contain something worth their reflection.

FRENCH LADIES VERSUS ENGLISH.

To the Editor.

SIR,—It is Mrs. Gore, I think, in one of her late novels, who says that ninety-nine English women out of a hundred dress infinitely worse than as many French; but that the *hundredth* dresses with a neatness, elegance, and propriety which is not to be paralleled on the other side of the channel. On my relating this to a fair relation of mine, she replied, "Very true: only I never saw *that hundredth*." Nor has any one else. Without exception, the English women wear

the prettiest faces and the ugliest dresses of any in the known world. A Hottentot hangs her sheep-skin *caross* on her shoulders with more effect; and it is from what I see every day of my life that I come to this conclusion.

I was the other day at a large shop at the west end of the town, where, if anywhere, we may expect to meet with favorable specimens of our countrywomen. Not a bit of it! There were a couple of French ladies there, dressed smartly and tidily, one in blue and the other in rose-colored silk, with snug little *scutty* bonnets, guiltless of tawdry ribbons or dingy plumes; and great was their astonishment at beholding the nondescript figures which ever and anon passed by. First came gliding out of her carriage, with a languishing air, a young miss, all ringlets down to the knees; feathers drooping on one side of her bonnet, flowers on the other, and an immense Brussels veil (or some such trash) hanging behind; her gown pinned to her back, like rags on a Guy Fawkes; a large warming-pan of a watch, secured round her neck by as many chains — gold, silver, and pinchbeck — as an Italian brigand; with divers other articles, as handkerchiefs, boas, &c., which, however costly and beautiful individually, formed all together an unbecoming and cook-maidish whole. Then came the two old ladies; but I give *them* up, as too far gone in their evil ways of dressing to hope for amelioration. *Ditto* for the widows in their hideous black bonnets, with a foot and a half of black crape tacked to each side, like wings to a paper kite: the horned caps of Edward the Confessor are nothing to them. The French

damsels, alluded to above, eyed one or two of these *machines* (they can go by no other name) with considerable attention, as if doubting the sanity of the wearer.

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,"

says Pope's Narcissa. I might address a similar question to English widows: —

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one *mourns*."

I looked from one end to the other of the crowded shop, in hopes of finding some happy lady to retrieve the honor of her country; but in vain. All wore the same ugly garment, more akin to a night-shift than a gown; the same warming-pan watch and chains; the same fly-flapping bonnet with bunches of ugly ribbons. Altogether they formed an awkward contrast to the "tight, reg'lar-built French craft," as Mathews's Tom Piper calls them. This time, however, it was the English who were "rigged so rum."

And then their walk! O *quondam* Indicator! *quondam* Tatler! *quondam* and present lover of all that is good and graceful! could you not "indicate" to our English ladies the way to walk? In what absurd book was it that I read the other day that French women walk ill, because, from the want of *trottoirs* in France, they get a habit of "picking" with one foot, which gave a jerking air to the gait? The aristocratic noodle! whose female relations shuffle about on smooth pavements, till they forget how to walk at all! I would not have them cross my grass-plat for the world. They would decapitate the very

daisies. How infinitely superior is the French woman's brisk, springy step (albeit caused by a most plebeian and un-English want of causeways) to the languid, sauntering gait of most English dames! Nature teaches the one: the drill-sergeant can do nothing with the other. I wonder how they walked in the days of Charles II. Surely Nell Gwynne and my Lady Castlemaine walked well; and, if they did, they walked differently from what they do *now*.

I hope that some good creature like the "London Journalist," who believes in the *improvability* of all things, will take up this subject. A word from *him* would set English ladies upon trying, at least, to improve both in dressing and walking. There are models enough: look at the French, the Spanish, the Italians. They have not better opportunities for dressing well than we, and yet they beat us hollow. Why can't we have a *basquina* or *mantilla* as well as any one else? Let us endeavor.

Above all, let no one suppose that the writer of these desultory remarks is in the least deficient in love and duty to his fair countrywomen. If he offends any of them, they must imagine that it has been caused by excess of zeal for their interests. Bless their bonnie faces! — if we could screw English heads on French figures, what women there would be, sure*ly!*

AN OLD CRONY.

JULY 7, 1834.

To enter properly into this subject, however trifling it may appear (as indeed is the case with almost every subject so called), would be to open a wide field of

investigation into morals, laws, climates, &c. Perhaps climate alone, by reason of the variety of habits it generates in consequence of its various heats, colds, and other influences, will ever prevent an entire similarity of manners, whatever may be the approximation of opinion; but taking for granted, as is not unreasonable, that the progress of knowledge and intercourse will not be without its effect in bringing the customs of civilized countries nearer to one another, and that each will be for availing itself of what is best and pleasantest amongst its neighbors, it becomes worth anybody's while to consider in what respect it is advisable or otherwise to modify the behavior or manners accordingly. We can say little, from personal experience, how the case may be in the present instance with regard to French manners. We have a great opinion of Mrs. Gore, both as a general observer, and one that particularly understands what is charming in her own sex. On the other hand, from books, and from a readiness to be pleased with those who wish to please, and even from merely having passed through France in our way from another country, we have got a strong impression, that the "hundredth" French woman, as well as the hundredth English woman, nay, the hundredth Italian, — that is to say, the one that carries the requisite graces, the *beau-idéal* of any country to its height, — is likely to be so charming a person, in dress and every thing else, to her own countrymen, that what Mrs. Gore says of the perfectly dressing English woman is precisely the same thing that would be said of the perfectly dressing French woman by the French, and of her Italian

counterpart by the Italians. It is impossible, unless we are half-foreigners, or unless our own nation is altogether of an inferior grade (and then perhaps our prejudices and irritation would render it equally so), to get rid of some one point of national preference in forming judgments of this kind. Our friend, the "Old Crony," we see, for all his connoisseurship and cronyism, — his regard for a certain piquancy of perfection in the French dress and walk, and his wish that his fair countrywomen would "take steps" after their fashion, — cannot get rid of the preference in which he was brought up for the beauty of the English countenance. We have a similar feeling in favor even of a certain subjected manner, a bending gentleness, (how shall we term it?) in the bearing of the sweetest of our countrywomen, not exactly connected with decision of step, nor perhaps with variety of harmony; for all pleasures run into one another, if they are of a right sort, and the ground of them true. Look at the paintings of the French, and you will find in like manner that their ideal of a face, let them try to universalize it as they can, is a French one; and so it is with the Spanish and Italian paintings and with the Greek statues. The merry African girls shriek with horror when they first look upon a white traveller. Their notion of a beautiful complexion is a skin shining like Warren's blacking.

It is proper to understand in any question, great or small, the premises from which we set out, the point which is required. In the dress and walk of females, as in all other matters in which they are concerned, the point of perfection, we conceive, is that which

shall give us the best possible idea of perfect *womanhood*. We are not to consider the dress by itself, nor the walk by itself; but as the dress and the walk of the best and pleasantest woman, and how far, therefore, it does her justice. This produces the consideration of what we look upon as a perfect female: people will vary in their opinions on this head; and hence even so easy a looking question as the one before us becomes invested with difficulties. The opinion will depend greatly on the temperament as well as the understanding of the judge. Our correspondent, for instance, is evidently a lively fellow, old or young, and given a good deal rather to the material than to the spiritual; and hence his notion of perfection tends towards a union of the trim and the lively, the impulsive, and yet withal to the self-possessed. He is one, we conceive, who would "have no nonsense," as the phrase is, in his opinion of the possible or desirable; and who is in no danger of the perils either of sentimentality or sentiment; either of an affected refinement of feeling, or any very serious demand of any sort. He is not for bringing into the walks of publicity, male or female, the notions of sequestered imaginations, nor to have women glancing and bashful like fawns. He is for having all things tight and convenient as a dressing-case; "neat as imported;" polished, piquant, well packed; and with no more flowers upon it than serve to give a hint of the smart pungency within, like a bottle of attar of roses, or *fleur-d'épine*. We do not quarrel with him. *Chacun à son goût*, — "Every man to his taste." Nay, his taste is our own, as far as concerns the improvement

of female manners in ordinary. We do think that the general style of female English dressing and walking would be benefited by an inoculation of that which we conceive him to recommend. We have no predilection in favor of shuffling and shouldering and lounging, — of a mere moving onwards of the feet, and an absence of all grace and self-possession. We can easily believe, that the French women surpass the English in this respect, because their climate is livelier, and themselves better taught and respected. People may start at that last word; but there is no doubt that the general run of French females are better taught, and therefore more respected, than the same number of English. They read more, they converse more, they are on more equal terms with the other sex (as they ought to be); and hence the other sex have more value for their opinions, ay, and for their persons: for the more sensible a woman is, supposing her not to be masculine, the more attractive she is in her proportionate power to entertain. But whether it is that we are English, or fonder of poetry in its higher sense than of *vers de société* or the poetry of polite life, we cannot help feeling a prejudice in favor of Mrs. Gore's notion about the "hundredth" English woman; though perhaps the "hundredth" French woman, if we could see her, or the hundredth Italian or Spanish woman, would surpass all others, by dint of combining the sort of *private* manner, which we have in our eye, with some exquisite implication of a fitness for general intercourse, which we have never yet met with.

Meantime, we repeat that we give up to our corre-

spondent's vituperations the gait of English females in general, and their dress also; though it is a little hard in him to praise the smallness of the French bonnet at the expense of the largeness of the English, when it is recollected that the latter are copied from France, and that our fair countrywomen were ridiculed, on their first visit there after the war, for the very reverse appearance. But it is to the spirit of our mode of dressing and walking that we object; and both are unfit, either for the private or public "walk" of life; because both are alike untaught and unpleasing,—alike indicative of minds not properly cultivated, and of habitual feelings that do not care to be agreeable. The walk is a saunter or shuffle, and the dress a lump; or, if not a lump throughout, it is a lump at both ends, with a horrible pinch in the middle. A tight-laced English woman is thus, from head to foot, a most painful sight: her best notion of being charming is confined to three inches of ill-used ribs and liver; while her head is either grossly ignorant of the harm she is doing herself, or her heart more deplorably careless of the consequences to her offspring.

Are we of opinion, then, that the dress and walk of English women would be bettered, generally speaking, by taking the advice of our correspondent? Most certainly we are; and for this reason, that there is *some* sense of grace, at all events, in the attire and bearing of the females of the Continent; some evidence of mind, and some testimony to the proper claims of the person; whereas the only idea in the heads of the majority with us is that of being in fashion merely because it *is* the fashion, or of dressing

in a manner to show how much they can *afford.* This is partly owing, no doubt, to our being a commercial people, and also to the struggles which everybody has been making for the last forty years to seem richer than they are, some for the sake of concealing how they have decreased in means, and others to show how they have risen; but a nation may be commercial, and yet have a true taste. The Florentines had it, when they were at once the leaders of trade and of the fine arts, in the time of Lorenzo de Medici. It is to our fine arts and our increasing knowledge that we ourselves must look to improvement even in dress, in default of being impelled to it by greater liveliness of spirit or a more convenient climate. We shall then learn to oppose even the climate better, and to furnish it with the grace and color which it wants. In France, the better temperature of the atmosphere, as well as intellectual and moral causes, impels people to a livelier and happier way of walking. They have no reason to look as if they were uncomfortable. In the south of Europe, where every thing respires animal sensibility, and love and music divide the time with business, the most unaffected people acquire an apparent consciousness and spring in the gait, which in England would be thought ostentatious. It gave no such idea to the severe and simple Dante, when (in the poetical spirit of the image, and not of course in the letter) he praised his mistress for moving along like "a peacock" and a "crane."

> "Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone,
> Diritta sopra se come una grue."

"Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; strait
Above herself, like to the lady crane."

Petrarch, speaking of Laura, does not venture upon these primeval images; but still he shows how much he thought of the beauty of a woman's steps. Laura, too, was a French woman, not an Italian; and probably had a different kind of walk. Petrarch expresses the moral graces of it.

"Non era l' andar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d' angelica forma."

"Her walk was like no mortal thing, but shaped
After an angel's."

In English poetry, the lover speaks with the usual enthusiasm of his mistress's eyes and lips, &c.; but he scarcely ever mentions her walk. The fact is remarkable, and the reason too obvious. The walk is not worth mention. Italian and (we believe) Spanish poetry abound with the reverse. Milton, deeply imbued with the Italian, as well as with his own perceptions of beauty, as a great poet, did not forget, in his description of Eve, to say, that—

"*Grace was in all her steps;* heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love."

This moving and gesticulating beauty was not English; at least, she is not the English woman of our days. Mrs. Hutchinson, perhaps, might have been such a woman; or the ladies of the Bridgewater Family, for whom he wrote his Comus. In Virgil, Æneas is not aware that his mother Venus has been speaking with him in the guise of a wood-nymph, till she begins to move away: the "divinity" then became apparent.

"Et vera incessû patuit dea."

"And by her walk the Queen of Love is known."

DRYDEN.

The women of Spain and Spanish America are celebrated throughout the world for the elegance of their walking, and for the way in which they carry their veil, or *mantilla*, as alluded to by our correspondent. Knowing it only from books, we cannot say precisely in what the beauty of their walk consists; but we take it to be something between stateliness and vivacity, — between a consciousness of being admired, and that grace which is natural to any human being who is well made, till art or diffidence spoils it. It is the perfection, we doubt not, of animal elegance. We have an English doubt, whether we should not require an addition or modification of something, not indeed diffident, but perhaps not quite so confident, — something which, to the perfection of animal elegance, should add that of intellectual and moral refinement, and a security from the chances of coarseness and violence. But *all* these are matters of breeding and bringing-up, — ay, of "birth, parentage, and education;" and we should be grateful when we can get any one of them. Better have even a good walk than nothing; for there is some refinement in it, and moral refinement too, though we may not always think the epithet very applicable to the possessor. Good walking and good dressing, truly so called, are alike valuable, only inasmuch as they afford some external evidence, however slight, of a disposition to orderliness and harmony in the mind within, — of shapeliness and grace in the habitual movements of the soul.

ENGLISH MALE COSTUME.

Suggested by Mr. Planché's Book on Costume.

MR. PLANCHÉ'S book, besides being sensibly and amusingly written, in a clear, unaffected style, contains more than would be expected from its title. It narrates the military as well as civil history of British costume, giving us not only the softer vicissitudes of silks and satins, but ringing the changes of helms, hauberks, and swords, from the earliest period of the use of armor till the latest; and it will set the public right, for the first time, upon some hitherto mistaken points of character and manners. We have been surprised, for instance, to learn that our "naked ancestors" (as we supposed them), the ancient Britons, were naked only when they went to battle; and it turns out, that Richard the Third, instead of being one who thought himself—

"Not made to court an amorous looking-glass,"

was a dandy in his dress, and as particular about his wardrobe and coronation-gear as George the Fourth. This trait in his character is confirmative, we think, of the traditions respecting his deformity; men who are under that disadvantage being remarkable either for a certain nicety and superiority of taste, moral and personal, if their dispositions are good, or for all sorts

of mistakes the other way, under the reverse predicament. Two persons of the greatest natural refinement we ever met with have had a crook in the shoulder. Richard was a usurper, a man of craft and violence; and his jealousy of the respect of his fellow-men took the unhappier and more glaring turn. He thought to overcome them with his fine clothes and colors, as he had done with his tyranny. Richard partook, it seems, of the effeminate voluptuousness of his brother, Edward the Fourth, as Edward partook of Richard's cruelty.

Mr. Planché is of opinion that "the most elegant and picturesque costume ever worn in England" was that of the reign of Charles the First, commonly called the Vandyke dress, from its frequency in the portraits of that artist. The dresses of few periods, we think, surpass those of the Anglo-Saxon times, and of some of the Norman. (See the engravings in the book, at pages 22, 103, 121, and 127.) Some of the Anglo-Saxon ladies were dressed with almost as elegant a simplicity as the Greeks. But whatever Mr. Planché may think of the extreme gallantry and picturesqueness of the Vandyke dress, with its large hat and feathers, its cloak and rapier, and its long breeches meeting the tops of the wide boots, its superiority may surely be at least contested by the jewelled and plumed caps, the long locks, the vests, mantles, and hose of the reign of Henry the Seventh; especially if we recollect that they had the broad hats and feathers too, when they chose to wear them, and that they had *not* the "peaked" beard, nor a steeple crown to the hat. (See the figures, at pages 220 and 222;

and imagine them put into as gallant bearing as those in the pictures of Vandyke. See also the portrait of Henry himself, at the beginning of the volume; and the cap, cloak, and vest of the Earl of Surrey, the poet, in the Holbein portrait of him in Lodge's Illustrations.)

It is a curious fact, that good taste in costume has by no means been in proportion to an age's refinement in other respects. Mere utility is a better teacher than mere will and power; and fashions in dress have generally been regulated by those who had power, and nothing else. Shakespeare's age was that of ruffs and puffs; Pope's, that of the most execrable of all coats, cocked-hats, and waistcoats, — lumpish, formal, and useless; a miserable affectation of ease with the most ridiculous buckram. And yet the costume of part of George the Third's reign was perhaps worse. for it had not even the garnish; it was the extreme of mechanical dulness: and the women had preposterous tresses of curls and pomatum on their head, by way of setting off the extremity of dull plainness with that of dull caprice. For the hoop, possibly, something may be said, not as a dress, nor as an investment, but as an enclosure. It did not seem so much to disfigure as to contain the wearer, — to be not a dress, but a gilding shell. The dancers at Otaheite, in the pictures to Captain Cook's voyages, have some such lower houses; and look well in them for the same reason. The body issued from the hoop, as out of a sea of flounce and furbelow. It was the next thing to a nymph half hidden in water. The arm and fan reposed upon it as upon a cloud or a moving sphere;

the fair angel looking serene and superior above it. Thus much we would say in defence of the hoop, properly so called, when it was in its perfection, large and circular, and to be approached like a "hedge of divinity," or the walls of Troy, —

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *petticoat;*"

not for those mashed and minor shapes of the phenomenon, which degenerated into mere appendages, panniers, or side lumps, and reminded you of nothing but their deformity. But it was always a thing fantastic, and fit only for court and ceremony.

Mr. Planché justly cautions one generation against laughing at the fashions of another. He advises such ladies as would "scream" at the dresses of the fourteenth or even eighteenth century, to look into a fashionable pocket-book or magazine for the year 1815 or 20, and then candidly compare notes. Appendages or enclosures are one thing; positive, clinging disfigurements, another. The ugliest female dress, in our opinion, without exception, was that which we conceive Mr. Planché to allude to; and which confounded all ages and shapes by girdling the gown under the arm-pits, and sticking a little pad at the pack, almost between the shoulders! It reduced all figures to lumps of absurdity. No well-shaped woman, we may be sure, invented it. A history of the real origin of many fashions would be a curious document. We should find infirmity and unsightliness cheating youth and beauty into an imitation of them, and beaux and belles piquing themselves on resembling the worst points about their cunning elders.

As long as a man wears the modern coat, he has no right to despise any dress. What a thing it is, though so often taken for something "exquisite"! What a horse-collar for a collar! What snips at the collar and lapels! What a mechanical and ridiculous cut about the flaps! What buttons in front that are never meant to button, and yet are no ornament! And what an exquisitely absurd pair of buttons at the back! gravely regarded nevertheless, and thought as indispensably necessary to every well-conditioned coat, as other bits of metal or bone are to the bodies of savages whom we laugh at. There is absolutely not one iota of sense, grace, or even economy, in the modern coat. It is an article as costly as it is ugly, and as ugly as it is useless. In winter it is not enough, and in hot weather it is too much. It is the tailors' remnant and cabbaging of the coats formerly in use, and deserves only to be chucked back to them as an imposition in the bill. It is the old or frock coat, cut away in front and at the sides, mounted with a horse-collar, and left with a ridiculous tail. The waistcoat or vest, elongated, and with the addition of sleeves, might supersede it at once, and be quite sufficient in warm weather. A vest reaching to the mid-thigh is a graceful and reasonable habit, and, with the addition of a scarf or sash, would make as handsome or even brilliant a one as anybody could desire. In winter-time, the same cloaks would do for it as are used now; and there might be lighter cloaks for summer. But the coat, as it now exists, is a mere nuisance and expense, and disgraces every other part of the dress, except the neck-cloth. Even the hat is

too good for it; for a hat is good for something, though there is more chimney-top than beauty in it. It furnishes shade to the eyes, and has not always an ill look, if well-proportioned. The coat is a sheer piece of mechanical ugliness. The frock-coat is another matter, except as to the collar, which, in its present rolled or bolstered shape, is always ugly. As to the great-coat, it makes a man look either like a man in a sack, or a shorn bear. It is cloth upon cloth, clumsiness made clumsier, sometimes thrice over, — cloth waistcoat, cloth coat, cloth great-coat, — a "three-piled hyperbole." It is only proper for travellers, coachmen, and others who require to have no drapery in the way. A cloak is the only handsome over-all.

The neck-cloth is worthy of the coat. What a heaping of monstrosity on monstrosity! The woollen horse-collar is bad enough; yet, as if this were not sufficient, a linen one must be superadded. Men must look as if they were twice seized with symbols of apoplexy, — the horse-collar to shorten the neck, and the linen-collar to squeeze it. Some man with a desperately bad throat must have invented the neck-cloth, especially as it had a *padding* or *pudding* in it when it first came up. His neck could not have been fit to be seen. It must have been like a pole, or a withered stalk; or else he was some faded fat dandy, ashamed of his double chin. There can be no objection to people's looking as well as they can contrive, young or old; but it is a little too much to set a fashion, which, besides being deformed, is injurious. The man was excusable, because he knew no better;

but it is no wonder if painters and poets, and young Germans, and other romantic personages, have attempted to throw off the nuisance, especially such as have lived in the South. The neck-cloth is ugly, is useless, is dangerous to some, and begets effeminate fear of colds with all. The English, in consequence of their living more in-doors than they used, fancy they have too many reasons for muffling themselves up, — not aware that the more they do so, the more they subject themselves to what they dread; and that it is by a general sense of warmth in the person they are to be made comfortable and secure, and not by filling up every creek and cranny of their dress to the very chin.

But some may tell us they cannot feel that general warmth, without thus muffling themselves up. True, if they accustom themselves to it; but it is the custom itself which is in fault. They can have the warmth without it, if they please; just as well as they can without muffling up their eyes. "How can you go with your body naked?" said a not very wise person to an Indian. "How can you go with your face naked?" said the Indian. "I am used to it," replied the man. "Well, and I am used to the other," rejoined the Indian: "I am *all face*." Now it will not exactly do to be "all face" in a civilized country; the police would object: Piccadilly is not Paradise. But then it is not necessary to be "all muffle."

The ladies in the reign of Edward I. once took to wearing a cloth round their throats and ears, in a way which made a poet exclaim, "*Par Dieu!* I have often thought in my heart, when I have seen a lady so

closely tied up, that her neck-cloth was *nailed to her chin*." There is a figure of her in Mr. Planché's book, p. 115. Now this was the precise appearance of a neck-cloth some years back, when it was worn with a pad or stiffener, and the point of the chin reposed in it; nay, it is so at present with many. The stock looks even more stiff and apoplectic, especially if there is a red face above it. When dandies faint, the neck-cloth is always the first thing loosed, as the stays are with a lady.

By the way, the dandies wear stays too! We have some regard for these gentlemen, because they have reckoned great names among them in times of old, and have some very clever and amiable ones now, and manly withal too. They may err, we grant, from an excess of sympathy with what is admired, as well as from mere folly or effeminacy. But whatever approximates a man's shape to a woman's is a deformity. We have seen some of them with hips, upon which they should have gone carrying pails, and cried "milk!" And who was it that clapped those monstrous protuberances upon the bosoms of our brave life-guards? No masculine dandy, we may be sure. A man's breast should look as if it would take a hundred blows upon it, like a glorious anvil, and not be deformed with a frightened wadding; still less resemble the bosom that tenderness peculiarly encircles, and that is so beautiful because it is so different from his own.

ENGLISH WOMEN VINDICATED.

SLENDER, complaining of the masquerade trick that had been put on him at the close of the comedy, says that he had "married Anne Page," and "she was a great lubberly boy." Far better were a surprise of the reverse order, which should betray itself in some tone of voice, or sentiment, or other unlooked-for emanation of womanhood, while we were thinking ourselves quietly receiving the visit of lubberly himself, or rather some ingenious cousin of his; and of some such pleasure we have had a taste, if not in the shape of any Viola or Julia, or other such flattering palpability, yet in that of a fair invisible; for we recollect well our Indicator friend, "Old Boy," who sends us the following letter; but what if we have discovered, meanwhile, that "Old Boy" is no boy at all, nor man neither, but a pretty woman, and one that we think this a pretty occasion for unmasking; since, in the hearts of the male sex, English women will find defenders enough: but few of themselves have the courage to come forward. Even our would-be "Old Boy" cannot do it but in disguise; which though a thing very well for her to assume, it is no less becoming in us, we think, on such an occasion to take off, seeing that it gives the

right touching effect to that pretty petulance in her letter, and that half-laughing tone of ill-treatment, which somehow has such a feminine breath in it, and must double the wish to be on her side.

Wonderful is the effect produced in a letter by the tone in which we read it or suppose it written, and by the knowledge of its being male or female. The one before us would be a good "defiance" to "Old Crony," were its signature true; but to know that it is written by a woman gives it a new interest, and quite another sort of music. Cannot we see the face glow, and the dimples playing with a frown; and hear the light, breathing voice bespeaking the question in its favor? Does it not make "Old Crony" himself glad to be "defied to the uttermost?"

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear old Friend with a new face, — Your correspondent, "Old Crony," seems as deficient in temper as in judgment, in his *brusque* remarks upon the dress and gait of our fair countrywomen; nor can it be allowed him that he has chosen the best place to study the finest specimens of English women, either as regards refinement in dress or bearing. The women who most frequent bazaars and fashionable drapers' are generally the most vacant-minded and petty creatures in existence; who wander from one lounge to another, seeking to dispel the *ennui* which torments them, by any frivolous kill-time. I really loathe the sight of such places, and think they have done much mischief among the idle and ignorant part of my countrywomen. But, to return to the subject, I main-

tain, in opposition to "Old Crony," that in no other country can we see assembled together so much beauty and grace, good dressing, and elegance of carriage, as in our fashionable promenades, our brilliant assemblies, and still more in those delightful *home-parties*, where sprightliness and intelligence combine to give grace and fascination. Nothing parallel, I am sure, is to be found in the celebrated *Longchamps*, or the gardens of the Tuileries at Paris, or in the Graben at Vienna, or "under the Lindens" of Berlin, or in any of the numerous public gardens on the Continent, wherever I have been: and I call upon all my brother and sister tourists to bear testimony with me on this mighty question; and furthermore, like a good and faithful champion in the cause of the fair dames and damsels of Old England, I do defy "Old Crony" to the uttermost, more especially for his inhuman wish of screwing English faces on to French figures, which would be a fearful "dovetailing" of lovely faces upon parchment skeletons; seeing that the generality of French females are terribly deficient in that plumpness and roundness which are usually considered desirable in womanhood.

I agree with you, dear *Ci-devant* Indicator, that French women are generally more respected and are on more equal terms with the male sex than our countrywomen; but I must differ as to their reading more, or being better informed. It is true that in society they will bear their part well in general or political conversation; but, when alone with a French woman, she would be grievously offended if you chose any other subject than her own personal attrac-

tions, and did not conclude by making a tender "*declaration*." These are the eternal themes by which alone you can please the young and the old, the ugly and the pretty; and of this truth many will assure you, besides your old friend, admirer, and correspondent, OLD BOY.

July the 23d.

P.S. — In defending the dress of my countrywomen, I except the poorer and working orders. Every other nation has a peculiar and picturesque costume for theirs: ours is remarkable only for its sluttish, draggle-tailed appearance, at least in London. In country-places the peasant's dress is comfortable, if not very piquant.

We suspect that in this, as in most controversies, there is less real difference of opinion between the fair and *unfair* parties than might be thought. Our fair correspondent gives up the bazaar and shop-hunting people, and those too whose dresses are of the "poorer sort;" and betwixt these classes, or rather including them, are to be found, we conceive, all the dresses and the walks to which "Old Crony" would find himself objecting. The residue might prove its claims to a participation in the general refinement of Europe, without giving up a certain coloring of manners as natural to it as the color to its sky. And, as to what is "delightful" and "fascinating," do not all people make that for themselves, more or less, out of the amount of their own sympathy and imagination? and does not each nation, as we

said before, think the *élite* of its own charmers the most charming? No parties are so delightful to our fair correspondent as those in her own country. Is not this precisely what would be said by a cordial French woman, of French parties; by an Italian, of Italian; and so on? Custom itself is a good thing, if it is an innocent one. We feel easy in it as in a form and mould to which we have grown; but when, in addition to this easiness, we think of all the feelings with which we have colored it, all the pleasure we have given and received, all our joys, sorrows, friendships, loves, and religions, we may conceive how difficult it is to give up the smallest and most superficial forms in which they appear, or to learn how to admit the superiority of any thing which is foreign to them.

Brusque attacks — sharp and loud outcries — may sometimes be desirable in order to beget notice to a question; but, undoubtedly, the way to persuade is to approve as much as one can; to maintain, by loving means, a loving attention. If we do not, we run a chance, instead of mending the mistakes of other people, of having our own cast in our teeth. See, for instance, what "Old Crony" has done for himself and his fair French women with our correspondent, who does not deny perhaps that the French "middle classes" walk better, "generally" speaking, than the English, — at least we find this nowhere surely stated or implied, — but she avails herself of his error in using the word "figures" instead of "carriage," to taunt him with the want of plumpness and womanhood in the composition of his favorites, and accuse the universal

French feminity of being "parchment skeletons"! Here is the comparative French thinness, and want of red and white, made the very worst of, because its panegyrist made the worst of the appearance of the other parties. For, as to his compliment to their handsome faces, this, it seems, is not enough in these intellectual days.

> "Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven!)
> The living fountain in itself contains
> Of beauteous and sublime!"

There must be soul from head to foot, — evidence of thorough gracefulness and understanding; otherwise the ladies will have none of his good word. Well, here is the principle admitted on both sides. Let those who wish to see it thoroughly in action set lovingly about the task. The loving will soonest persuade, and soonest become perfect. Had "Old Crony," instead of expressing his "inhuman wish of screwing English faces on to French figures," observed that the latter are better in spirit than in substance, and shown his anxiety to consult the feelings and enumerate the merits of his countrywomen, we suspect that nobody would have been readier than his fair antagonist to do justice to what is attractive in her French sisterhood.

That there are, and have always been, numbers of beautiful women in France as well as in England, and beautiful in figure too, and plump withal, no Anti-gallican, the most pious that ever existed, could take upon him to deny; though the praise conveyed by their word *embonpoint* (in good case), which means "fleshy

and fattish" (as the poet has it), would imply that the beauty is not apt to be of that order. The country of Diana de Poitiers, of Agnes Sorel, and of all the charmers of the reigns of Valois and the Bourbons, is not likely to lose its reputation in a hurry for "bevies of bright dames." Charming they were, that is certain, whether plump or not; at least in the eyes of the princes and wits that admired them: and French admiration must go for something, and have at least a geographical voice in the world, whatever Germany, or Goethe himself, may think of the matter. On the other hand, far are we from abusing all or any of the dear plump Germans who have had graceful and loving souls, whether fifteen, like poor Margaret, or "fat, fair, and forty," like Madame Schroeder-Devrient. We have been in love with them time out of mind, in the novels of the good village pastor, the reverend and most amatory Augustus La Fontaine. The Peninsular and South-American ladies, albeit beautiful walkers, and well-grounded in shape, are understood not to abound in plump figures; yet who shall doubt the abundance of their fascinations that has read what Cervantes and Camoens have said of them, and what is said of their eyes and gait by all enamoured travellers? Is not Dorothea for ever sitting by the brook-side, beautiful, and bathing her feet in the pages of the immortal Spaniard? And was not Inez de Castro taken out of the tomb, in order to have her very coffin crowned with a diadem, — so triumphant was the memory of her love and beauty over death itself? Italian beauties are almost another word for Italian paintings, and for the muses of Ariosto and of song. And yet, admiring

all these as we do, are we for that reason traitors to the beauties of our own country? or do we not rather the more admire the charmers that are nearest to us, and that perpetuate the train of living images of grace and affection which runs through the whole existence of any loving observer, like a frieze across the temple of a cheerful religion?

And yet all this does not hinder us from wishing that the *generality* of our countrywomen walked better and dressed better, and even looked a little less reserved and misgiving. A Frenchman is not bound to wish the generality of his countrywomen plumper, because he admires them for other beauties, or sees plumpness enough in his friends. A Spaniard may reasonably wish his a little more red and white, if it be only for the sake of their health; and if a jovial table-loving Viennese desired after all a little less plumpness in his adorable, for the same reason (and in himself too), we should not quarrel with his theory, however we might object to his practice.

The *handsomest* female we ever beheld was at Turin: she was a maid-servant, crossing a square. The most *ladylike*-looking female *in humble life* was a French girl, the daughter of a small innkeeper. We heard one of her humble admirers speak of her as having the air *d'une petite duchesse* (of a little duchess). But the most *charming face* that ever furnished us with a vision for life (and we have seen many) was one that suddenly turned round in a concert-room in England, — an English girl's, radiant with truth and goodness. All expressions of that kind make us love them, and here was the height of material charmingness

added. And we thought the figure equal to the face. We know not whether we could have loved it for ever, as some faces can be loved without being so perfect. Habit, and loving-kindness, and the knowledge of the heart and soul, could alone determine that. But, if not, it was the divinest imposition we ever met with.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

No. I

IT is astonishing what a deal of good stuff, of some sort or another, inherent or associated, there is in every possible thing that can be talked of; and how it will look forth out of the dullest windows of commonplace, if sympathy do but knock at the door.

There is that house for instance, this very Sunday, No. 4, Ballycroft-row, in the Smithy: did you ever see such a house, — so dull, so drearily insipid, so very rainy-bad-Sunday like? Old, yet not so old as to be venerable; poor, yet not enough so to be pitied; the bricks black; the place no thoroughfare; no chance of a hackney-coach going by; the maid-servant has just left the window, yawning. But, now, see who is turning the corner, and comes up the row. Some eminent man, perhaps? Not he. He is eminent for nothing, except among his fellow-apprentices for being the best hand among them at turning a button. But look how he eyes, all the way, the house we have been speaking of, — see how he bounds up the steps, — with what a face! now cast down the area, and now raised to the upper windows, he gives his humble, yet impressive knock; and, lo! *now* look at the maid-servant's face, as she darts her head out of the window, and instantly

draws it back again, radiant with delight. It is Tom Hicks, who has come up from Birmingham a week before she expected him. The door is opened almost as soon as the face is seen; and now is there love and joy in that house, and consequently a grace in the street; and it looks quite a different place, at least in the eyes of the loving and the wise.

This is our secret for making the dullest street in the metropolis, nay, the squalidest and worst, put forth some flower of pleasantness (for the seeds of good find strange corners to grow in, could people but cultivate them): and, if our secret is not productive to everybody, it is no fault of ours, — nay, for that matter, it is none of theirs; but we pity them, and have reason to think ourselves richer. We happened to be walking through some such forlorn-looking street with the late Mr. Hazlitt, when we told him we had a charm against the melancholy of such places; and, on his asking what it was, and being informed, he acknowledged, with a look between pleasure and sorrow, that it was a true one. The secret came home to him; but he could have understood though he had not felt it. Fancy two lovers living in the same street, either of whom thinks it a delight to exist in the same spot, and is happy for the morning if one look is given through the window-pane. It puts your thoughts in possession of the highest and most celestial pleasure on earth. No "milk-white thorn, that scents the evening gale," is necessary to it, though it is a very fitting accompaniment. The dullest street, the dullest room, upon earth, is sufficient, and becomes a spot radiant beyond the dreams of princes. Think of George the

Fourth, in the midst of all the splendor of Windsor Castle, and then of this poor maid-servant, with her health, her youth, and her love, looking in the eyes of the man she is fond of, and hardly able to speak for gratitude and joy. We grant that there is no comparison, in one sense, between the two individuals, — the poor old king, with his efforts at being fine and happy, and the poor young girl, with her black worsted stockings and leaping bosom, as happy as her heart can make her. But the contrast may serve to remind us that we may attribute happiness wrongly in fine places, and miss it erroneously in common ones. Windsor Castle is sufficient beauty to itself, and has poetical memories; but, in the commonest street we see, there may be the richest real joy.*

Love is not peculiar to London on Sundays. They have it even in Edinburgh, notwithstanding what a fair charmer in "Tait's Magazine" tells us, with such a staid countenance, of the beatitudes of self-reflection into which her countrymen retire on that day. Otherwise, out of love alone, we might render our dull-looking metropolitan sabbath the brightest day in the week. And so it is, and in Edinburgh too; and all the sabbath-day world over: for though, seriously speaking, we do not deny the existence of the tranquil and solitary contemplations just alluded to, yet assuredly they are as nothing compared to the thoughts connected with every-day matters; and love, fortunately, is an every-day matter, as well as money. Our

* There is now, thank God, love as well as splendor in Windsor Castle. One may fancy the graces of Mr. Keats's "Eve of Saint Agnes" realized there, without the troubles of it.

Sunday streets look dull enough, heaven knows, especially in the more trading parts of the metropolis. At the west end of the town, in Marylebone, and the squares, it looks no duller than it does on other days; and, taking the spirit of the thing, there is no real Sunday among the rich. Their going to church is a lounge and a show; their meals are the same as at other times; their evenings the same; there is no difference in the look of their houses outside. But in the city, the Strand, &c., the shutting-up of the shops gives an extreme aspect of dulness and melancholy to the streets. Those windows, full of gayety and color and bustle, being shut, the eyes of the houses seem put out. The clean clothes, and comparatively staid demeanor of the passengers, make no amends for the loss; for, with the exception of special friends and visitors,—lovers in particular,—it is well understood in London, that Sunday is really a dull day to most people. They have outlived the opinions which gave it an interest of a peculiar sort; and their notions of religion have become either too utilitarian or too cheerful to admire the old fashion of the day any longer. Rest, with insipidity, is its character in the morning, newspaper reading excepted. Church is reckoned dull, perhaps attended out of mere habit, "and for the sake of example;" or avoided from day to day, till non-attendance becomes another habit. Dinner, under any circumstances, is looked to with eagerness as the great relief: the day then brightens up, with the help of an extra dish, pudding, or friend; and the visits of friends help to make the evening as lively as it well can be, without the charm of business and money-taking. Should there

be no visitors, the case is generally helpless. The man and wife yawn, or are quiet, or dispute: a little bit of book is read, till the reader complains of "weak eyes," or says that it is unaccountable how sleepy reading makes him, considering he is so "fond" of it; bibs are pulled up about the gentleman's chin, and gowns admired by their fair wearers; and the patients lounge towards the window, to wonder whether it is fine, or is clearing-up, or to look at the raindrops, or see what Mrs. Smith is doing over the way. The young gentlemen or ladies look at the Bible, or the calendar, or the army-list, or the last magazine, or their trinkets, and wonder whether Richard will come; and the little children are told not to sing.

But the lovers!

These, however, we shall keep till the last, agreeably to the demands of climax.

But stay a moment.

So tender, or rather, according to Mr. Bentham's philosophy, so "extra-regarding prudent," and so "felicity-maximizing," is our heart, that we fear we may have been thought a little hard by those whom we have described as uniting a sleepiness over their books, with a profession of astonishment at their tendency, considering they are "so fond of books." But mistake us not, dear non-readers, who happen to be reading us, or who read a newspaper, though you read little else. Nothing would we ever willingly say to the useless mortification of anybody, much less of those who love any thing whatsoever, especially a newspaper; and all the fault we find with you is for thinking it necessary to vindicate your reputation for sense and sympathy on

one particular score, when you might do it to better advantage by regretting the want of the very fondness you lay claim to. For, in claiming to be fond of books when you are not, you show yourselves unaware of the self-knowledge which books help us to obtain; whereas, if you boldly and candidly expressed your regret at not being fond of them, you would show that you had an understanding so far superior to the very want of books, and far greater than that of the mechanical scholar who knows the words in them, and nothing else. You would show that you knew what you wanted, and were aware of the pleasures that you missed; and perhaps it would turn out, on inquiry, that you had only been indifferent to books in the gross, because you had not met with the sort of reading suitable to your turn of mind. Now, we are not bound to like books unsuitable to us, any more than a poet is bound to like law-books, or a lawyer the study of Arabic, or a musician any books but his own feelings; nor is any one, more than the musician, bound to like books at all, provided he loves the things which books teach us to love, and is for sowing harmony and advancement around him, in tones of good-humor and encouragement, to the kindly dance of our planet.

One of the pleasantest sights on a Sunday morning in the metropolis — to *us* of course particularly so, but justly also to all well-disposed and thinking Christians — is the numerous shops exhibiting weekly papers for sale, — the placards of our hebdomadal brethren, blue, yellow, and white, vociferous with large types, and calling the passenger's attention to parliamentary investigations, monstrous convictions, horrible murders,

noble philanthropies, and the humanities of books, theatres, and the fine arts. Justly did the divine Heart, who suffered his disciples to pluck the ears of corn, and would have the sheep extricated from the ditch on a sabbath, refuse to disconnect the day of worship with works of necessity and mercy; and what so necessary for the poor, the especial objects of his regard, as a knowledge of what can be done for them? What so merciful as to help them to supply their wants, both of body and mind? Leaving this more serious part of the subject (which, however, is not inharmoniously mixed up with our lighter matter; for the greatest gravity and the most willing cheerfulness have but one object), we pass by the other open or peeping shops (such as the pastry-cooks', who keep up the supply of indigestion, and the apothecary's, who is conveniently ready against the consequences), and stop a moment at our friend the barber's, who provides a newspaper for his waiting customers, as men of his trade formerly provided a lute or a guitar. The solace is not so elegant. There must have been something very peculiar, and superior to the occasion, in the sound of a guitar in a barber's shop, — of "beauty, retire," gracefully played into the face of a long-visaged old gentleman under the soap-suds; or, —

"Since first I saw your face, I resolved
To honor and renown you;"

or, —

"In this pleasant place, retired;"

or, —

"Come, if you dare;"

just as the operator's fingers were approaching the patient's nose. The newspaper, however, though not

so choice, or furnishing opportunities to the poor polite to show the selectness and segregation of their accomplishments, shows a higher refinement, on the part of the poor in general, or the many. But we must be moving onward.

There is the bell going for church. Forth come Mrs. and Miss A; then the Mr. B's, in their new brown coats, and staid gloves; then Mr., Mrs., and the Miss C's, in a world of new bonnets and ribbons. Oh, ho! young Mr. D, from over the way, joins them, and is permitted to walk with Miss C by herself: so the thing is certain. See! she explains to him that she has forgotten her prayer-book — by accident, and he joyfully shows her his own; which means, that he means to read the collect with her, out of the same book; which makes her blush and smile, and attempt to look gratefully indifferent, which is impossible: so she does not much endeavor it, and they are both as happy as if the church were made of tarts and cheese-cakes. We are passing the church now; so we see no more of them. But there is the beadle, in his laced hat, taking the apple from the charity-boy, and looking very angry, for it is not a good one; and there come the E's, quarrelling up to the church-door about which walks the heaviest; and F, making his sisters laugh beforehand, at the way in which the clerk opens his mouth; and G, who hates the parson; and the parson, who hates G; and H, I, J, K, and L, who are indifferent about the matter, and are thinking of their dinner, boots, neck-cloths, and next day; and, not to go through the whole alphabet, here is M dashing up in his carriage, which the coachman is to keep for him

till he has "walked humbly with his God," and is ready to strut forth again.

In childhood, the church bells used to make us melancholy. They have not that effect now. The reason we take to be, that they sounded to us then from the remote regions of the whole world out of doors, and of all the untried hopes and fears and destinies which they contain. We have since known them more familiarly, and our regard is greater, and even more serious, though mixed with cheerfulness; and is not at all melancholy, except when the bell tolls for a funeral; which custom, by the way, is a nuisance, and ought to be abolished, if only out of consideration for the sick and sorrowful. One of the reasons why church bells have become cheerful to us, is the having been accustomed to hear them among the cheerful people of Tuscany. The Catholic countries' bells are ringing at all seasons, not always to the comfort of those who hear them; but the custom has associated them in our minds with sunshine and good-nature. We also like them on account of their frequency in colleges. Finally, they remind us of weddings, and other holidays; and there is one particular little jingle in some of them which brings to our memory the walking to church by the side of a parent, and is very dear to us.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

No. II.

HARD is it, thou coming kindness, and hard, thou already-existing knowledge and kindness too of Christian philanthropists and philosophers, not to feel a wish to take the cane out of the hands of the beadle yonder, who is tyrannizing over barrow-women and little boys, and lay it about his own hat. In the name of God, what sort of Christianity would the law have, if it is not to be Christian? if it is not to prefer "spirit" to "letter"? There are some men, according to whose notions it would appear as if heaven itself ought to shut up shop on Sundays, and afford us no light and sunshine. We verily believe, that they think the angels go to church on that day, and put on clean wings; and that St. Paul preaches a sermon.

See, now, here comes a little fellow whom they would suppress, — clean as a pink, far happier than a prince, a sort of little angel himself, making allowance for the pug-nose; but innocence and happiness are in his face, and before him (not to speak it profanely) is the beatific vision of the piece of hot mutton which he is carrying home from the baker's, and devouring with his eyes. He is an honest boy, for his mother has trusted him with carrying the meat and the baked potatoes; and it

is the only bit of meat which he or she, or his father, can get to eat all the week round; and his little sisters are to have some of it, for they have all been good, and helped to earn it; and so here is a whole, good, hard-working, honest family, whom the religious eaters of hot meat every day would prevent from having their bit on Sundays,—because why? Because it would do the poor souls any harm? No; but because it would do their rich dictators the harm of seeing their own pragmatical will and pleasure opposed,—humors, the very result perhaps of their own stuffing and indigestion.

A Sunday evening in London, with its musical and other social meetings, such as cannot take place between men in business during the rest of the week, has parties enough to render it much livelier than it appears. But the lovers—the lovers are the thing. With them we begin, and with them we conclude; for what so good to begin, or to end with, as love? We loved as early as we can recollect; we love now; and our death will be a loving one, let it be colored otherwise as it may.

When we speak of lovers on a Sunday evening, we mean, of course, lovers who cannot well visit on any other day in the week; and whose meetings, therefore, are rendered as intense as they can be by the infrequency. What signify the circumstances that may have hindered them! Let them be button-making, bread-making, or a clerkship, or servitude, or any other chance or condition of life, what care we, provided the love be genuine, and the pleasure truly felt! Burns was a ploughman; Allan Ramsay, a hair-dresser; Gay,

at one time, a mercer; Richardson, a printer; Dodsley, a *footman*. Do we suppose that the authors of "Sir Charles Grandison," "Black-eyed Susan," and the finest love-songs in the world, did not make as cordial and exquisite lovers as the best-bred gentlemen about town? and that their mistresses and they did not worship each other with a vivacity and a passion infinite?

Our Sunday lover, then, is an apprentice or a clerk, and his mistress is a tradesman's daughter; and they meet only on Sundays and Sunday evenings, counting every minute till the time arrives, listening to every knock, trying to look calm, when the other joins the family party: for they seldom see one another alone, even then. But now they are at least in the same room, and happiness is with them. They see and hear each other; they see the little manœuvres to get a nearer seat; at length they sit close together. The parents are not displeased, and let things take their course. This is, perhaps, the happiest time of courtship, when lovers feel secure of one another's affections, and only have just sufficient doubt of other security to make every thing seem dependent on themselves and the result of their own will and choice. By degrees, as the family divide in their talk, they are suffered to talk exclusively together. Every word is precious; every question the most indifferent has a meaning: it is sufficient for one to say, "I like this," or "I like that;" and the other thinks it a charming observation,—a proof of fine sense, or feeling, or taste, or, above all, of love: for the eyes, or the quivering lips, or the panting bosom, speak with it; and the whole

intercourse, whether speaking or silent, is one of intense acquiescence and delight. A gentleman comes up, and gallantly addresses some smiling remark to the lady: the lover, if he is not quite sure of her *mind*, begins to be jealous. The gentleman moves off, and a remark at his expense prostrates the lover's soul with gratitude. The lady leaves the room to put a child to bed, or speak to a sister, or look after the supper, and darkness falls upon the place. She returns; and her footsteps, her face, her frock, her sweet countenance is thrice blessed, and brings happiness back again. She resumes her chair, with a soft "thank ye," as he elaborately, and for no need whatsoever, puts it in its best position for being resumed; and never, he thinks, did soul, breath, and bosom go so sweetly together as in the utterance of that simple phrase. For her part, she has, secretly, hardly any bounds to her gratitude; and it is lucky that they are both excellent good people, otherwise the very virtues of one or other of them might be their destruction. (Ah! they will think of this in aftertimes, and not look with severe countenances on the victims of the less honorable.) At length they sit looking over some pictures together, or a book which they are as far from reading as if they did not see it. They turn over the leaves, however, with a charming hypocrisy, and even carry their eyes along the lines; their cheeks touch; his hand meets hers, by favor of the tablecloth or the handkerchief; its pressure is returned; you might hear their hearts beat, if you could listen.

Oh! welcome, war; welcome, sorrow; welcome, folly, mistake, perverseness, disease, death, disap-

pointment, all the ills of life, and the astonishments of man's soul! Those moments, nay, the recollections of them, are worth the whole payment. Our children will love as we have loved, and so cannot be wholly miserable. To love, even if not beloved, is to have the sweetest of faiths, and riches fineless, which nothing can take from us but our own unworthiness. And once to have loved truly is to know how to continue to love every thing which unlovingness has not had a hand in altering, — all beauties of nature and of mind; all truth of heart; all trees, flowers, skies, hopes, and good beliefs; all dear decays of person, fading towards a twofold grave; all trusts in heaven; all faiths in the capabilities of loving man. Love is a perpetual proof that something good and earnest and eternal is meant us, such a bribe and foretaste of bliss being given us to keep us in the lists of time and progression; and, when the world has realized what love urges it to obtain, perhaps death will cease; and all the souls which love has created, crowd back at its summons to inhabit their perfected world.

Truly we have finished our Sunday evening with a rapt and organ-like note. Let the reader fancy he has heard an organ indeed. Its voice is not unapt for the production of such thoughts in those who can rightly listen to its consummate majesty and warbling modulations.

[Something yet remains to be said of "Sunday in the Suburbs."]

SUNDAY IN THE SUBURBS.

Being more Last Words on "Sunday in London;" with a Digression on the Name of Smith.

IN writing our articles on this subject, we have been so taken up, first with the dull look of the Sunday streets, and afterwards with the lovers who make their walls lively on the hidden side, that we fairly overlooked a feature in our metropolitan sabbath, eminently sabbatical; to wit, the suburbs and their holiday-makers. What a thing to forget! What a thing to forget, even if it concerned only Smith in his new hat and boots! Why, he has been thinking of them all the week; and how could we, who sympathize with all the Smith-ism and boots in existence, forget them? The hatter did not bring home his hat till last night; the boot-maker, his boots till this morning. How did not Smith (and he is a shrewd fellow too, and reads us) pounce upon the hat-box, undo its clinging pasteboard lid, whisk off the silver paper, delicately develop the dear beaver, and put it on before the glass! The truth must be owned: he sat in it half supper-time. Never was such a neat fit. All Aldersgate, and the City Road, and the New Road, and Camden and Kentish towns, glided already before him as he went along in it, — hatted in

thought. He could have gone to sleep in it, — if it would not have spoiled his nap, and its own.

Then his boots! Look at him. There he goes — up Somerstown. Who would suspect, from the ease and superiority of his countenance, that he had not had his boots above two hours; that he had been a good fourth part of the time laboring and fetching the blood up in his face with pulling them on with his boot-hooks; and that, at this moment, they horribly pinch him? But he has a small foot — has Jack Smith; and he would squeeze, jam, and damn it into a thimble, rather than acknowledge it to be a bit larger than it seems.

Do not think ill of him, especially you that are pinched a little less. Jack has sympathies; and, as long as the admiration of the community runs towards little feet and well-polished boots, he cannot dispense, in those quarters, with the esteem of his fellow-men. As the sympathies enlarge, Jack's boots will grow wider; and we venture to prophesy, that at forty he will care little for little feet, and much for his corns and the public good. We are the more bold in this anticipation, from certain reminiscences we have of boots of our own. We shall not enter into details, for fear of compromising the dignity of literature; but the good-natured may think of them what they please. *Non ignara mali* (said Dido), *miseris succurrere disco;* that is, having known what it was to wear shoes too small herself, she should never measure, for her part, the capabilities of a woman's head by the pettiness of her slippers.

Napoleon was proud of a little foot; and Cæsar, in

his youth, was a dandy. So go on, Smith, and bear your tortures like a man; especially towards one o'clock, when it will be hot and dusty.

Smith does not carry a cane with a twist at the top of it for a handle. That is for an inferior grade of holiday-maker, who pokes about the suburbs, gaping at the new buildings, or treats his fellow-servant to a trip to White Conduit-house, and an orange by the way,—always too sour. Smith has a stick or a whanghee; or, if he rides, a switch. He is not a good rider: and we must say it is his own fault; for he rides only on Sundays, and will not scrape acquaintance with the ostler on other days of the week. You may know him on horseback by the brisk forlornness of his steed, the inclined plane of his body, the extreme outwardness or inwardness of his toes, and an expression of face betwixt ardor, fear, and indifference. He is the most without a footman of any man in the world; that is to say, he has the most excessive desire to be taken for a man who ought to have one; and therefore the space of road behind him pursues him, as it were, with the reproach of its emptiness.

A word, by the way, as to our use of the generic name "Smith." A correspondent wrote to us the other day, intimating that it would be a good-natured thing if we refrained in future from designating classes of men by the name of "Tomkins." We know not whether he was a Tomkins himself, or whether he only felt for some friend of that name, or for the whole body of the Tomkinses: all we know is, that he has taken the word out of our mouth for ever. How many paragraphs he may have ruined by it, we

cannot say; but the truth is, he has us on our weak side. We can resist no appeal to our good-nature made by a good-natured man. Besides, we like him for the seriousness and good faith with which he took the matter to heart, and for the niceness of his sympathy. Adieu, then, name of Tomkins! Jenkins also, for a like respectful reason, we shall abstain from in future. But let nobody interfere in behalf of Smith; for Smith does not want it. Smith is too universal. Even a John Smith could not regard the use of his name as personal; for John Smith, as far as his name is concerned, has no personality. He is a class, a huge body: he has a good bit of the Directory to himself. You may see, for pages together (if our memory does not deceive us), John Smith, John Smith, John Smith; or, rather, —

Smith, John,	Smith, John,
Smith, John,	Smith, John,
Smith, John,	Smith, John;

and so on, with everlasting Smith-Johnism, like a set of palisades or iron rails; almost as if you could make them clink as you go, with drawing something along them. The repetition is dazzling. The monotony bristles with sameness. It is a *chevaux-de-Smith*. John Smith, in short, is so public and multitudinous a personage, that we do not hesitate to say we know an excellent individual of that name, whose regard we venture thus openly to boast of, without fearing to run any danger of offending his modesty; for nobody will know whom we mean. An Italian poet says he hates his name of John; because, if any-

body calls him by it in the street, twenty people look out of window. Now, let anybody call "John Smith!" and half Holborn will cry out, "Well?"

As to other and famous Smiths, they are too strongly marked out by their fame — sometimes by their Christian names, and partly, indeed, by the uncommon lustre they attain through their very commonness — to make us at all squeamish in helping ourselves to their generic appellation at ordinary times. Who will ever think of confounding Smith, in the abstract, with Adam Smith, or Sir Sidney Smith, or the Reverend Sidney Smith, or James and Horace Smith, or Dr. Southwood Smith, or any other concretion of wit, bravery, or philosophy?

By this time, following, as we talk, our friend Jack up the road, we arrive at the first suburb tea-gardens, which he, for his part, passes with disdain: not our friend, John Smith, be it observed, for his philosophy is as universal as his name; but Jack Smith, our friend of the new hat and boots. And yet he will be a philosopher too, by and by; and his boots shall help him to philosophize; but all in good time. Meanwhile, we, who are old enough to consult our inclination in preference to our grandeur, turn into the tea-gardens, where there is no tea going forward, and not much garden, but worlds of beer and tobacco-pipes and alcoves; and, in a corner behind some palings, there is (we fear) a sound of skittles. May no unchristian Christian hear it, who is twirling his thumbs, or listening to the ring of his wine-glasses! How hot the people look! how unpinned the goodly old dames! how tired, yet untired, the children! and

how each alcove opens upon you as you pass, with its talk, smoke, beer, and bad paint! Then what a feast to their eyes is the grass-plat! Truly, without well knowing it, do they sit down almost as much to the enjoyment of that green table of Nature's in the midst of them, as to their tobacco and "half-and-half." It is something which they do not see all the rest of the week; the first bit of grass, of any size, which they come to from home; and here they stop and are content. For our parts, we wish they would go further, as Smith does, and get fairly out in the fields; but they will do that as they become freer and wiser and more comfortable, and learn to know and love what the wild flowers have to say to them. At present, how should they be able to hear those small angelic voices, when their ears are ringing with stocking-frames and crying children, and they are but too happy in their tired-heartedness to get to the first bit of holiday ground they can reach?

We come away, and mingle with the crowds returning home, among whom we recognize our friend of the twisted cane, and his lass; who looks the reddest, proudest, and most assured of maid-servants, and sometimes "snubs" him a little, out loud, to show her power; though she loves every blink of his eye. Yonder is a multitude collected round a Methodist preacher, whom they think far "behind his age," extremely ignorant of yesterday's unstamped, but "well-meaning," a "poor mistaken fellow, sir;" and they will not have him hustled by the police. Lord X. should hear what they say. It might put an idea in his head.

The gas-lights begin to shine; the tide of the crowd grows thinner; chapel-windows are lit up; maid-servants stand in door-ways; married couples carry their children, or dispute about them; and children, not carried, cry for spite, and jumble their souls out.

As for Smith, he is in some friend's room, very comfortable, with his brandy and water beside him, his colored handkerchief on his knee, and his boots *intermittent*.*

* *Intermit*; "to grow mild between the fits or paroxysm." —JOHNSON.

A HUMAN BEING AND A CROWD.

THE reader will allow us to relate him an apologue. A seer of visions, walking out one evening just before twilight, saw a being standing in a corner by the way-side, such as he never remembered to have seen before. It said nothing, and threatened him no harm: it seemed occupied with its own thoughts, looking in an earnest manner across the fields, where some children were playing; and its aspect was inexpressibly affecting. Its eyes were very wonderful, — a mixture of something that was at once substance and no substance, body and spirit; and it seemed as if there would have been tears in them, but for a certain dry-looking heat, in which nevertheless was a still stranger mixture of indifference and patience, of hope and despair. Its hands, which it now and then lifted to its head, appeared to be two of the most wonderful instruments that were ever beheld. Its cheeks varied their size in a remarkable manner, being now sunken, now swollen, or apparently healthy, but always of a marvellous formation; and capable, it would seem, of great beauty, had the phenomenon been happy. The lips, in particular, expressed this capability; and now and then the creature smiled at some thought that came over it; and

then it looked sorrowful, and then angry, and then patient again; and, finally, it leaned against the tree near which it stood, with a gesture of great weariness, and heaved a sigh which went to the very heart of the beholder. The latter stood apart, screened from its sight, and looked towards it with a deep feeling of pity, reverence, and awe. At length the creature moved from its place, looked first at the fields, then at the setting sun, and after putting its hands together in an attitude of prayer, and again looking at the fields and the children, drew down, as if from an unseen resting-place, a huge burthen, of some kind or other, which it received on its head and shoulders; and so with a tranquil and noble gesture, more affecting than any symptom it had yet exhibited, went gliding onwards towards the sunset, at once bent with weakness, and magnificent for very power. The seer, then, before it got out of sight, saw it turn round yearning towards the children; but what was his surprise, when, on turning its eyes upon himself, he recognized, for the first time, an exact counterpart of his own face; in fact, himself looking at himself!

Yes, dear reader, the seer was the phenomenon, and the phenomenon is a human being, — *any care-worn man;* you, yourself, if you are such; or the Seer of the other sights in this book, — with this difference, however, as far as regards you and us, that, inasmuch as we are readers and writers of things hopeful, we are more hopeful people, and possess the twofold faith which the phenomenon seems to have thought a divided one, and not to be united; that is to say, we think hopefully of heaven and hopefully of earth;

we behold the sunset shining towards the fields and the little children, in all the beauty of its double encouragement.

A human being, whatever his mistakes, whatever his cares, is, in the truest and most literal sense of the word, a respectable being (pray believe it); nay, an awful, were he not also a loving being; a mystery of wonderful frame, hope, and capacity, walking between heaven and earth. To look into his eyes is to see a soul. He is surely worth twice, thrice, and four times looking at and considering,*—worth thinking what we can do for him, and he for us, and all for each other. Our general impressions of things (as the reader knows) are cheerful, and ready to receive abundance of pleasure. Our greatest sorrow, when we look abroad, is to think that mankind do not extract a millionth part of the pleasure they might from the exceeding riches of Nature; and it is speedily swallowed up by a conviction, that Nature being so rich, and inciting them to find it out, find it out they will. But, meanwhile, we look upon the careful faces we meet,—upon the human phenomenon and his perplexities; and, as long as our sorrow lasts, an indescribable emotion seizes us, of pity and respect.

We feel a tenderness for every man when we consider that he has been an infant, and a respect for him when we see that he has had cares. And, if such be the natural feelings of reflection towards individual faces, how much more so towards a multitude of them,—towards an assemblage,—a serious and anxious crowd?

* Respectable; *respectabilis* (Latin), worth *again looking at.*

We believe, that, without any reference to politics whatsoever, no man of reflection or sensibility looked upon the great and moving mass and succession of human beings, which assembled a little while ago in London, without being consciously or unconsciously moved with emotions of this kind. How could they help it? A crowd is but the reduplication of ourselves, — of our own faces, fears, hopes, wants, and relations, — our own connections of wives and children, — our own strengths, weaknesses, formidable power, pitiable tears. We may differ with it, we may be angry with it, fear it, think we scorn it; but we must scorn ourselves first, or have no feeling and imagination. All the hearts beating in those bosoms are palpitations of our own. We feel them somehow or other, and glow, or turn pale. We cannot behold ourselves in that shape of power or mighty want, and not feel that we are *men*.

We have only to fancy ourselves born in any particular class, and to have lived, loved, and suffered in it, in order to feel for the mistakes and circumstances of those who belong to it, even when they appear to sympathize least with ourselves: for *that* also is a part of what is to be pitied in them. The less they feel for us, the less is the taste of their own pleasures, and the less their security against a fall. Who that has any fancy of this kind can help feeling for all those *aristocrats*, especially the young and innocent among them, that were brought to the scaffold during the French Revolution? — who for all those *democrats*, not excepting the fiercest that were brought there also; some of whom surprised the bystanders with

the tenderness of their domestic recollections, and the faltering ejaculations they made towards the wives and children they left behind them? Who does not feel for the mistaken popish conspirators, the appalling story of whose execution is told in one of Disraeli's books, with that godlike woman in it, who is never to be passed over when it is mentioned? Who does not feel for the massacres of St. Bartholomew, of Ireland, of Sicily, of any place; and the more because they are perpetrated by men upon their fellow-creatures, the victims and victim-makers of pitiable mistake? The world are finding out that mistake; and not again in a hurry, we trust, will any thing like it be repeated among civilized people. All are learning to make allowance for one another; but we must not forget, among our lessons, that the greatest allowances are to be made for those who suffer the most. Also, the greatest number of reflections should be made for them.

Blessings on the progress of reflection and knowledge, which made that great meeting we speak of as quiet as it was! We have received many letters from friends and correspondents on the setting-up of this paper, for which we have reason to be grateful; but not one which has pleased us so much (nor, we are sure, with greater leave from the rest to be so pleased) than a communication from our old "Tatler" friend, S. W. H., in which he tells us that he saw a copy of it in the hands of "one of the sturdiest" of the trades' unions, who was "reading it as he marched along;" and who (adds our correspondent) "could hardly be thinking of burning down half London, even if the

government did continue bent upon not receiving his petition."

May we ever be found in such hands on such occasions! It will do harm to nobody in the long-run; will prevent no final good; and assuredly encourage no injustice, final or intermediate. "To sympathize with all" is an old motto on our flag. None, therefore, can be omitted in our sympathy; and assuredly not those who compose the greatest part of all. If we did not feel for them as we do, we should not feel for their likenesses in more prosperous shapes.

We had thought of saying something upon crowds under other circumstances, such as crowds at theatres and in churches, crowds at executions, crowds on holidays, &c.; but the interest of the immediate ground of our reflections has absorbed us. We will close this article, however, with one of the most appalling descriptions of a crowd under circumstances of exasperation, that our memory refers us to. On sending for the book that contains it to the circulating library (for though too, like the truth, it is a work of fiction), we find that it is not quite so well written, or simple in its intensity, as our recollection had fancied it. Nothing had remained in our memory but the roar of the multitude, the violence of a moment, and a shapeless remnant of a body. But the passage is still very striking. Next to the gratification of finding ourselves read by the many, is the discovery that our paper finds its way into certain accomplished and truly gentlemanly hands, very fit to grapple, in the best and most kindly manner, with those many; and

to these, an extract, at this time of day, from Monk Lewis's novel, will have a private as well as public interest.

The author is speaking of an abbess who has been guilty of the destruction of a nun, under circumstances of great cruelty. An infuriated multitude destroy her, under circumstances of great cruelty on their own parts; and a lesson, we conceive, is here read, both to those who exasperate crowds of people, and to the crowds that, *almost before they are aware of it*, reduce a fellow-creature to a mass of unsightliness. For though vengeance was here intended, and perhaps death (which is what we had not exactly supposed, from our recollection of the passage), yet it is not certain that the writer wished us to understand as much, however violent the mob may have become by dint of finding they had gone so far; and what we wish to intimate is, that a human being may be seized by his angry fellow-creatures, and by dint of being pulled hither and thither, and struck at, even with no direct mortal intentions on their parts, be reduced in the course of a few frightful moments to a condition, which, in the present reflecting state of the community, would equally fill with remorse the parties that regarded it, *on either side*, — the one from not taking care to avoid giving offence, and the other from not considering how far their resentment of it might lead; a mistake from which, thank Heaven, the good sense and precautions of both parties saved them on the occasion we allude to.

"St. Ursula's narrative," says Mr. Lewis, speaking of a nun who had taken part against the abbess, and

who was relating her cruelty to the people, "created horror and surprise throughout; but, when she related the inhuman murder of Agnes, the indignation of the mob was so audibly testified, that it was scarcely possible to hear the conclusion. This confusion increased with every moment. At length a multitude of voices exclaimed, that the prioress should be given up to their fury. To this Don Ramirez positively refused to consent. Even Lorenzo bade the people remember that she had undergone no trial, and advised them to leave her punishment to the Inquisition. All representations were fruitless: the disturbance grew still more violent, and the populace more exasperated. In vain did Ramirez attempt to convey his prisoner out of the throng. Wherever he turned, a band of rioters barred his passage, and demanded her being delivered over to them more loudly than before. Ramirez ordered his attendants to cut their way through the multitude. Oppressed by numbers, it was impossible for them to draw their swords. He threatened the mob with the vengeance of the Inquisition; but, in this moment of popular frenzy, even this dreadful name had lost its effect. Though regret for his sister made him look upon the prioress with abhorrence, Lorenzo could not help pitying a woman in a situation so terrible; but in spite of all his exertions and those of the duke, of Don Ramirez and the archers, the people continued to press onwards. They forced a passage through the guards who protected their destined victim, dragged her from her shelter, and proceeded to take upon her a most summary and cruel vengeance. Wild with

terror, and scarcely knowing what she said, the wretched woman shrieked for a moment's mercy: she protested that she was ignorant of the death of Agnes, and could clear herself from suspicion beyond the power of doubt. The rioters heeded nothing but the gratification of their barbarous vengeance. They refused to listen to her: they showed her every sort of insult, loaded her with mud and filth, and called her by the most opprobrious appellations. They tore her one from another; and each new tormentor was more savage than the former. They stifled, with howls and execrations, her shrill cries for mercy; and dragged her through the streets, spurning her, trampling her, and treating her with every species of cruelty which hate or vindictive fury could invent. At length, a flint, aimed by some well-directed hand, struck her full upon the temple. She sank upon the ground, bathed in blood; and, in a few minutes, terminated her miserable existence. Yet, though she no longer felt their insults, the rioters still exercised their impotent rage upon the lifeless body. They beat it, trod upon it, and ill-used it, till it became no more than a mass of flesh, unsightly, shapeless, and disgusting."

END OF VOL. I.

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